



# NIGHTSHADE



BY  
WM. JOHNSTON M.P.  
*Author of 'Freshfield,' 'The Lotus Flower,' &c*

# MISS BRADDON'S NOVELS.

Thoroughly Revised and in parts re-written, with Frontispiece and Vignette, handsomely printed and strongly bound in cloth, gilt, crown 8vo, price 6s.

LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET.

AURORA FLOYD.

ELEANOR

SIR J.

JOHN

HENRI

THE

CHANCE

ONLY A CLOD.

LADY LISLE.

THE TRAIT OF THE SERPENT.

ATURE.

PARI

In ha  
ton

THE F  
Braddon  
every I  
in the  
per won  
Two St  
Braddon  
of publi  
cedent  
Trade is  
well aw  
pressed  
expensiv  
legible

LADY /  
HENRY

CH.

LADY A  
HENRY  
ELEANOR  
AURORA  
THE D

BI

1. HOW  
VAN  
Me  
of 1  
2. THE  
HE  
Dir  
Dis

3. HOW TO DINE, DINNERS, AND DINING,  
with Bills of Fare for all the Year to  
Please Everybody; together with the  
Best Recipes for Sauces, Pickles,  
Gravies, and Force-meats.  
4. POULTRY AND GAME; How to Cook  
and Carve, with General Observations  
when In and when Out of Season.  
Coloured Plate.



JAMES H. GRAFF,

BALTIMORE

N<sup>o</sup>. 2049.

VELS.

page on  
each.  
is require-  
announce a  
s Novels,  
le, printed  
easily-read  
gilt back,  
interme-  
nered, but  
he neatest,  
ts that the  
n procure.  
w Edition  
blume con-

S WIFE.

VELS.

SERPENT.  
ILE.

HE VUL-

KS.

ch.  
Best Way  
Col. Plate.  
y to Cook,  
hat to do  
Coloured

t Way to  
Coloured

Plate.  
8. VEGETABLES; How they should be  
Cooked and Served Up; with General  
Observations on Bread and Biscuit  
Baking, the Dairy, &c.  
9. PRESERVES AND CONFECTIONERY.  
How to Make Ices, Jellies, Creams,  
Jams, Omelettes, Custards, &c. Co-  
loured Plate.

London: WARD, LOCK, & TYLER, Warwick House, Paternoster Row.

## THE SHILLING LIBRARY

*Of interesting and amusing Volumes, by Authors of popularity and high standing.*

CLEVER CRIMINALS. John Lang.	THE YOUNG LADY'S WEDDING BOND. C. H. Ross.
CAPTAIN MACDONALD. John Lang.	LOVE LETTERS OF EMINENT PERSONS. C. Martel.
FORGER'S WIFE. John Lang.	WILD TRIBES OF LONDON. Watt Phillips.
TOO CLEVER BY HALF. John Lang.	ARTEMUS WARD.
SECRET POLICE. John Lang.	AUTOCRAT OF BREAKFAST TABLE Holmes.
MY FRIEND'S WIFE. John Lang.	MAJOR JACK DOWNING.
TOO MUCH ALIKE. John Lang.	BIGLOW PAPERS.
STORY WITH A VENGEANCE. Shirley Brooks.	BEETON'S BOOK OF BURLESQUES.
YANKEE HUMOUR. Jerdan.	BEETON'S RIDDLE BOOK.
BRILLIANT MARRIAGE. E. Carlen.	BEETON'S CHARADE BOOK.
STRANGE ADVENTURES OF TWO SINGLE GENTLEMEN. C. H. Ross.	BEETON'S SONG BOOK.
THE GREAT MR. GUN. C. H. Ross.	RAILWAY AND PARLOUR SONG BOOK.
THE THREE SCOUTS.	AMERICAN SONG BOOK.
CUDJO'S CAVE.	MONEY. By Freedley.
THE ELDEST MISS SIMPSON. C. H. Ross.	

## The LIBRARY of POPULAR AUTHORS. 2s. each.

MILDRED'S WEDDING.	YOUNG HUSBAND. Mrs. Grey.
PAID IN FULL. Byron.	AMY MOSS. Percy B. St. John.
ECCENTRIC PERSONAGES. Russell.	POE'S TALES OF MYSTERY, &c.
THREE SCOUTS AND CUDJO'S CAVE.	JACK BRAG. Theodore Hook.
ADVENTURES OF MR. WILDERSPIN.	TIME THE AVENGER. Mrs. Marsh.
HANDY ANDY. Lover.	THE DAUGHTERS. Mrs. Grey.
THE MORALS OF MAY FAIR.	IRISH STORIES & LEGENDS. Lover.
THE SAILOR HERO. Armstrong.	DISGRACE TO THE FAMILY. Jerrold.
THE CRUISE OF THE DARING. Ditto.	TWELVE MONTHS OF MATRIMONY.
MARGARET CATCHPOLE. Cobbold.	GAMBLER'S WIFE. Mrs. Grey.
JOHN STEGGALL. Ditto.	BRIDE ELECT. Author of "The Jilt."
STUART OF DUNLEATH. Norton.	BREACH OF PROMISE. Ditto.
WILD OATS. Sir Lascelles Wraxall.	HISTORY OF A FLIRT. Ditto.
THE JILT.	PIC-NIC PAPERS. Charles Dickens.
THE FRENCH DETECTIVE. Waters.	PIRATES OF THE FOAM. Armstrong.
LOVE AND JEALOUSY. Mrs. Trollope.	THE SUNNY SOUTH. Ditto.
THE ATTRACTIVE MAN. Ditto.	PERILS BY SEA AND LAND. Ditto.
MARIAN. Mrs. S. C. Hall.	THE QUEEN OF THE SEAS. Ditto.
THE OPERA SINGER'S WIFE. Grey.	POE'S POETICAL WORKS.
EMILIA WYNDHAM. Mrs. Marsh.	GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.
LIFE OF A BEAUTY. Author of "Jilt."	FRIEND ELI'S DAUGHTER, &c.
HE WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN. Lover.	HARRY HAMILTON.
FATHER DARCY. Mrs. Marsh.	LONG LOOK AHEAD. A. S. Roe.
MARRYING MAN. Author of "Jilt."	MIRANDA. Percy B. St. John.
MY PRETTY COUSIN. Ditto.	THE WILMINGTONS. Mrs. Marsh.
LADY EVELYN. Mrs. Marsh.	OLD DOWER HOUSE. Mrs. Grey.
MARY ROCK. Percy B. St. John.	PARSONS AND WIDOWS. P. Priggins.
PEEP O' DAY. Banim (O'Hara).	A COUNTRY GHOST STORY.
MORDAUNT HALL. Mrs. Marsh.	MOUNTAIN MARRIAGE. Mayne Reid.
CONFESSIONS OF A PRETTY WOMAN.	MONEY AND MISERY. Balzac.

London : WARD, LOCK & TYLER, Warwick House, Paternoster Row.

ROBERT W. WOODRUFF  
LIBRARY



## *New Books and New Editions*

---

### THE FAMILY GIFT-BOOK LIBRARY

OF MORAL AND ENTERTAINING WORKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

*\*\* The Books in this Library are most carefully selected, and will be found very suitable for Birthday Gifts and School Prizes. Each Volume is illustrated and well printed on toned paper, and handsomely bound in extra cloth, gilt side, back, and edges, thick fcap. 8vo. These Volumes being all of a highly moral and instructive character renders them especially adapted as Present Books for Young Ladies.*

Price 3s. 6d. Each.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1 I'VE BEEN THINKING; or, The Secret of Success. By A. S. Roe. Revised and Edited by Rev. C. B. Tayler, M.A. | 11 UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. By Mrs. Stowe. With 24 beautiful Engravings.  |
| 2 A DAUGHTER'S LOVE; or, The Star and the Cloud. By the Author of "I've Been Thinking."                      | 12 SELF-SACRIFICE; or, The Chancellor's Chaplain. By the Rev. Erskine Neale, M.A.                                     |
| 3 HOLIDAY HOUSE. By Cath. Sinclair.  | 13 THE LAMPLIGHTER. By Miss Cumming.  |
| 4 THE HEART TRIUMPHANT; or, How Could He Help It? By the Author of "I've Been Thinking."                     | 14 THE JOURNEY OF LIFE. By Catherine Sinclair. With Portrait of the Author.   |
| 5 THE YOUNG MAROONERS. A Book for Boys. By F. R. Goulding.   | 15 THE SCHOOL GIRL IN FRANCE. By Miss McCrindell.   |
| 6 THE ENGLISH GOVERNESS; a Tale of Real Life. By the Author of "The School Girl in France."                  | 16 JULAMERK; a Tale of the Holy Land. By the Author of "Naomi."   |
| 7 FRESTON TOWER. A Tale of the Times of Cardinal Wolsey. By the Author of "Margaret Catchpole."              | 17 THE YOUNG ISLANDERS. By Jeffreys Tayler.   |
| 8 THE £5 NOTE; An Autobiography. By the Author of "Naomi."   | 18 THE MERCHANT'S CLERK, MARK WILTON. A Book for Young Men. By the Rev. C. B. Tayler, M.A.                            |
| 9 THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD. By Miss Wetherell. With 12 Illustrations. With Preface by the Rev. C. B. Tayler.     | 19 THE MOTHERS OF SCRIPTURE or Maternal Influence on Sons By Dr. Robert Philp, Author of "The Lydias," "Marthas," &c. |
| 10 TO LOVE AND TO BE LOVED. By the Author of "I've Been Thinking."   | 20 MATERNAL COUNSELS TO A DAUGHTER. By Mrs. Pullan, Author of "The Lady's Library," &c.                               |
|  | 21 THE BATTLE FOR TRUTH; or Emma de Lissau. By the Author of "Miriam & Rosette."                                      |
- 

*Published by Ward, Lock, and Tyler.*

## *New Books and New Editions*

---

### THE WELL-TIMED SERIES

*uitable for Presents and School Prizes, and especially adapted for Young People. Each Volume beautifully illustrated, well printed, efficiently edited, and handsomely bound in extra cloth, gilt sides, back and edges.*

Price 3s. 6d. Each.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 1 THE WONDERS OF THE<br>WORLD, IN EARTH, SEA, AND<br>SKY, AS RELATED TO HIS<br>YOUNG FRIENDS. By Uncle<br>John.                                     | 10 THE MARVELS OF NATURE;<br>or, Outlines of Creation. By<br>Elisha Noyce. With 400 En-<br>gravings by Dalziel Brothers.   |
| 2 FIFTY CELEBRATED MEN;<br>THEIR LIVES AND TRIALS, AND<br>THE DEEDS THAT MADE THEM<br>FAMOUS.   | 11 EVENINGS AT HOME; or, The<br>Juvenile Budget Opened. Con-<br>sisting of a Variety of Miscel-<br>laneous Pieces for the Instruc-<br>tion and Amusement of Young<br>Persons.        |
| 3 FIFTY CELEBRATED WOMEN;<br>THEIR VIRTUES AND FAILINGS,<br>AND THE LESSONS OF THEIR<br>LIVES.  | 12 THE BOY'S BOOK OF INDUS-<br>TRIAL INFORMATION. By Eli-<br>sha Noyce. With 365 Engrav-<br>ings by Dalziel Brothers.  |
| 4 THE LIFE AND SURPRISING<br>ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON<br>CRUSOE, of York, Mariner. By<br>Daniel Defoe. With a Bio-<br>graphical Sketch of the Author. | 13 FERN LEAVES FROM FANNY'S<br>PORTFOLIO. First and Second<br>Series, complete.  |
| 5 THE HISTORY OF SANDFORD<br>AND MERTON. By Thomas<br>Day. Illustrated with 100 En-<br>gravings by Dalziel Brothers.                                | 14 BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PRO-<br>GRESS (from this World to that<br>which is to come). A New<br>Edition, with a Memoir. Illus-<br>trated with 100 Engravings by<br>the Brothers Dalziel. |
| 6 A BOY'S LIFE ABOARD SHIP,<br>AS IT IS TOLD BY HIMSELF.<br>Full of Adventure and Daring<br>Deeds.  | 15 FAMOUS BOYS, AND HOW<br>THEY BECAME FAMOUS MEN.<br>By the Author of "Clever<br>Boys."   |
| 7 LIFE IN A WHALER; or, Perils<br>and Adventures in the Tropical<br>Seas. By Sailor Charley.  | 16 THE TRIUMPHS OF PERSEVE-<br>RANCE AND ENTERPRISE. By<br>Thomas Cooper. †  |
| 8 GREAT INVENTORS; THE<br>SOURCES OF THEIR USEFUL-<br>NESS, AND THE RESULTS OF<br>THEIR EFFORTS.  | 17 BOY'S BOOK OF TRAVEL AND<br>ADVENTURE. By Meredith<br>Jones.  |
| 9 HOUSEHOLD STORIES. Col-<br>lected by the Brothers Grimm;<br>to which is added "The Cara-<br>van;" an Eastern Tale. By<br>William Hauff.           | 18 EDGAR'S CRUSADES AND CRU-<br>SADERS.  |
|   | 19 FANNY FERN'S NEW STORIES<br>FOR CHILDREN. By the Author<br>of "Fern Leaves."  |

---

*Published by Ward, Lock, and Tyler.*

# NIGHTSHADE.

BY WM. JOHNSTON, M.P.,

AUTHOR OF

“FRESHFIELD,” “UNDER WHICH KING?” “THE LOTUS-FLOWER,”

ETC., ETC.

NEW EDITION.



LONDON:

WARD, LOCK, AND TYLER,

WARWICK HOUSE, PATERNOSTER ROW.



# NIGHTSHADE.

---

## CHAPTER I.

EVERYTHING, on earth, in air, in the heavens, is still. The long summer morning has not yet begun to be. Stillness and a sultriness, half of the day past and half of the day to come, remind one that the first hour of light, in a glorious May-day, is soon to make its appearance. Through an open window, lilac-scented air finds its way, gently stirring the drawn blind with an almost imperceptible motion.

Now, the light is coming; the birds are stirring in the bushes; the cuckoo forgets not her welcome to the day, and the night-long voice of the landrail is no longer alone, but the sweet dreamy melody of the blackbird, and the anthem of the sky-bird, the lark, are blended together with the incense of primrose flowers and the perfume of the white hawthorn, and rise upward towards Him, who, when he made the birds and flowers, called them 'very good.'

Through the open window is borne in the voice of the blackbird; and the sound of its song, mingling with the scent of the lilac flowers, makes the inmates of the room, with the open window, dream of happiness and heaven.

The inmates of the room were two sleeping girls, twin sisters, who had passed some fifteen years in the house where they were now sleeping, in which house they had lived since they first appeared in it and in the world, one fine morning, fifteen years ago, in the merry month of May.

Twin sisters you would have known them to be, as they lay there sleeping, with their sweet faces pillowed on their arms, and their fair hair falling over their shoulders. Every feature, every expression, even of their sleeping faces, told that they were sisters, and twins.

Through the open window came the lilac scent, the song of the bird, and now the sunlight; and the sisters dreamt on, of a land where there were banks of flowers most rich, and yet of sweetest fragrance; where there were songs of silver sweetness sung by immortals; and where the sun's golden rays were not needed to light the flower-banks, for all was golden and all was sun.

In that land the sisters saw their mother, for she had left their

bedside, one night, a month ago, and had gone to rest, in a white-curtained room, where the sisters came as usual in the morning, but, as they stooped to give her the morning kiss, they found that the kiss could not waken her, for she had gone up to the ever-sunny land.

They dreamt on, and they smiled, for they saw bright beings talking to their mother, and they thought they heard her speak of her two twin daughters, and wish that they were safe in the place of joy and glory.

They dreamt on, and they wept, for they longed to be beside her, and they called 'Mother!' and tried to stretch out their arms to go to her, as they used to do when they were little children, running to her knee; but they stretched out their arms in vain, and she did not seem, as they dreamt, to hear them, though again they called 'Mother!' and hot tears were on the pillows as they woke, for they thought they heard something speaking, and listened to the voice they heard, that said to the two twin-sisters, as they stretched out their arms and tried to reach the flowery sun-land where their mother went from the white-curtained room—'Life has to be lived by you; streams of dark water have to be crossed; clouds of baleful influence will envelope you; earth-powers and their masters alike will seek to keep you from your mother, for ever: you can only reach her by, in the midst of the thickest darkness, believing in the Sun.'

---

## CHAPTER II.

At a table, in the parlour of the little inn of F——, sat a traveller, pale and thoughtful. From his marble features and raven hair you would have said he was a son of Italy; from the purity with which he spoke the language of our western isle, you would have changed your mind, and pronounced him a true-born Englishman.

People in the village thought they had seen him before, but nobody could tell when or where. The old clergyman thought he was very like a gentleman he had met one day, at dinner, at S—— House, but he was sure that it could not be the same person: the village attorney imagined that, one day, when an important case was being settled at the assizes of N——shire, and one of the witnesses had faltered in his evidence and broken down in his testimony, to the utter ruin of the attorney's client, he had seen the same pale-faced, raven-haired figure rest its eyes on the trembling testifier; and he was almost sure, and yet could not be positive, that the figure in the court-house of N—— was the same as that at the table in the window of the village inn.

So the clergyman and the attorney, meeting opposite the village inn window, stopped, the one to pull a rose, and the other to speak a kind word to the little daughter of the house, as they said, and perhaps really believed; though, while the clergyman patted the head of the child, and the attorney took the rose by a loose fibre, and swung it round his hand, each kept his eyes fixed on the pale, black-haired figure that was resting on his arm, under the honey-suckle in the inn window.

When the clergyman had patted the child, and the attorney had placed the rose in his button-hole, they turned away, and walked down the street together.

Not many words were spoken for almost half-a-mile, as but the one picture was present to the mind of each, and neither had the most remote idea that the other had the slightest interest in the traveller that had arrived that morning at the door of the inn of F——. They had walked on together for nearly half-a-mile, when the rumble of a chaise, along the road, caused them to turn round and look behind them. It came on, and they felt curious to know who was the inmate of the chaise, as not many carriages passed along that road. As it passed, each looked, first into the window of the chaise, and then at each other, as they found that the figure, lying back in the corner, was none other than their friend of the morning, the visitant to the inn.

‘Stop at the Park gate,’ they heard him say to the driver, after he had passed the place where they were still standing; and they walked on towards the Park gate, just in time to see the stranger turn up the avenue, and the chaise drive on to the next town, along the woody road that soon hid it from their sight.

Slowly the traveller made his way along the avenue, heeding not the birds in the trees, nor the deer upon the lawn; looking not to see whether the place were kept in order, or whether neglect and disorder claimed the trees and grass as their own.

A moment’s pause he made, as he stood upon the steps of the door, and turning towards the Park, his eye could not help resting on the glorious prospect of wood, hill, and waterfall that burst upon his view. The pause was but for a moment, for the sound of a sharp knock soon startled the people of the house, and brought colour to the pale cheeks of the twin-sisters, as they turned away hastily, their arms twined round each other, from watching, with loving eyes, their two pet turtle-doves.

‘Are the young ladies at home?’ he asked, as the door was opened by an elderly man, who seemed to have been an old servant of the family.

‘They have hardly left the house, sir, since the day their mother died.’

‘Did they receive my letter?’

‘They got a letter with a black seal yesterday; perhaps that was the one you mean.’

‘It should have arrived yesterday.’

•

‘ Shall I tell them you wish to see them, sir ? ’

‘ Yes ; say that their uncle, Mr De Vere, has arrived, and would be glad to see them as soon as he could.’

At the mention of this name the old man fixed his eyes attentively upon the traveller, and continued to gaze so long, that, with a slight gesture of impatience, Mr De Vere repeated his request that the young ladies might be made aware, as soon as possible, that their uncle was in the house. Thoughtfully removing his eyes from the face of the visitor, and, by the expression of his countenance, evidently seeking to change incertitude into certainty, the old servant retired, and in a few minutes returned to the hall to say that ‘ The young ladies hoped that their uncle would pardon them for having forgotten that he was to be at the Park to-day, and that they would be glad to see him if he would walk up-stairs.’

Seated on the drawing-room sofa were the two fair orphan sisters, and a stranger would scarcely have known whether most to admire the beauty of the twins, or feel deep regret that they had been so soon allied to sorrow. They looked so lovely and yet so sorrowful in their dresses of deep mourning, that you were shocked by the compulsory union of beauty and the grave.

They rose to meet Mr De Vere, and advanced with a half-welcoming, half-embarrassed air, as if they ought to be glad to see him because he was their uncle, and could not be very glad because they had never seen him before.

Their uncle did not seem to notice the embarrassment ; and, as he shook hands with each, felt sure that they would be glad at last to have some one who would feel an interest in them, and who would care for them and their affairs as their father’s brother alone could do, now that their father and mother had both been taken away, he hoped to another and a better world ; for their father, he knew, was a worthy, honest man, and their mother—he had never seen their mother, but had heard that she was good and charitable, very kind to the poor, and very fond of her daughters, who, he was told, were kind and gentle as their mother, and were said to be very like what she was, when she came, sixteen years ago, for the first time, to the Park.

The mention of their mother brought tears into the eyes of the orphans ; and, had there not been a certain something in the manner of their uncle, which forbade them to make any unnecessary display of weakness before him, they would certainly have given way to unrestrained tears, as they were accustomed to do whenever any one alluded to one whose loss had been so recent, and one whom they loved so much as they did their dear, dear mother. As it was, they restrained their tears, though they felt more kindly towards their uncle, as if a new bond had been established between them by the mention of her they had loved, and did love still.

Mr De Vere then told them how he had not seen their father since he was a boy, for his mother and her second husband went to live in Italy, where both had resided till their death.

●

'Your father and I had corresponded,' he said, 'and he often urged me to return to England, but I had become enraptured of Art, and Italy, and could not dream of leaving that land of glorious traditions, blue skies, and stars.'

'How kind of you to return now!' said Anna, the eldest of the twins, if either could be said to be the eldest, when the difference in their ages did not count by days, nor even hours.

'I have come in time to prove serviceable, I hope; and your names are——'

'Anna and Emily—Anna was mamma's name, and Emily is after grandmamma Walpole.'

'Are you fond of this place?'

'Oh, very!' answered both sisters, in a breath.

'You would not like to leave it?'

'Oh, no! we should be very, very sorry.'

'Why so?'

'Because all our poor pensioners would miss us so much, and because our classes of little girls would have no one to teach them.'

'You have pensioners, then?'

'Yes; three or four old people, who were fond of papa, who used to visit them regularly, and then mamma used to visit them, and now they have no one to go to see them but us.'

'And the girls' classes?'

'Anna and I have each four little girls, who come to us on Sunday morning, and get their breakfast in the servants' hall; Anna pours out the tea, and I hand them the bread and butter,' said Emily.

'And then they go away?'

'Not quite at once. After breakfast they come up to the library, and we hear them say some verses out of the Bible, and then they read a little; and before they go home they sing—"I think when I read the sweet story of old,"—you know that pretty hymn, uncle?'

'Well, I cannot say that I remember it; it is so long since I learned any hymns, you know,' said Mr De Vere, passing his hand over his forehead, as if he were trying to recall some distant and indistinct memory. 'Shall I leave you now, nieces, till dinner-time, while I take a stroll in the Park?'

'Are you certain that you can find your way back. Would you like Thompson to show you the pond, and the rookery, and the garden?' said Anna.

'And the aviary, with the young golden pheasants?' added Emily.

'I shall find my way famously, thank you; and would rather wander awhile alone, as I have not had much quiet and rest lately.'

'How stupid it was of us to forget that you must have traveled night and day to reach us. Would you not like to rest in your room?'

'A quiet walk, under the shady trees, by the river side, will refresh me more than anything else.'

'Good-bye, then, uncle, till dinner-time,' the sisters said, as Mr De Vere rose to leave the room, and the sisters were once more alone.

'I wonder, Emily, what uncle De Vere will do in England,' Anna said, as they stood in the window, and watched him sauntering towards the river, to the disturbance of a hare that started up, frightened, from a tuft of grass, though not at all to the annoyance of the deer, which quietly gazed at him with their full, lustrous eyes.

'I do not know; it was kind of him coming to us so soon.'

'Is it not a wonder that he never came while papa or mamma were alive?'

'Oh! he told us that he was enraptured of art; perhaps he is a painter.'

'I do remember, Emily, that papa used to say something about his step-brother's fondness for art and artists; and to add that he had no doubt, from what he had heard, that Aubrey—that is his name—would turn out a great painter some day, though for his part he did not care much about paintings.'

'Did he not say something, too, about being surprised that his only living relative should be so very fond of pictures, that he had no inclination to come to see his brother in England?'

'I think he did, dear.'

'Perhaps uncle De Vere will tell us soon what he intends to do.'

'Very likely; but we had better wait till he does so of his own accord.'

'Why?'

'Did you not feel uncomfortable when he asked us if we were fond of this place, and when he wanted to know if we should like to leave it?'

'Oh! I don't think he intends to take us away from the dear old Park, Anna.'

'I do n't know; he did not seem quite pleased that we were so very unwilling to leave it; as if he thought we should be ready to do whatever he said was right for us.'

When the sisters met Mr De Vere at dinner, they expected him to be in raptures with the Park, the mountains, seen above the tree-tops, and the waterfall, their own waterfall, where they had a little fairy grotto, all covered with lichens and mosses.

But Mr De Vere was now very silent. It seemed as if he had said all he intended to say, or could say, when he had first met them in the drawing-room. A few remarks on some pictures of the Walpoles, hanging up in the dining-room, and a little talk about the Italian masters, made up the entire conversation.

When the twins were retiring for the night, Mr De Vere said that he was anxious to talk to them about some important matters, as soon as he possibly could, for that his time was much occupied,—how he did not say,—and he feared that he should not be able to make a very long stay in England.

Anna and Emily Walpole looked as if they hardly liked the subject of importance, whatever it might be, and seemed as if they would gladly postpone, for an indefinite period, a conversation which they thought, from the dry, solemn manner of their uncle, could not be very interesting, however important.

Perhaps their countenances expressed this much; certainly their silence, and the manner in which they bent their looks upon the carpet, were not at all indicative of an extreme desire to be made mistresses, immediately, of the important matters which Mr De Vere seemed most desirous to communicate.

The silence was broken by Mr De Vere asking, in a slightly annoyed tone,

‘What hour do you breakfast?’

‘At nine o’clock, uncle; will that be too early for you?’

‘Not at all; it will do very well; and perhaps at ten you will be ready to come with me into the library, that we may talk over some matters concerning your future welfare.’

‘Very well, uncle, we shall be quite ready at ten.’

‘And now, good night.’

If Anna and Emily lay longer awake that night than usual, it surely was not to be wondered at. An arrival at the Park, at any time, had been a rare event; but for a long time before their mother’s death, and ever since they had been left orphans, no visitor had come to the Park, and remained longer than the sun remained above the top of the trees which hid the western hills. And now the arrival of their uncle, which, till yesterday, they did not expect, nor even dream of, quite occupied all their thoughts, and made them talk on, long after the stars had peeped in through the windows, and the May-moon had glanced into the room, through the shining poplar leaves that looked like silver in the moon’s silvery light. Next morning came, and with it the half-dreaded ten o’clock. The important subject, whatever it might be, was apparently quite forgotten during breakfast hour; but precisely as the stroke of the clock told that ten hours had passed since midnight, Mr De Vere rose from the breakfast table, and the sisters followed him silently, with a hand of each clasped in that of the other, as if they thought that the interview so dreaded—as it is useless to deny that they did dread it—would be much more easily supported if they clung closely to each other.

The hands of the gilt chronometer on the mantel-piece pointed to ten as the twins drew near the fireplace, not blazing now with cheerful light, but filled with green laurel branches, or branches that had once been green, but were now withered like hopes that had lately been fresh and lifelike, but were now fading away.

Mr De Vere placed chairs at one side of the fading laurels for his nieces, and then sat down opposite them, on the other side.

‘Perhaps you may not be aware,’ he said, ‘that I am now your guardian, as I am your nearest relative?’

'You know mamma's sister is married, in Scotland, uncle, Emily said.

'True, I had forgotten : but, at any rate, I am your father's nearest relative.'

'Oh! yes.'

'Did you ever hear him say that—that—I should have charge of you, if anything happened to him and your mother?'

'No.'

'Nor your mamma?'

'No; she spoke of us paying a visit to aunt Harriet, at some time, and said something about our going to her in case—'

Anna could not finish the sentence; and Mr De Vere added,

'In case your mamma died, you mean?'

'Yes, uncle.'

'Well, I wanted to tell you, as soon as possible, that your father has left me trustee of your property, and guardian of your persons, till you are of age.'

The sisters were silent, for about this matter they knew nothing, and thought it was much better to wait and hear what their uncle had to say.

'Have you ever seen the Cumberland lakes?'

'Never.'

'Nor Wales?'

'No.'

'Should you like to see Windermere and its sisters?'

'We would like it very much.'

'When would you be ready to start?'

'Oh! very soon; in a week.'

'That will do very well.'

'Shall you go on to Scotland, uncle?' asked Anna.

'I do not know; would you very much wish it?'

'Emily and I would like to see aunt Harriet.'

'Will you be content to stay away from the Park for a long time?' asked Mr De Vere, as if he were preparing the way for some important proposition.

'I wouldn't mind being away a fortnight or three weeks; should you, Anna?' Emily readily replied.

'A fortnight or three weeks! What would you say to two or three years?'

Anna and Emily looked at their uncle, as if to make sure whether he really meant that they were likely to be two or three years away from their home; and finding nothing in his countenance to make them doubt that he was in earnest, they then turned to look at each other. Each saw a look of consternation in the face of the other, and this but deepened and increased the feeling that each had entertained before. Every second that the eyes of each rested on the other's face, each saw the face of the other growing more sad, more sorrowful. At last, the feeling that home was to be deserted by them for two or three years overcame

them utterly, and, bursting into tears, they rose to leave the room.

'Be seated, young ladies,' said Mr De Vere, as he led them back to their chairs; 'there is not the slightest necessity for this exhibition.'

The severe, cold tone of their uncle's voice, and the frown that now appeared on his countenance, would, at another time, have hurt and wounded the poor lonely twins, and the more that he was their father's brother. As it was, his manner and tone showed so plainly that he was utterly without sympathy for their feelings, if indeed he understood them, that the sisters made strong efforts to restrain their tears, at least till they might flow undisturbed, mingling in sisterly embrace as they fell.

After a pause, Mr De Vere went on.

'Your education has been sadly neglected; you can scarcely speak a word of French, and besides, if you were to grow up here, you would grow up perfectly unaccustomed to the world and its ways, and absolutely good for nothing but to teach country children or to feed young pheasants.'

Seeing that the sisters replied not, Mr De Vere continued:

'There are many reasons why you should leave the Park for a few years; I have mentioned some of them, and there are others which I need not mention. After our visit to the Lakes, and perhaps to Scotland, I intend taking you to Paris, and placing you there, at first-rate boarding-schools, for a few years; will you not like this extremely?'

'We would rather stay at home, if you please, uncle,' Anna timidly ventured to say.

'I have told you already my determination, so you may prepare for a visit to the Lakes, and then a week's stay with your aunt, in Scotland, before you accompany me to the metropolis of France.'

'May we leave the room now, sir?' asked Emily, who seemed anxious to put an end to a conversation which she could with difficulty bear up under, so suddenly had the whole matter been broached, and so overwhelming was the nature of the communication made.

'Yes, you may go.'

As the sisters left the room, they met Thompson in the hall. Thompson had been a boy about the Park, when their father was a boy, and had afterwards been brought into the house, when he rose to the post of confidential servant, trusted by Mr Walpole, in every respect; and so long had he lived with the family that no person about the place recollected the time he first came, though he remembered well the time when his master and mistress first came together to the hall, and when afterwards the two little fair-haired, blue-eyed children used to run about with their father and mother, and sometimes come over and sit on his knee, and tell their little innocent stories of the nest in the garden with the

four blue eggs, and the little rabbit that the dog chased on the lawn, and ask Thompson if the eggs would ever turn into little yellow-billed birds, and if he thought that the rabbit would get away from the dog, and get home to its mamma.

When Anna and Emily left the library, they intended to go to their own room, but seeing Thompson pass through the hall, into the parlour, they followed him, and said,

‘Thompson, uncle says we are going to leave the Park.’

‘To what?’

‘To go away to school, for two or three years.’

‘Well, I never!’

‘Yes, he told us, just now, that after we have been to see aunt, and the Lakes, we must not come back to the Park, but must go with him to that nasty Paris.’

‘And will you go?’

‘Oh! I suppose so,’ said Emily; ‘you know he says we must do everything he tells us to do, and he looked very angry when Anna said we would rather stay at home.’

‘And may I go with you, I wonder?’

‘Do ask him, Thompson; we would so like to have you,’ replied Emily.

‘But uncle said we were to go to school, Emily,’ said Anna, ‘and we could not have Thompson with us then.’

‘I am sorry, young ladies, I am very sorry; I never thought poor Thompson would have to see the Park lonely and desolate, and all the old family away, all, all,’ he said, in such a mournful tone, struggling the while to keep in the big sobs which at last would be kept in no longer. By-and-by a thought seemed to strike him, and he said,

‘I will go and see Mr De Vere.’

‘You can speak to him; perhaps he will listen to you,’ they answered.

Away he went out of the parlour, across the hall, and stood before the library door. At last he ventured to knock, and, not getting any response, opened the door, and found Mr De Vere resting his elbow on the chimney-piece, and leaning on his hand, evidently in deep thought.

With a slight start, Mr De Vere asked what he wanted; and Thompson requested permission to say a few words to him. This being granted, the old servant, thinking a little, began hesitatingly,

‘I have come, sir, to ask about the young ladies, and if they are to leave the old home deserted, as they say.’

‘I do not see that it is any business of yours what they do,’ replied Mr De Vere; ‘they are my nieces, and you are only a servant—and you shall not be that long, either, if you do not refrain from meddling with other people’s business.’

Thompson looked astonished. At last he said—‘Well, sir, I have lived sixty years about the old place, and I remember my late

master's father, and I served him and my master. My master's father used to get angry sometimes, and even my master did once or twice, not often; but they never spoke to me so, sir, for they knew me, and trusted me, and were kind to me, sir; and if my dear old master had lived, I should never have been spoken to that way, nor the sweet young ladies—God bless them!—have been taken away from England to them outlandish foreign places.'

There was something touching in the old man's honest indignation, as he dwelt with pride upon the trust reposed in him by his late master, and his eye kindled as he drew himself up, and replied to the insulting observations of the stranger, as became a man, and, above all, an Englishman. There was something touching in his sorrow, as he spoke of his beloved young mistresses, the little fair-haired, blue-eyed darlings, that he remembered in the old master's time; and you would have known that he was thinking of them as they were at that time, for, after he had spoken, he looked down at two little chairs in the corner of the library, and with the back of his hand he brushed away a tear.

Mr De Vere stood before the chimney-piece, resting his head upon his hand, and his arm on the marble, and to the appeal and tear answered in but one word, and that one word was—

'Begone!'

---

### CHAPTER III.

WHAT a story might be written about packing up a trunk! To see all the things laid out so neatly, dresses newly done up, collars and chemisettes hot from the iron, whole dozens of wonderful things with names that Johnson never dreamt of putting in his Dictionary, and all to go, some way or other, into the to-be-packed-up trunk. What is to go in first? There, that dress will be crushed into every shape, or no shape at all, if *it* be placed at the bottom; and those small things, why they will be quite lost if *they* be buried under a whole mass of flounces and sleeves. Then, that must not go there, because it is sure to be wanted first, and yet if you do n't put it there, there will be no room for it at all.

What is to be done? It is hot work, that packing, and half an hour's undecided stand over the empty trunk does not help to make it any cooler. Besides, the things must go in, some way or other, or passenger and trunk both will be left behind when the coach starts; and so, after much anxious cogitation, placing in and taking out, squeezing, turning, tumbling, and settling, the important work is begun; dresses, and all the etceteras, are swallowed up in the leathern monster; and after much labour, and extraordinary exertion, there is completed one of the most necessary, though not by many degrees one of the most delightful, operations that has to

be performed in these days of travelling and travellers, the packing of a trunk.

That is packing up a trunk in the abstract ; but there is one thing that is a very important consideration—where you are going when the trunk is packed.

The trunk that is to be packed for the summer holidays, to be spent in the dear, delightful country, is packed just as quickly as it is possible to hurry the things in ; and if they be crushed and soiled a little, why, the trunk is going home, and Susan will unpack it, and the things will soon be done up again, and look bright and trim, after being handled by Susan's nimble fingers.

But if the trunk belong to a poor girl going out, not very long after her father's funeral, to battle along the cold, lone road of life, far away from home and her mother, it is a sad and eerie thing, that packing of the little old trunk, with the big brass nails in the lid, that has, perhaps, travelled many a journey in other and happier days. It is a sad and eerie thing to put in the small articles, in the small trunk, one by one, as the poor mother stands by, weeping, and brings over every little thing that she has finished and marked, with her own hand, for her daughter, as she sets out on the solitary by-path through the desert of life.

Anna and Emily Walpole had a trunk-packing to get done. If it had only been for the Lake journey and the visit to Scotland, it would have been a pleasant enough packing, and the time would not have passed by any means disagreeably. For Emily, indeed, the foreground of travel was filled with pictures of Helvelyn and Saddleback, of Ulswater and Windermere, of the falls of Barrow, and Lodore, with a pretty view, a little farther off, of a manse and little garden, in Perthshire, on the road to the Highlands, from the south.

Anna, however, could by no means forget that the Lakes and the Perthshire visit were but passing joys, and that it was not for Ambleside or Callander that the trunk was being packed, but for the far-off, the unknown and the unseen. So while Anna and Emily went on with their packing, the excitement to the latter was rather pleasing, and helped to withdraw her mind from dwelling on the event that had recently saddened her brow and dimmed her eyes with tears ; for this trunk-packing, and the arrangement of dresses consequent upon it, was really the first thing which the girls had done, or the first matter which gave their minds employment, since the death of Mrs Walpole. And at times, even Anna would forget the end of the projected expedition, and enter into all Emily's plans of hill-climbing and sight-seeing, as they picked out the things they were to take, and wondered where they should be when they wore them.

Then Anna would remember that these very things might be worn, not gathering ferns along the Keswick road, nor picking heather on the Highland hills, but as they walked out, after school-hours, in the hot streets and sultry air of Paris. Then she would

bid Emily 'hush,' and recollect that they were not only going to Westmoreland and Perthshire, but somewhere else; and she would add—what Emily, too, remembered and thought of, for a moment, with sorrow—

'You know, dearest, we are to be away a long time from home.'

Even trunk-packing, however, must end sometime, and at last all things wanted or to be wanted, really or in imagination, were stowed away, with the servants' assistance; and a message was sent to Mr De Vere, to tell him that his nieces were quite ready to go. Then there was the putting on of bonnets and shawls, and the last hurried ramble round the garden, with a tearful glance at their own little spots, where the forget-me-nots and lilies of the valley were the favourites, cherished and loved, because they had been favourites cherished and loved by one who could love them no longer.

'Oh! let us run and see the pheasants, Anna; I wonder when we shall see them again?'

'Not for a very long time; perhaps never,' said Anna; and the sisters ran off to bid farewell to all their pets, and then hastened in to rub down the soft feathers of their dear turtle-doves, which old Thompson had promised faithfully to take care of, till their mistresses returned.

All things were now ready for departure, and Mr De Vere's voice was heard in the hall, impatiently calling to the girls to take their seats in the carriage.

One more farewell to the servants, old Thompson the last, and the sisters took their seats in the carriage, burying themselves in the corners, and almost choked with sobs, stifled with difficulty, lest, for the tears that a first departure from home compelled to come, should be coldly chided the lonely orphan girls. One more trial yet awaited the sisters.

Near the gate, as the party approached it, were seen the eight little girls, now deserted by their little mothers; and if you had searched all over the earth you could not have found sadder children that day.

One had a little cowslip that she had gathered, because she heard Miss Emily say she was very fond of cowslips in spring. Another brought a bunch of violets, that she had picked under the hedges, and tied carefully together with a bit of white satin ribbon that she had bought with her only penny. The first China rose, from the cottage-door, had been gathered as a treasure, by another; and this little girl was Anna's favourite scholar, and she loved to think that her dear young lady would keep the rose; her mother had told her that Anna was a lovely rose herself, and said something about the first rose coming when the last rose was going away.

So the little girls all held up their tiny hands, and in every hand they held a flower; and as each tried to reach the window to put in her flower, she could hardly speak, with weeping; but

one sentence they uttered, brokenly, all of them, and that was a prayer that God would watch over and bless the dear young ladies that had been so very kind to them.

Till this scene, Anna and Emily had successfully endeavoured to prevent their distress being noticed by their uncle. This scene however, came on them so unexpectedly, and by it they were so much overpowered, that they broke out into passionate exclamations of regret on leaving the Park, not for its beauty of mountain, tree, and river, but because in that Park they now felt more than ever that they were leaving behind them the sweet home which they never thought they loved so well till they found they were going to leave it.

As the carriage drove on, after they had bade the little scholars farewell, with bursting hearts the little scholars watched it, till it turned out of the gate and was seen no more at all by them. Then with a loud cry of grief they flung themselves down on the grass, and sobbed and wept till it seemed as if their sorrow would never end, for each was thinking how kind Miss Anna and Miss Emily had been to them, and every little girl in her great sorrow felt as if there never would be another Sunday morning.

---

## CHAPTER IV.

WILL there be room in the hotel at Ambleside for all the people who are getting out of the Windermere steamer, and hurrying on to the pretty little town among the lakes and hills of Westmoreland? How will Lord L—— accommodate himself to circumstances, if he find that he can only get a few chairs to lie upon, after bustling up to the Salutation Inn? Where shall that party of ladies find lodgings for the night, so many of them as there are, and so pretty, as they stand, bewildered, by their band-boxes and trunks, on the shore? Better to be a single traveller, with a small pack, thought Charles Annandale, as he turned round to look at the crowd, after having lightly sprung on shore, and hurried forward, in order to try whether Ambleside could at least afford him a resting-place for a few summer nights.

Trinity term had just ended at Oxford, and those students, who had studied more the Roman patriots and Greek heroes than they had the paces of Sir Isidore Idler's new iron-greys, were glad to leave for awhile Oxford and their books behind them, and put up a few things, get into the train for the north, and find themselves rambling by the tarns of Westmoreland and Cumberland, gathering a laurel-leaf or a fern as a memento of Rydal Mount, or standing in Keswick churchyard by the side of Southey's tomb.

For these students were great admirers of the material beauties,

and of the immortal geniuses of Old England. They felt as if poetry and poets should live among the meres and hills of the Lake district, and could hardly imagine how there could be singers of beauty anywhere but among the islands and lakes, nor think that far away from Helvelyn and the pass of Borrowdale men could dream on, their dreams unbroken, of the glorious and the sublime.

Of these students Charles Annandale was one. Dreams of the world, as it was of old, used to come upon him as he read, in the classic story, of great deeds and great men gloriously sung. And then he would sigh to think that the great men, and their great deeds, often done to win the world freedom, left the world no better than they found it. They showed, indeed, what great achievements mighty men could accomplish; but they showed also the 'hitherto,' than which no man could further go; and that which they were unable to do, mighty as they were, some in arms and some in philosophy, was accomplished for poor labouring and sorrowing humanity, by the heaven-directed efforts of a few men, whose ambition once led them no further than their nets in the Galilean lake.

But Charles Annandale would not be content to be only a dreamer; and if he read and dreamt on of great deeds and great men, his dreams ever ended in something to be done for his dear old mother-land.

Devoted as he was to the classic story, he was resolved not to dream always, but to act; and even now, as he wandered among the beauties of England's most lovely district, he was thinking of England's great deeds and great men, and wondering whether her great deeds were to be all of the brown page of the ancient annals, and her great men all of the immortal and unforgotten past.

Annandale had not long been studying at Oxford, but he had seen enough of his fellow-students to perceive that their lives were, for the most part, purposeless. If the majority thought at all, it was how they would spend the morrow's hours, and make the time pass pleasantly from sunrise to sundown. Their ambition seemed to be bounded by the tailor's fashions, for the most part; not unfrequently finding an object sufficiently worthy, in their eyes, in a fine horse in the stables of S——, or a pretty girl in the villa of A——. And for the future, some of them were to get livings in the church, as soon as they were ordained, troubling their heads little about their fitness, and much about the parochial incomes; some were to do wonders at the bar, and expected to end on the woolstack; but they certainly supposed that other people's heads were no wiser than their own, when they entertained such a preposterous notion. Some were assured of seats in the Commons, because their father was the Marquis of Featherhead, or their uncle the Duke of Brainless; but what they were to do when they got into the Commons they were sure they did not know, and they were sure they did not care.

A few there were, like Annandale, possessing minds of a higher order, minds that could not be content to be slaves of the body and its passions, but loved not more the beauties and sublimities of the ideal, than they loved to see, in those beauties and sublimities, shapes and forms of supernal mould; and to look upon all things, themselves included, as parts, fragmentary now perhaps, and blackened by the smoke of a moral conflagration, but still parts of a beautiful fabric that once was perfect, and would, they hoped, be perfected again—a fabric that was formed by the fingers of the Perfect One, a thing of beauty transcendent and of a sublime purpose, that should be the admiration of the universe, and finite only because its Maker alone is Infinite.

On such a mind as that of Annandale, the effect of a first visit to the magnificent scenery of the lakes and mountains of the northern counties was to make him feel, rushing through him with delicious gush, a wavy sense of the poetry of life. For him every lake and hill spoke in a language that would have been incomprehensible to the thousands of gay flutterers who rushed in crowds to the lakes, and hurried from one famous place to another that they might be in the fashion, and say, next winter, that they had spent the autumn in the lake country.

And so, after securing a little room, with clean, dainty curtains, and counterpane of English whiteness, and leaving his small pack on a chair, Annandale, snatching a hasty dinner at the inn, went out for a solitary ramble among the hills.

A hot July day was hushed into evening, and a cool breeze came up from Windermere, and breathed gently on the forehead of the youth, as he passed from the overhanging elms closing in the road by Rydal Mount, and turned up the grassy lane that led him on for a little way, leaving which he climbed till at last he found himself on the top of Nab Scar.

Following his first impulse, he lay down on the top of the hill, on a slanting grey stone, that seemed made as a couch for travellers.

Every one has felt, at some time, on a delicious summer evening, when the air is balmy, full of slumberous richness and hushed sound, that however wearied one may have been with the toils, or harassed by the cares, or saddened by the sorrows of life, there are times when we ask nothing but to forget everything; and, with the summer air of slumberous richness all around us, it is happiness enough to live and breathe.

Annandale now contented himself with this delightful sensation, and after enjoying himself till the dews of evening began to chill him, heated as he had been by the ascent of the hill, he wended his way downward, by a steeper and more perilous path, till he found himself on the road leading to the little town, which soon sheltered him for the night, in the snug little room with the white drapery and white walls.

The first coach for Keswick, next morning, found him upon the box-seat, on his way to see the famous Derwentwater, the loveliest of the waters of England. At Keswick he took a boat, for a

row among the islands and round by the wooded shore, landing at Lodore, partly to rest after helping the boatman at the oars, but chiefly to see the famous falls that rush down the huge rocks, in a foaming torrent, and form the great attraction of Lodore.

As he slowly made his way up the wooded path, the sound of the splashy plunging of the water down the rocks grew louder and more distinct. He imagined that he would be alone at the falls, for he had seen no other boat on the lake, and the day had been wet, heavy clouds having rolled down the mountains, and shot their wet arrows into the bosom of Derwentwater. The rain had made the white surging torrent rush down, louder, angrier, and yet more magnificent than usual; and everything was lost, as he drew nearer to the falls, in the sound of the mighty rushing of the water. And yet not everything, for as an oak tree only came between Annandale and a full view of the white waters, a shrill, piercing cry made him start forward, though he imagined that the cry was of some passing bird, for he looked in vain for any one, as he stood by the side of the waterfall. For an instant only, however, was he deceived, as, clinging to the branch of a tree, hanging over the white foam below, he descried the form of a young girl, who seemed in an agony of terror lest the wild waters should be her early grave. Down, down the rocks he went, and a moment found him at her side, when he assured her that danger was passed, since he was there to save her.

‘Oh! not me, save her, save Anna,’ she said, sobbing out the words in her agony, and pointing down to a dark, still spot, where the waters rolled to rest, after being wearied rushing down the fall.

With one bound Annandale sprang forward, and reached safely, almost by a miracle, a large rock above the place where he feared the lady lay in death.

To divest himself of coat and shoes was the work of a moment, and then, being a good swimmer, he plunged into the place where the finger of the living pleaded for the rescue of one that might be dead. Down he went to the bottom, fearlessly, like a brave and gallant heart as he was, and searched all over the sand below, but saw nothing in the darkness, nor felt anything but rocks and sand. At last he was compelled to come up, by exhaustion and breathlessness, and as he rose to the surface, and reached the rock, he found the living pleader by his side.

The wild passion of sorrow had paled her countenance, and as she stood, in her black dress, clasping her hands in agony, Annandale scarcely knew whether he looked on the living or the dead. For an instant there was silence, and then a wailing utterance burst from her lips,

‘Where is she? Oh! save my sister!’

To plunge into the cold brown watery sepulchre, exhausted and breathless as he was, Annandale knew would not save the life of one, but be the death of both. The water flowing into the place

he had been searching almost kept him under, by the power of the pressure from the fall, and he knew that he must be fresh and unwearied to rise to the surface again. And yet as he looked on the fair form almost fainting beside him, and heard her beseeching voice pleading for her sister, he felt, if there were any chance of saving the life of that sister, that he would gladly lose his own. He stood upon the rock therefore, hesitating a moment, and that moment how long it seemed to the loving sufferer by his side! As he stood, and looked down into the pool with straining eyes, he imagined that he saw, under a projecting ledge, a something moved by the water. One glance more, and he was in again and down under the dark water, diving in the direction of the rock, under which he thought he saw the object moving. Soon the water, stirred on the surface, told that he was coming up again, and the pale sister held her breath, as he drew nearer the rock she stood on; and she did not faint away, but knelt down in a cold agony, as Annandale came to the rock, and laid on it the unmoving, unbreathing sister. The way to the inn was toilsome, and he was weary, but he knew that he must take her there, if any chance remained of bringing her back to life. And he knew that the sister could not help him, could scarcely follow; and so with difficulty he reached the path and toiled down the hill, carefully carrying his precious burden till he brought it to the inn and laid it on a bed, in a room looking out next the fatal fall.

Annandale left the room for a short time, that warm blankets and flannels might be prepared, having told the people of the house that the lady's life was now in their hands. As he entered the little parlour he found two gentlemen sitting by the table, one of whom hastily rose, as the servant made the hurried announcement—

‘One of the young ladies that came with you, sir, has been drowned in the fall.’

‘She may not be drowned,’ said Annandale, ‘but she will die if you do not bestir yourselves and attend to my directions.’

‘Where is she?’ said Mr De Vere, as he rose to follow the maid, and entered the room where his niece was lying apparently lifeless. Charles Annandale followed, for he feared that the life which he hoped he had saved would now be lost by the carelessness of the people around.

‘She will be murdered, sir,’ he said, as Mr De Vere stood silently by her bedside, as if he were mentally anatomizing a corpse—‘she will be murdered, sir, unless you make these people attend to her.’

A glance from Mr De Vere, as much as to say, ‘What right have you to interfere?’ called forth the exclamation from Emily—

‘He saved her at the fall, uncle; don’t let her die; oh don’t!’

Whether or not Mr De Vere feared that if Anna died he should be accounted her murderer we cannot say, but certainly he acted with cool judgment, and gave the requisite directions for his

niece's recovery, in such a tone and manner as insured the utmost attention of the people about her bed. The means used were, at last, happily successful, and Annandale only left the room when, with a sigh, Anna unclosed her eyes, and Emily, kneeling by her bedside, fainted away as she exclaimed, 'Thank God, she is not dead; my own dear sister!'

---

## CHAPTER V

At a rosewood table, in a window, a lady is sitting, looking out at the setting sun. A shade of thoughtfulness rests on her face, and is seen the plainer that the face is lighted up by the sun's parting rays. She is not old, but she is staid and matronly, and a neat little cap with pink ribbons sits closely on her head. The room is neat and tidy; nice books are on the table, in green and gold binding, some of them, and others in lilac, with gilt edges; a small piano is open, and has been played on lately, for the crimson stool stands out before it, and some music is on a chair not far off; a vase with pinks and white stocks and moss roses is on the table, standing on the neatest mat of blue netted wool, with beads that sparkled like diamonds as the sun looked in upon them.

From the rosewood table the lady rises, and puts away her netting, and then rings for the servant, who brings up a tray with teacups, and two plates of cake, and some marmalade, and places it quietly on the table, where the green-and-gold-bound books were a little while ago.

It is getting late, the lady thinks as she takes out a pretty enamelled watch, and goes down-stairs to the parlour to put her work away in the drawer of the work-table below. She stands for awhile at the parlour window, and seems listening for somebody's arrival, and looks as if she thought somebody should have been here long ago.

She looks lonely as she stands at the window, putting up her hand to her forehead, and you notice the fewest possible number of grey hairs above her fingers, as the third finger raises one of the curls that would have been of a rich brown colour, except for the presence of the few grey hairs. You wonder why she is lonely, and you look round the room, neat and tidy as the one up-stairs, with its chairs and tables, its neat sideboard, and its three portraits on the walls, one of a fine old lady, with high cap and ancient gown, and, between her and a meek benevolent minister, a little girl, in a blue dress, with fair curls falling down over her white shoulders, and almost hiding her shy and yet laughing face.

Another look round the room and you see that she is lonely

just because it is so neat and tidy. There are no little painted story-books, no little boxes of cups and saucers, no paper clippings, nor slates and pencils. Look into that drawer, and you will find everything just where it ought to be, the scissors, the thimble, and cotton; but you will not find in any of its corners the ball of worsted, covered over with an old piece of chamois, nor the pink and white check frock that belongs to little somebody's doll.

In the window there hangs a cage, a pretty domed one, with brass wires and an ivory top, and there is in it the sweetest possible singer of a German canary. On the rug at the fire there sleeps a rich tortoiseshell cat, with a little kitten nestling close beside it, that is the very picture of itself. Before the window are neat flower-beds, cut in the smooth grass, with some pinks, and plenty of carnations, scarlet geraniums, and blue verbenas, arranged in most admirable order, and doing justice to their fair gardener. The bird in the cage, the cat on the rug, the flowers in the garden, are all favourites with the lady, and divide her time with the books up-stairs and the work at the rosewood table; and yet you know she is lonely with them all, for the little girl in the blue dress, with the fair curls, is not her little girl; and there are no little feet in her house to run up and down the stairs, toss the books, and soil the stair-carpets; and there are no little hands to pick up the sugar that drops out of the canary's cage, and no little mouths to eat it; and so the lady is lonely as she watches the setting sun: although she has her canary, and her cat, and her flowers, she is sometimes very lonely, because she has no little children.

When the sun begins to set, how fast it goes down!

But a little while ago the lady had risen to look at the sun going away as it crept down behind the mountain top, gilding the mist and making the sky blush, as the sun looked on it for the last time that day. Now, every minute adds a shade to the twilight that is soon to be all darkness but for the stars.

With the twilight comes a footfall on the walk that leads up through the verbenas, and geraniums, and carnations, to the porch that is covered with blue clematis, white convolvulus, and crimson China roses. With it there is heard the sharp ringing knock of a walking-stick, as it lights sometimes on the hard path and sometimes on a stone, smooth and level as the path, and scarcely harder than that well-trodden approach to the hall door. Then comes a hasty rapping at the door, and the lady leaves the room to open it; if you could see her face in the twilight, you would wonder where the loneliness had gone to, she seems so cheerful now, and so happy, as the walking-stick and the footfall come in through the door, and her husband stands in the hall. You have just time to see, as the neat maid passes up-stairs with the candles, that he is a grave, thoughtful man of fifty, and you perceive by his dress that he is a pastor of the Christian Church. As soon as he fairly stood within the hall, and before he laid aside his walking-stick, he exclaimed,

'They are coming ; I heard the sound of carriage-wheels and the horses' feet slowly ascending the hill, just as I came up to the door.'

'Oh ! then, make haste, my dear.'

'You had better tell Jessie to get the lamp and take away those candles to-night, Harriet.'

'Well, if you like.'

'And I dare say they will require a fire in their room.'

'I have had one lighted already, Robert.'

Then the walking-stick was laid aside carefully.

'Mr De Vere comes with your nieces, does he not ?'

'Yes, he accompanies them ; they have just been to the English lakes.'

'Ah ! do you remember the pleasant trip we had once to those lakes ? How long is it since we visited them ?'

'We were both younger then than now, Robert, and we enjoyed the trip so much, at least I know I did.'

'And I. But as that was our first and only excursion, you should remember how many years have passed since we left bonnie Scotland and crossed the border.'

Doubtless this point would have been speedily settled, and day and date fixed accurately, had not the rumbling of carriage-wheels grown louder and louder, till at last, right opposite the gate stopped the carriage that brought the daughters of her beloved sister to Aunt Harriet's Scottish home.

Soon they stood within the door, and were clasped in aunt Harriet's arms and kissed fondly, and then held at arms' length, to be looked at ; and then she burst into tears, to find them so like their dear mamma that she had loved and lost. Aunt Harriet next introduced them to their new uncle, and they looked timidly up into his face, and thought that their uncle M'Intosh was older than their uncle De Vere, but they felt that he looked more kindly at them ; and somehow they made up their minds at once, with girlish haste, that they should love their uncle M'Intosh far better than their uncle De Vere.

And what had become of their uncle De Vere all this time ? After dismissing the driver of the carriage, and putting his purse back in his pocket, he walked leisurely up the walk towards the door, contemplating the group by the light in the hall. For a few moments he stood in the doorway, and seemed in no hurry to obtrude himself upon the inmates of the manse, till Mr M'Intosh begged him to come forward, and apologized for the forgetfulness which had permitted him to be unnoticed so long.

'No apology, my dear sir, I entreat you ; that the pleasure of meeting the children of a beloved relative should render the presence of a stranger a matter of no moment, is not to be wondered at,' said Mr De Vere, in a tone of voice that betrayed a slight degree of annoyance.

'I must really beg your pardon,' said Mr M'Intosh ; 'there

might be an excuse for their aunt's inattention to you, but there can be none for mine.'

'Oh, Mr De Vere, how like these dear girls are to their mother. Did you ever see her?'

'Never, madam,' said that gentleman, drily; 'had Mrs Walpole been still alive, there would have been no necessity for my absence from Italy.'

\* 'But you must be so tired, dears; and here I am keeping you standing in the hall. Will you come up-stairs, and get your things off, and then we shall have tea?'

The girls tripped lightly up-stairs, and did not seem so very tired at all. In truth they felt as if they were at home again, and their kind-hearted aunt they loved at once, and wished that they were going to live with her always. They soon put off their bonnets and cloaks, and brushed their fair hair smooth, and then came down-stairs, hand in hand, to the drawing-room door; which they found open, and their aunt alone in the room, standing behind the tea-table; but she left the tea-table when the sisters came in, to come forward and clasp them to her bosom, and give them another kiss of welcome to the highlands of beautiful Perth.

In the valley of Strathearn, close by the loch, stood the manse of the Scottish pastor. It was in the centre of that glorious scenery that has caused Perth to bear away the palm in the competition of the shires, for the glory of uniting, in one panorama, the beautiful and the sublime.

With land rich as the south in beauty, it is girdled by the everlasting hills; and while the valley bosoms the gentle Earn, to the north there are not wanting grey rocks and rugged mountains, that proclaim that it would not be of the sunny south so much as of the land of hill and heather, famed for its brave race, now passed away, that would have shed, in other days, their hearts' dearest blood to defend the honour of their Highland chief.

In those days, it is true that war was to the Highlander as the air he breathed; and the family of the chieftain would never have dreamt of other employment than using bravely the target and the sword, and not disgracing the tartan of their clan. And now, the descendant of one of the proudest of Scotland's old families thought that he best did his duty to his country by going forth with another sword and shield, and by serving another Chief. And he had brought home to his manse, years ago, Harriet Leslie, a daughter of fair England, that he had met in the beautiful city that is titled well the Athens of the North. Harriet Leslie was now Harriet M'Intosh, and she loved not the less dearly the daughters of her sister, that she had been long absent from the land of her birth, and had no children of her own to charm her with their innocent prattle, or occupy her with the full development of their minds. Rather it seemed as if the very essence of love was made stronger by the want of anything to call for love's

continual manifestation; and it bade fair to be poured out on the twin sisters, her dearest Anna and Emily.

Anna and Emily had not mentioned how short their stay was likely to be in Scotland, and their aunt had been indulging in dreams of pleasant excursions to Kenmore and Drummond Castle, and perhaps to the Trosachs and Loch Lomond. She had been startled, therefore, to hear Mr De Vere say, since he came into the room, that the young ladies could only stop in Scotland a week, or, at most, a fortnight, and after that they were going for a few years to Paris.

‘Oh! Mr De Vere, you will not take them away so soon,’ she said.

‘My arrangements require it, madam.’

‘Could you not leave them a little longer?’

‘I am afraid they would get too fond of Scotland.’

‘Is that your reason?’

‘Partly, and my nieces would not bear Paris so well if they were long accustomed to the cooler climate of Perthshire.’

‘But it is autumn now, and Paris will be becoming cooler.’

‘It will, certainly; however, I must be in Paris in less than three weeks, and I cannot return to Scotland this season.’

‘Leave them till next year, then.’

‘Impossible!’

Of course there was not much conversation after this, in the little manse drawing-room. The sisters sat silent in the window, from which their aunt had looked at the setting sun; but it was dark now, and they could see nothing—not even the stars, for clouds had come up over the heavens and covered them, and so there was not even a star to give its little twinkling light, now that the sun was set.

They were glad when prayers were over, and the servant brought the bed-room candles; and they followed their aunt up-stairs to the little room they were to occupy, that had a window, as they saw next morning, circled with ivy and red roses, and that looked out on the blue Loch Earn. As their aunt bade them ‘good night’ she closed the curtains, and then opened them to stoop over the sisters and kiss them; and as she stooped, each felt a warm drop fall on her cheek, and wept to think that their aunt was weeping, and she wept to think how soon they were going away, to leave her as lonely as ever, with her geraniums and canary as her only company when her husband was out, or in the study, in the pretty and picturesque manse in the Vale of Strathearn.

During Mrs M‘Intosh’s absence, there had been a conversation in the drawing-room between the gentlemen, on the subject of Mr Walpole’s will and the future welfare of the sisters.

Mr De Vere seemed unaccountably reserved on the subject, Mr M‘Intosh thought, and wondered why he was not more communicative, since it was a subject of much interest, not only to their aunt Harriet but to himself. Mr M‘Intosh asked if Mr De

Vere would kindly let him see the probate or the will; and the latter, after a moment's hesitation, regretted that he had not brought it with him, but had sent it, and some other papers of importance, with his baggage to London.

'And do you really think it necessary that Anna and Emily should go to a Parisian boarding-school?'

'Undoubtedly.'

'I have no fancy for these foreign schools.'

'That prejudice, my dear sir, is not uncommon amongst gentlemen—I was going to say of your cloth, but I shall say—of your profession.'

'What advantage is to be gained by placing my nieces at school in Paris?' asked Mr M'Intosh, taking no notice of the sneer expressed in the reply to his former observation.

'That is all a matter of opinion. I think that it is a decided advantage to a young lady of birth and station, that she should be able to speak the French language with a Parisian accent; that she should learn the finished manners of the most polite people in the world, and that she should be prepared for mixing in the best society, by being trained in the most elegant and lady-like accomplishments.'

'Do you value so highly the mere worldly accomplishments, that you make no account of moral and intellectual education?'

'No. But I think there is too much of this moral and intellectual education, as you call it—I should rather call it drilling in moral maxims—in this country, to the entire neglect of those lighter and more elegant branches of education that are required to make the finished lady.'

'And religion: do you consider that Paris is the best place to train Protestant children to love and value the religion of the Bible, and to follow the teaching of our blessed Lord?'

'Numbers of excellent people send their children to Paris; and I do not pretend to be more careful about my nieces' education than hundreds of the first families in the country, whose example, I think, either you or I might be proud to follow, Mr M'Intosh.'

'I cannot see that any one's example is an excuse for placing in abeyance the judgment that God has given us.'

Just at this point of the conversation, Mrs M'Intosh returned to the drawing-room, resolved to make another effort to prevent the daughters of her beloved sister from being taking away to a place for which she entertained a great dislike, since the time when she was a little English child, and learned how the men of Paris became butchers, and the women of Paris worse than savages; dancing round the dying victims of their horrid clubs, as they were beheaded by the guillotine.

'We have been talking, Harriet, about our nieces; I cannot persuade Mr De Vere that a French education may not be the best for them.'

'Oh! you must not take them to Paris, indeed you must not,

Mr De Vere,' said the lady, earnestly; 'my sister used to write me—and I am certain I have her letters—that the dear girls should live with me after her death.'

'I am their guardian now, madam; I think it right that they should spend some years abroad.'

'But you will not object to leave them with me, if I promise to take care of them for you; you may manage their property as you please.'

'The young ladies must accompany me to Paris, at least one of them,' answered Mr De Vere, after a pause, raising his head, as his chin had been resting on the back of his hand, and looking up into Mrs M'Intosh's face.

'One of them? surely you would not separate the sisters?'

'As you like, madam; one may stay with you, or both must come with me.'

'It is cruel to separate them,' murmured Mrs M'Intosh; 'and yet,' she added, 'it is better that one only should be here than that both should go to Paris.'

'But have you consulted Anna and Emily themselves?' asked Mr M'Intosh.

'For that there is no necessity; I command—they obey,' replied Mr De Vere.

Something in the tone of this remark, as much as the remark itself, caused Mr and Mrs M'Intosh to fix their eyes on the countenance of the speaker; but in that countenance they could not detect any symptom that the commands given to the sisters by their uncle would be enforced with severity. That countenance was smooth, and not forbidding; yet it seemed that lamplight was more akin to it than sunlight; and about it there was more of the night than the day. The aunt of the twins did not see this so much as feel it; she felt now, for the first time, that the possessor of that countenance might be clever, but could not love, and she dreaded, for the tender, sensitive plants that her sister had reared, hard treatment from unsympathizing hands. As she felt, so she could not hide the feeling, and with a tremor in her accents, while her eyes were dimmed by the tears ready to fall, she said, in a voice not much above a whisper,—'I hope you will be kind to the darling, sir, for their dear mother's sake.'

'I shall only have one, I believe, for a year at least. Emily will come with me to Paris, and your pretty Scottish home will be shared with you by Anna.'

## CHAPTER VI.

As Aubrey De Vere paced his chamber next morning, he looked not the same man that we have hitherto seen him. Cool, calm, and calculating as he was on ordinary occasions, at present he was disturbed to no common degree. One moment he would throw himself into the easy chair by the fire-place, and, resting his head on his hand, would seem wrapped in thought. Then he would start up, shut his teeth closely, and mutter something that might have been an imprecation, if his countenance were an index to his spoken thoughts.

A step is on the stairs now, and Mr De Vere hears it.

What wonders are wrought by a step on the stair ! Sometimes it disturbs the happy dreams of lovers, and startles them from their blissful forgetfulness ; sometimes it brings hope to the heart of a mother, as she welcomes already her long-lost son ; sometimes it is the step of the stranger, and tells that the hour of parting has come ; sometimes, could it be heard, it would save the life of the doomed, as the creeping murderer treads stealthily, with cat-like step, upon the stair.

A blithe, honest, hearty step was that upon the stair, when Mr De Vere smoothed his brow, and, quietly closing his eyes, leaned back in the seat he had several times occupied that morning. It was Jessie going down-stairs to her morning work, with little thought of Mr De Vere or his troubles. Little thought of anything had Jessie, except to make the parlour neater and tidier than ever, that the young English ladies might see how neat was the house of her beloved master, the minister, and how a Highland maid could do everything as well as the grand servants over the border.

Jessie passed on, and Mr De Vere's smooth brow passed away. Again he paced the floor, and as if his thoughts had gained in intensity by the effort to appear calm, he walked quicker, angrier than before.

A bedroom-door opens now, near to Mr De Vere's, and a step is again heard. He pauses in mid-walk, half checking his agitation, and but half attempting to look cool and calm ; for the last step left him unmolested, and he thought this one would do the same. And he is right. It is Mr McIntosh going down to his study, whence he will sally forth, in a few moments, to pay an early visit to a young lamb of his flock, that is then lying breathing with difficulty even the clear Highland air of Strathearn, and who will never more roam over the purple heather, that a little sister had gathered a bunch of and laid upon her pillow.

Now, again, a door opens and whispering voices are heard. As the sisters steal quietly down to listen to the canary, play with the cat, and look at the flowers, Mr De Vere makes no attempt to

smooth his brow nor hide his annoyance. Darker than ever grows his brow, more firmly compressed his teeth, and more angry his look, as he strikes his clenched fist on the arm of the chair, and exclaims, with smothered energy, as he hurriedly arises—

‘How could I have been such a fool?’

Somebody opened the door of the parlour below, and the song of the canary sounded merrily through the house.

‘How could I have been such a fool?’ he repeated, and the steps died away upon the stair.

De Vere was a man of strong will, and had gained perfect mastery, to all appearance, over himself. He never exhibited to the world such mental disorder as that which on this morning distracted him. He was cool, men thought, amazingly so; not a refreshing coolness either, but cool as a bright steel razor on a frosty morning, and as sharp and dangerous as a razor, too, to all incautious handlers. But the man that seems to the world all intellect and will, if he be at all still a man, will have moments when he cannot control himself, moments that the world knows nothing of, and would not believe the tale of; for it will see him smooth in brow and calm in mien when he walks into its presence, sometime within an hour.

And so Mr De Vere came down to breakfast, calm and courteous; asked his nieces how they got on in the Highlands, and admired Mrs M’Intosh’s flowers. He did not notice the canary, for he still seemed to hear the sound of its joyous song, mocking him in his angry mood.

After breakfast he would walk to the post, for he expected a letter. It was to be directed to the office. He was not sure whether it would come that morning, and could not think of troubling Mr M’Intosh to send a messenger. Besides, the walk would do him good, and he wanted to see a little of the country. He could not leave his nieces in better company, and he hoped they would enjoy themselves very much.

And so Mr De Vere went to the post-office and got his letter, which he had very good reason for knowing would come; and then he climbed up a hill, full of heather-blooms and bees, and reached a white, worn stone on the top, and sat down to read. As he reads, is it the sun shining, or a purple shade from the heather, that takes away the paleness from his face and flushes it so? It cannot be the sunshine or the heath-flowers, for the flush has faded now, though the purple and the golden sun are still upon the hills together. Now he raises his hat, and places his hand on his forehead, throwing back his black hair, and thinks for a moment; then he glances round to see if any one notices him, and sees nothing but a pack of grouse flying past behind him, and a ram, with long spiral horns, looking up, first at the flying birds and then at him. For awhile, he knows not how long, he sits musing.

Then he reads the letter again, this time without any flush upon his face. It is in a foreign hand, the inside of it, for the cover has

another handwriting on it. Now he puts it into his pocket, slowly rises, descends the hill, and asks at the post-office if he can get a messenger to the town, to bring him a droskey, or something of that sort, that he may be off very early next morning.

'Weel, aw dinna ken, sir; there's our Jamie's a handy lad; maybe he 'll run owre the hill for ye.'

'I must be off at six o'clock, my good woman.'

'Ay, I warrant there's naething like an airlie start.'

'Now, just send off Jamie, will you, for I must know whether I can get a horse.'

'Jamie's awa wi' the meenister; di'ye ken the meenister, sir?'

'Yes; I am stopping at the manse.'

'Oh, then, ye maun be attended tae; our Willie 'll gang. He's nae sae smart as Jamie, but he's a braw lad.'

And Willie, rather loth to move, it seemed, was then despatched over the hills, and was to bring a message to the manse on his return.

Mr De Vere took out his watch now, and was surprised to find that he had spent so much time on the hill. He walked leisurely to the manse gate; not in a hurry, it seems, to change his thoughts for action, nor to exchange his own thoughts for those of others. At the gate he met Anna and Emily, and as they walked together to the house, he told them briefly that Anna would remain in Scotland when Emily went to Paris.

A short time had taught the girls that they must not be demonstrative before their uncle; and they were learning that bitterest lesson taught to the heart of the young, to hide their real feelings of sorrow and of joy from one who, they thought, should have had for their smile a smile of sympathy, and for their grief a tear.

They saw now that Mr De Vere was in no mood to share their feelings with them; and so they rushed into the parlour to their aunt, as he passed up-stairs to his own room, and threw themselves on her neck, weepingly telling the story of the coming parting.

Anna and Emily both wept.

It would have been joy of joys to each if the other had been staying too; and even Emily would scarcely have wept long or bitterly, had she been the young Highlander elect, and her sister the destined Parisian. But Anna, for the time, could feel no joy, for she thought only of the separation, and she wept to think of parting from her sister. And Emily wept more, because Anna wept; and there is no knowing where it might have ended had not Mr De Vere at that moment come into the room, and the sisters, choking in the sobs, hid behind their aunt's shoulder on the sofa.

'I have been telling the girls that Anna remains with you, Mrs M'Intosh.'

'So I find.'

'I thought it was better to do so at once, for I must be off early to-morrow morning, on important business, and can only return to take Emily away.'

As he said this, a smothered sob escaped from some one behind Mrs M'Intosh's shoulder, and Mr De Vere seemed inclined to say something thereupon. Whether it was that he did not know exactly what to say, or whether, as was most likely, he did not wish to say it before the minister's lady, certain it is that the something, not likely to have been of the sweetest, was left unsaid.

'Must you go to-morrow?' asked Mrs M'Intosh, after a pause. 'Absolutely'

'And can you not leave Emily for more than a fortnight?'

'No; scarcely even for a fortnight; but I think I may promise that if Emily be a diligent student in Paris, she may spend her vacations with her sister in Strathearn.'

'Oh! thank you, uncle, thank you!' cried Emily, jumping up from the sofa, and forgetting the parting in the quick rush of happy, girlish thoughts, that made the words 'vacations in Strathearn' seem the sweetest words she had heard since she listened to the voice of her mother.

And Anna rose, too, but she said nothing; only smiled through her tears; for now she might be happy that she was going to live in the dear manse, since the weeks and months would soon pass over and bring her sister back again.

Next morning Mr De Vere departed.

May not the sisters be forgiven for feeling that the fortnight at Strathearn would not pass less pleasantly because their uncle would be away? Is it very wonderful that their spirits seemed more buoyant at breakfast, their laugh merrier, and their talk less restrained? Even the very canary in the cage in the window seemed to share in the general merriment, and to sing louder and oftener, as Anna and Emily talked on to their aunt and Mr M'Intosh.

That was a wonderful day for the girls. They felt free now, and determined to enjoy themselves. Their aunt could scarcely walk fast enough for them along the road when they did walk, and that was not very often, as every butterfly they saw had a race to run, and every wildflower, ever so far up the side of the hill, was no sooner seen than it had to descend from its nook, to make one in a floral wreath that each sister was twining for herself.

And they were to go to Stirling next day, to see all its famous sights. Their aunt had promised to take them, and had told them just now that they were all to go—except Mr M'Intosh, who could not get away—very early the next day. So they ran about the hills till they were out of breath, and then they sat down and pulled off the purple bells of the heather in their fingers; and a bee came and gathered honey from the flowers in Emily's hat,

and she would not move lest she should disturb it; and it flew away, and two more came to Anna's wreath. And, just then, Mrs M'Intosh came up and sat down beside them; and, when they had rested, they came down the hill, and she took them to the little cottage where the sick girl was lying. She knew it would not sadden them and their young life, for the sick girl was cheerful and happy, as she felt when the late spring would come, next year, that she would not be suffering there, but be in another brighter, summer home.

It was a glorious day, in the end of July, when the little party drove up to the hotel in Stirling. The girls had been delighted with the drive; the motion of the wheels seemed to have an exhilarating effect upon their spirits, and they talked away very fast, and asked questions about every place. There had been a heavy shower just before they started, and the dust did not render the drive disagreeable; and therefore they were not very tired when they arrived at the famous old town.

Soon they stood upon the esplanade of the Castle that crowns the hill above the town, and looked down, delighted, on the gorgeous plain, rich with the fields of golden glory, through which the silver Forth wanders at will. Then they turned to the Castle, with its old traditions of Scotland's warriors and lords and kings, and saw all that now remains of Stirling's regal story.

For one more look from the esplanade they asked, as they came out of the Castle gate; and they took a long look at the unrivalled panorama that has made the scene immortal. They were watching the shadows flitting over the Ochils, when a step behind them caused Emily to turn her head.

'Oh! Aunt, he is in Scotland!' she said, as a young man in a travelling dress stood looking at Cambuskenneth Abbey through a glass.

'Who, my dear?' was Mrs M'Intosh's very natural question.

'Mr—I do not know his name—that saved Anna at Lodore.'

Just then Annandale laid down his glass, and with a start of pleasure made a step forward; then looking round, and not seeing any one else than the three ladies, he asked if he could be of any service to them. Anna Walpole had blushed slightly as Annandale came forward; and with a smile of undisguised welcome she held out her hand. The introduction at Lodore was sufficient for her, and she never dreamt of standing on ceremony with one who had saved her life.

'I am so glad,' she said, 'that aunt was with us when we met you; aunt, this is Mr ——'

'Annandale,—Charles Annandale,' said the traveller.

'Mr Annandale, that was almost drowned at Lodore, trying to save my life.'

'My efforts were almost defeated, indeed,' said Annandale with emphasis; 'the gentleman that was with you then—is he in Scotland now?'

‘Uncle De Vere just left us yesterday; I believe he is in Scotland, though.’

‘Pardon me that I could not find out your names or address, or I would certainly have inquired after your health before this.’

‘My nieces are Walpoles,’ said Mrs M’Intosh; ‘they are paying a short visit to me in Strathearn, and Mr M’Intosh, my husband, will be happy to see one who so gallantly endangered his own life to save Anna’s.’

Annandale courteously acknowledged the invitation, and said that Miss Walpole had left the Lakes so hurriedly, that he could find no trace of the travellers; he need not ask now if she had quite recovered, for he was glad to see that all traces of the unfortunate Lodore accident were completely effaced.

And so they talked on, as they walked round the old Castle and down the Back Walk, where they had a full view of the park, where famous royal games were celebrated in the old days of Scotland’s kings. And their talk was of Scotland and its chivalry, and the great deeds of its Wallace and its Bruce—its Bruce that won Scotland’s liberties at Bannockburn, within sight of the place, almost, where they were talking such pleasant talk of the great old men of the great old days.

And when they had done talking they parted; Mrs M’Intosh and her nieces for the manse in Strathearn, and Annandale for the field of Bannockburn.

But before they parted, Annandale had promised to visit the manse, and the sisters were glad of the promise and showed it, at which Annandale was glad, no doubt; and so they parted merrily, parting but for a short time.

And one day, a week after, as the time of the Highland visit was drawing to a close, and as Emily was pensively sitting in the window of the manse parlour, with her head on Anna’s shoulder, talking of old Thompson, and the school-girls, and the Park, and the young pheasants, and the doves, she heard a step coming up to the door, and she started; for she thought it was Mr De Vere coming to take her away, and she did not want to go, and almost burst into tears at every step. She did not look up, for she was afraid, and did not want to be any surer than she was, that it was uncle De Vere. She listened for a rap at the door, but it did not come, and she asked Anna why uncle De Vere did not knock.

‘Perhaps it is not uncle Aubrey,’ said Anna; she knew who it was, but she did not say so.

Then something darkened the window, and they looked up and saw somebody standing at it, who looked in at the window and smiled; and Anna sat still on the seat at the window inside, and somebody stood still at the window outside; and Emily jumped up and ran to the door and opened it, and the visitor came and shook hands with her, and then came in and stood beside Anna, and Emily ran up-stairs to tell Mrs M’Intosh; and so it happened, for the first time in their lives, that two people were in the room

alone together, and those two people were Anna and Charles Annandale. He was very glad to see Miss Walpole, he said; it was so strange meeting in Scotland, after their meeting at Lodore. That was a strange meeting too; how fortunate that he came up at that moment!

And Anna said she was happy to be able to thank him now; she was sorry her uncle insisted on going away so soon, and would not let her try to find out where Mr Annandale was, that she might thank him for all he had done.

Annandale insisted that he had done nothing, really nothing; that the danger to him was nothing; that the fall of Lodore was not so very difficult a place to swim in; and that the wetting he got was just pleasant, such a hot summer day.

But Anna knew that his life had been endangered to save hers, and she felt this, and showed that she felt it. She could not help thinking what a risk he had run to save her at Lodore: and so the more she thought the less she could find words to speak about it; but her grateful look thanked him more than words, and tears were in her eyes as she thought of her rescue from that brown, cold grave.

A pleasant party they were at tea that evening, as they all sat round the table in the drawing-room.

Mr M'Intosh and Annandale had much to say about college life, and much talk about the men of the day. Oxford, from the phases of its theological life, was an object of interest to Mr M'Intosh, and Charles was able to tell him many things that threw new light upon various matters about which he had peculiar opinions. The theology of Oxford, of course, was not after the good minister's heart. He deprecated the attempts made to pervert the minds of the young men from the doctrines of the Reformation, and the way in which the Reformation was held up to ridicule by certain parties in the University.

'My opinion is,' he said, 'that the men who thus seek to lead the students of Oxford from the pure principles of the Reformation, are not, and never were, Protestants at all.'

'And what then?' asked Annandale.

'They are Jesuits—Jesuits in disguise; men who, to subserve the interests of the Church of Rome, would lie, forge, commit perjury, anything, in short, that their order required them to do.'

'Do you really believe that the Jesuits are guilty of these things?'

'I know it, my dear young friend; I know it. I could tell you things about that order that would make you doubt whether Jesuits are men or demons.'

'But they have not the power, now, to do much harm.'

'Their greatest source of power consists in the manner in which they insinuate themselves into every place, and assume every garb, from the rough frieze of the Irish peasant to the embroidered dress of the attendant at the levees of the Queen. They penetrate every

place, profess all varieties of politics, adopt every shade of religious opinion, in order to pervert all politics and all religion to the abominable end of bringing about the destruction of free thought, the annihilation of free action, and the complete subjugation of the world to Rome, as represented by their order.'

'I have heard the new school at Oxford spoken of as earnest men, and sometimes as mistaken men, but never as Jesuits.'

'Of course not as Jesuits; they would not be Jesuits if they permitted themselves to be suspected by those among whom they work.'

'Nor are they suspected; but I dare say you are right, for they are certainly very tender towards their "erring sister," as they call the Church of Rome, while they constantly run down all ultra-Protestants as bigots and fanatics.'

'Not a doubt of it; and you will find that I am right. Watch these men; they are among us, but not of us.'

'I am afraid we are getting into a matter not very interesting to the ladies,' said Annandale, as he caught Anna's eye, and beheld the half-wondering look with which she turned alternately to the speakers, while the previous conversation was carried on.

'I do not think so,' said Mr M'Intosh, 'or at least it should not be so. The Romanizers at Oxford never fail to try to work on the imagination of females, and especially young females; and who has to lose so much by the adoption of the tenets of Rome as woman?'

'Do you think we are in danger of becoming papists, uncle?' asked Emily, laughing.

'I hope not, my dear; I trust you may never fall into the hands of these Jesuits.'

'Take care, Emily, that they do not entrap you, when you go to Paris,' said Anna.

'Are you going to Paris, Miss Walpole?' asked Charles, eagerly, turning to Anna.

'No; my sister is going to school there; I remain with aunt M'Intosh.'

'And why must your sister go to Paris?'

'Uncle De Vere says that a Parisian education is much better than an English one.'

'Does he? and why?'

'Oh! he says we can never learn all the ladylike accomplishments in England, as they do in Paris,' said Emily.

'And they learn nothing else except ladylike accomplishments in Paris? I hope you will never learn to look lightly on old English virtue and old English homes, Miss Walpole,' he said.

'I hope not, indeed. I am to spend all my vacation in the Highlands,' replied Emily; 'I shall be so glad when the holidays come.'

'Christmas will soon come now, you know,' said Anna; 'Christmas is such a merry time.'

'Christmas here is not like Christmas in England,' Mrs M'Intosh said; 'a Scotch Christmas is a very icy affair.'

'There is snow on the hills, Harriet, but a warm fire on the hearth,' said the minister.

'And warm hearts round the fire,' added Charles Annandale.

'Warm hearts make a merry Christmas anywhere,' Anna said; 'and yet,' she added, 'we shall not have mamma with us next Christmas.'

There was silence for awhile, after Anna's remark. Anna and Emily were together on the sofa now, and sat closer as they thought that they were to part till Christmas: Mrs M'Intosh was thinking of her sister, whom she used to have with her at Christmas-time; Mr M'Intosh and Charles stood together at the window, and looked out at the rising moon.

By-and-by a discussion began as to the best way of spending the morrow; and excursions were planned to the loch, and rambles over the hills were talked of. Annandale had but one day to spare in Strathearn; he regretted, but could not help, this; and so everybody wanted to make the most of the day, and show him everything that each thought most worthy, in that lovely Valley of the Earn.

There was to be an early breakfast and a drive; and then rides on ponies, little stout, shaggy fellows, that could get along famously on the rough Highland paths over the hills; and there never was such a pleasant day spent as the one that was to be spent on the morrow.

And the sun shone out gloriously at breakfast-time next morning. Everybody talked cheerfully and laughed merrily; and then the ladies all ran off to get ready for the drive, and were not long getting ready on that morning. And Charles Annandale chatted pleasantly to all, as they stood at the door, waiting for the carriage to come up, and wondering why it delayed so long. And they listened and at last heard wheels, and then saw a carriage coming, and they talked faster and laughed merrier; but, as the carriage came up close to the gate, they talked scarcely any, and did not laugh at all, for it was not the one they expected, but had a passenger in it, and they all saw who the passenger was, and all knew him, and therefore they stopped talking and laughing, for the passenger was—Mr De Vere.

Shaking hands with his nieces and their relatives, he slightly bowed to Annandale, and then said,

'You had better get ready, immediately, Emily; I have come for you sooner than I expected; and the carriage will wait to take us on to-day.'

And so the pleasant party was broken up; and Annandale thought that he had better go, and not witness the parting scene; and he went, as he came, quietly, bidding a quiet farewell. There was a sorrowful parting, so sad after the merry morning; little talking and no laughing now, but sobs and tears instead.

There was a carriage and a party in it that drove away that day from the manse ; not a merry pleasure-party, but a very cheerless one. There was no more laughing, and little more talking, that day in the manse ; everybody was silent and everybody was sad, and there was not a voice to be heard, to break the eeriness of that broken day, but the voice of the little canary that sounded merrily in the parlour.

---

## CHAPTER VII.

It is winter-time, in the north of Ireland.

The falling rain patters on the windows of Mr Baring's house. The soot comes tumbling down the chimney, and the cold winter wind whistles through the trees, and up the back stairs, in through the very keyhole of the parlour. The old brown leaves of autumn, half decayed and half buried, are hurried up out of their graves and dashed against the glass. A branch of the ash-tree at the corner rubs against the elm, and makes a dreary creaking sound, that, in seeming, is the death-groan of the trees going out into the cold night-wind.

Mr Baring is seated in the red-covered arm-chair, by the parlour fire, and his little son, a fair-headed, merry child of some three winters, stands by his side. The little fellow is rubbing down the wet feathers on the back of a dead robin that the nurse gave him an hour ago, and he is lamenting that the poor bird cannot sing nor hop about any more, but lies quiet and still on his little white pinafore, that the child has gathered up, in his two little hands, to hold the bird, as he stands by the arm-chair in which his father is reclining.

And the parlour doors open quietly and softly ; a lady's hand is on the handle of the door ; a young and gentle lady comes in and stands beside the little child, and lays her hand upon his little fair head, and looks fondly down at him, and at his father.

'Bid papa good night, my darling,' she says ; 'and come to bed.'

'Birdie is in bed mamma ; little Jackie will stay with birdie.'

'It is little Jackie's bed-hour ; he must come away, now.'

'May birdie come too, mamma ?'

'Yes, you may bring little birdie, dear.'

'Will birdie sleep with Jackie ?'

'I do n't know ; we shall see by-and-by.'

'I want birdie to sleep beside Jackie, mamma.'

'Well, be a good boy, and birdie may sleep with mamma's own little Jackie.'

'Will birdie get up when Jackie gets up ?'

'No, birdie is dead, dearie.'

'Can birdie not fly any more, mamma?'

'Not any more, little boy.'

'Poor birdie! what a pity!' said little Jackie, as his mother led him off to his little blue-railed bed in the nursery, where she made him kneel down and say his prayers.

'Will God make birdie well too, mamma?' he said, as he rose from his knees.

'God takes care of little birds, dear, and feeds them.'

'But will he take care of this one?'

'It is dead now, dear; it does not want any more food.'

'But little Jackie is not dead; he wants food.'

'Yes, my own darling.'

'And God will take care of Jackie, and Jackie's mamma and papa, and little baby brother?'

'God will take care of Jackie, if Jackie loves God.'

'He will. Good night, mamma.'

'Good night, pet,' said the young mother, as she laid the little boy's fair head on the soft white pillow, where it made a hollow place, and looked so snug, as the wind whistled through the trees and the rain pattered against the panes.

Mrs Baring came back again to the parlour, and knelt down beside her husband, laying her head against his shoulder, and putting back his hair off his forehead with her left hand, as she told him the conversation she had with their little son, and recounted his childish prattle.

It was childish and innocent, the prattle of Jackie; and yet the father liked to hear it, and the mother to tell the story, for they loved little Jackie much, and they would have sorely missed his little fair head and his little voice. The mother faltered in her tale, when she came to the part, 'Little Jackie is not dead,' and she half shuddered as the wind howled and the rain plashed against the windows, on that cold wintry night.

It was a troubled winter in Ireland. Mr Baring sat thoughtfully listening to the rain and the wind, and thinking of the letter he had received that morning. Strange letters and strange postmen had been in those parts, and one of those letters had come to him that day, though he had no idea who the postman was that brought it. It was found on the step of the hall door, before breakfast, by the housemaid, who said she supposed it had been left there by a man who just disappeared down the avenue, as she looked up after picking up the letter.

Mr Baring had read the letter, and been more than usually thoughtful at breakfast, but talked cheerfully enough to his wife and seemed fonder than ever of little Jackie, when he came down to get some of papa's egg and coffee, and a little bit of bread and butter from mamma. When he went out after breakfast to his men, he thought that they looked shyly at him, and did not look him in the face, but except this, he did not observe anything peculiar.

He had obtained a new agency a short time ago, and was about to visit the property that day, but postponed his visit till another time, after the delivery of the curious epistle that was the subject of his thoughts as his wife came into the room.

For a little while they sat in the parlour, and then they retired to a snug warm room, where the wind among the trees, and the rain against the window-panes, made them sleep the sounder that dark wild night.

A dozen men sat sleepless in a cabin, half a mile away, on that same dark night, and they listened to the blowing storm, and heard the splashing of the great rain-drops in the pool at the door.

They listened, and sat on, talking; and they felt sure that no one would come near the cabin to disturb their talk that night, so wet, and dark, and cold, and stormy.

'I say he must die, Tom; he is a bloody Saxon anyhow, an he is a heretic, an a ——.'

'An will ye lave the young wife a widdy, Pat?'

'Troth an I will, then; di' *thee* care for our wives and childre? Divint thee turn them all out into the cowl'd and the rain, the critturs?'

'And what right have the bloody Saxons to our money, anyhow? Do n't they rob our clargy, and do n't they take our lan', and do n't they want blood-money, forbye, the heretic divils?' said Mick Feeny, a dark, heavy-browed, sallow-faced ruffian, sitting almost hid behind a pile of turf in the corner of the kitchen.

'Sure our clargy tell us they're thieves, an that the lan's ours, an that the've no right to get our money,' said Frank Higgins.

'An yet these Saxon villins ax us for rint; rint indeed! It's thim should pay us for getting lave to live in ould Ireland at all at all,' chimed in Jimie Doogan.

'True for ye, Jimie; and if we had the good time come, we would n't let them live in it, naythur,' added Pat Grimes, the first speaker.

'Well, an that we wouldn't; and now's the time to begin, boys,' said Larry McCann.

'Troth, we must make a beginning; an it's time we wur at it, Larry.'

'Deed an it is, an you're the boy for a decent job, Mick.'

'The nights is fine and dark now; and he be's comin' home at nights; we'll soon make his nights darker, I'll warrant him,' said Mick.

'Ye'll be jokin' in yer coffin, Mick, I'm thinkin,' said Tom, as a hoarse laugh greeted the speech of Feeny.

'Whist about coffins, will ye; one's enough at wonst, and that's for *him*,' said Pat Grimes.

'The devil a coffin we'll give them; but we'll give them some-thin' to fill one, anyhow,' Mick said; and the sentiment was

received with applause; Mick being evidently a leading man in the matter in hand.

'Hev ye thim shooting-sticks in ordther, boys?' shrieked out a thin pale man, with a voice like an ungreased cart-wheel.

'What di' ye know about shooting-sticks, Dan Murphy?' asked Mick, gruffly; 'lave thim to me, and mind yer own bisness.'

'An is n't it my bisness, an iverybody's bisness; an are n't ye forgetting the rale articles that can do the work, in yer pratin' about dark nights, and coffins, and sitch like?'

'Who's to get his riverance's blunderbush?' asked Larry.

'Who's to do the job? that's the ticket—then we'll settle about the blunderbush,' said Mick.

'I got the blunderbush from Tim Doolan,' said Frank Higgins; 'an he towld me his riverance knowed it, but nobody was to know he knowed it; and Tim tuk a file an filed off the marks, the numbers, and sitch like, an thin he giv it to me; and its me-self that's the boy will shoot streht with the holy tool.'

'Ye've a half too much tongue in yer head, Frank,' said Mick; 'if ye'd howl yer tongue and mind yer ordthers, it id be better for ye.'

'An divint I mind me ordthers? An is n't it me that did mine me ordthers, when I had to do the nate little job for Sam Patterson, and for Mr Jones, and for—'

'Bad scrán to ye, will ye whist—or we'll not be done talkin the night,' said Larry McCann, pulling him by the coat.

'Now then, boys, for the hat!' Mick called out, and came forward to the table with an old tattered hat in his hand, full of dirty pieces of paper. On one of these pieces was marked a certain word; the rest were all blank. The piece with the word on it decided who was to have the priest's blunderbuss, and fire the first shot in the intended assassination.

As the men came forward one by one, some anxiety was displayed. The first that came forward was young Tom Maguire. He stepped forward with a slight hesitation, not very apparent, perhaps, and unnoticed by the most of those present, but not unseen by Mick Feeny.

'Come along, my boy,' he said; 'for the honour of ould Ireland and the glory of the Vargin.'

Tom came up to the table, and putting his hand into the hat, drew out a paper. It was a blank, and he turned round and went back to his seat.

Next came Jimie Doogan. Mick had a word for him too.

'Ye're come to rid Ireland of the bloody Saxons, like our ould King Jimie.'

'Feth, an he run away; an Jimie'll not do that,' Larry McCann said, as Jimie put his hand into the fateful hat; and as he drew it out, he made a grimace at Larry, holding the blank ticket before him.

At last it came to Pat Grimes' turn.

'I doubt I'll not get a chance,' he said, as the hat nearly tumbled off the table with the motion of his hand. 'By the powers, there you go, my boy,' said Mick, as out came the hand with the ticket of doom and blood.

I'll not flinch, I'll warrant ye; an now for my company—who goes?' he said.

'Ye must have another draw for it,' Mick said, authoritatively; and they went over the same course again, with something of less interest perhaps, since Pat Grimes had got the honour of carrying the priest's blunderbuss and having the first shot.

The lot fell to Frank Higgins this time. Frank was to take the pistols and accompany Pat Grimes; and Frank took them up and cocked them, and then let down the hammer and put them in his pocket.

'Well, if I'm not to hev the blunderbush, I'll be near the holy article, anyhow,' he said: 'and *these* is nate little things to work with, be japers!'

So they settled the matter of a man's death in this Ribbon lodge after this manner, and then they crossed themselves, and invoked the blessing of 'the Virgin Mary and holy St. Peter, and all the Saints.' Then they arranged the death-day among them, when these two men, Pat Grimes and Frank Higgins, were to carry out the sentence of death.

But Pat Grimes and Frank Higgins had a 'holy rite' to perform before the priest's blunderbuss did its duty in the antiheretic line. They had to go to Father O'Toole, and confess that on such a day, and at such an hour, they intended to try and send another Saxon victim out of the world. Father O'Toole was at home when the two men came to his house, and Pat Grimes had not long to wait.

'I have come, yer riverance,' he said, as he knelt down before the priest of popery, 'to aise me mine of a little matter that's on it.'

'Well, Pat, an' what have ye been after now?' said the priest.

'I've been after nothin', please yer riverance; I'm only afore somethin'.'

'And what's that, Pat?'

'Well, thin, it's a little bit o' bisness the boys has put upon me, yer riverance.'

'Another *job* is it ye mane, Pat?'

'True for ye, yer riverance.'

'An' whin's it to be done, then?'

'A Thursday night nixt; an' me and Frank Higgins is to do it, too.'

'An' who's the job, Pat?'

'Och! yer riverance knows.'

'Indeed I know nothin' about it; who's the "job," I say again?'

'Yer riverance named him Sunday was a week, at the althar, thin.'

'That heretic varmin! But be cautious, Pat; ye know the Peelers is watchin'.'

'Troth, an' I know, yer riverance, but we're watchin' too, an we'll bate them watchin' this time, or my name's not Pat Grimes.'

'An' so thin yer for carryin' out the law agen the stranger?'

'That we are, yer riverance.'

'An' ye want me to clear ye, then? Have ye the dues, Pat?'

'An' sure we need n't come here without the ha'-pence.'

'The holy Mother Church must be obeyed, ye know, Pat Grimes,' said Father O'Toole, as Pat Grimes rose up to hand him some silver money, the price of innocent blood.

'Kneel down now, Pat.'

And Pat Grimes—a murderer in intent, going out to take away the life of an innocent man, denounced from the altar of the Roman Catholic chapel by Father O'Toole, on the Sunday week previous, and then sentenced to death by the secret tribunal of the Ribbon Society—knelt down before the same Father O'Toole, and, having told him what he intended to do, namely, to murder a man, was absolved from the guilt of the thing that he intended to do. Father O'Toole did not look upon it as a great sin, indeed hardly as a sin at all; but he viewed it in one important light, and that was as a paying affair; for he thought to himself that it was well there were such things as sins, and such things as tender consciences, or there would be no money in the priest's purse. So when Pat Grimes had paid the money, he knelt down before the priest, and the priest, thinking first of the money, and then of the murder, and then of the money again, tried to look solemn, as he said—'I absolve thee from thy sins, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.' So the Persons in the Godhead were invoked to the assassin's aid, and the Three were made, by the priest, a Trinity of murderers.

Frank Higgins went through the same ceremony, and then Pat and Frank went on their way, strengthened and refreshed for the work they had before them, by the consolatory reflection that holy Father O'Toole had given them his blessing, and it was no more harm to shoot their intended victim than it was to shoot a crow.

At last Thursday came, a fine winter's day, cold and clear. There had been some frost in the morning, but the sun came out, and the frost went away. About two o'clock the day got darker, and it began to freeze hard, and some snow-flakes came straggling down. After a while, the snow-flakes fell thicker and faster, and the ground began to whiten, fields, hedges, and roads becoming covered with the deepening snow. Four o'clock came, and the sun set, and then it got very cold and dark.

Mr Baring had gone to town that day, and had not come home. His wife waited for him; and his little son called 'papa,' and told him that 'dinner would be cold.'

There was a sound on the road, heard by some people, and they

thought it was the rumbling of gig-wheels they heard. And they were right, for they did hear the rumbling of gig-wheels, and the gig was bringing Mr Baring home. It came nearer where the listeners were; they were behind a stone ditch, at a road-corner, and they were not watching to protect him, not they. They were not listening for Mr Baring, to welcome him, those men who heard the rumbling of the wheels of the gig, that was looked for by little Jackie and his mamma.

And the gig came nearer and nearer.

It came slowly on, for the road was slippery, and there was a hill up to the corner. On and on it came, slowly up that hill, and along by the stone ditch, up to the corner, where two men have been waiting, almost all day, behind the ditch, and in a cabin hard by. Eager listeners were those men for Mr Baring's coming, and at last he came slowly up to that very corner, thinking, just as he got up to it, of his wife and his little Jackie.

As he got up there was a 'clicking' of fire-arms, but he did not hear them; and then there came a bright yellow flash, bursting through the falling snow too plainly; and thought had not time to follow the flash, when he was struck in the head by the shot from the blunderbuss, and there came a singing sound into his ears, quick as the flash, and a sharp, darting, knifey pain, as he fell backwards over the gig, and dropped the reins as he fell.

Another shot followed, and another, not so loud as the first. The second shot but struck the air; the third hit the horse in the neck. The wounded horse, smarting and bleeding, sprang forward, and almost broke the traces with the spring he made. Finding no check from the reins, he dashed into a gallop, and went fearfully fast along the snowy road, the blood falling, drop, drop, drop, from his neck, as he galloped home, weary and wounded.

He dashed forward till he reached the avenue gate. The night was dark, the horse was maddened, and there was no trusty guiding hand at the rein. At the gate, the horse turned, for he knew it well, but he was weary and wounded and maddened; and, as he turned, the wheel struck the granite pillar at the gate, and there was a terrible shock for the weary and wounded animal.

There was a terrible shock, and a heavy fall on the road, and a moan from the night wind, piteous and eerie, as the dull sound of something falling came up among the falling snow.

Then the horse sprang forward again, and this time the wheel did not strike the pillar; and the gig was lighter, for there was no load in it now, and sprung forward after the horse, as up the avenue he went, dragging after him the flying wheels. He dashed up the avenue to the very hall door, and then stopped as he was wont to do, poor faithful animal! when his master was in the gig, and his master's hand upon the rein.

He stopped at the hall door, and there was a light in the hall, and the door opened; a lady stood at it, and a little boy, and the

lady looked out, and the little boy called 'papa,' but there was no one there for mamma or little Jackie.

The light frightened the horse, and he went on; the stables were close; he well knew them, and was there in a minute more.

The light fell upon the snow, and there were red marks on the white avenue, and too well the lady knew that was blood upon the snow.

The light fell upon the child; it caught its mother's hand in its own little fingers, and, looking wonderingly into her face, sobbed out, 'Oh! where's papa?'

And the light upon the snow, and the blood-marks, and the little child, forced a woful cry from the pale lips of the lady; she rushed down the avenue, on that cold, wintry night, and the wild winds whirled the cry along—

'He is murdered; oh! he is murdered!'

She flew over the snow, down the long avenue, pausing not, thinking not, but going on, on, on. And a faithful servant followed her, as she flew over the snow, but not closely, for he could not, yet as closely as he could, while she sped along, flying for a life that was dearer to her than her own.

And little Jackie stood shivering in the dark hall, for the wind had rushed in and put out the lamp; and the child laid down his head on the mat, and sobbed bitterly, as the night wind whistled through the hall; and nobody came to the poor child, as he lay upon the mat and bitterly cried,—'Oh! where's papa? Oh! where's mamma?'

A stranger came to the door, in the darkness, hearing the crying of the little child; he came in and raised the child, and tried to get him to tell his story; but the little boy could say nothing that weary hour, with the cold drifted snow on his little arms, and a colder thing than snow at his heart, but cry out wearily—

'Oh! where's papa? Oh! where's mamma?'

Then the stranger took him in his arms, and felt his way through the hall, and found the door of the parlour, and took in the little child and tried to soothe him. There was a fire in the room, and it was warm and snug, after the cold hall, and the little boy sobbed himself to sleep in the stranger's arms. Then he laid him on the sofa, and was wondering if there was no one in the house but the child, when a light passed the window. The stranger left the sleeping child, and went out, and found a servant, with a lantern, half distracted, in the hall.

'For the love of God, come, sir,' he said, 'whoever you are; he is dead, and she will die beside him.'

Down the avenue they went, fast and faster, for the stranger was no laggard, and the attendant on the lady was no hireling of an hour. There was blood on the snow, the stranger saw, but spoke not; he felt that was no time to *speak*, but to *see*, and to *do*.

By the gate they stood at last, and the stranger's blood curdled

at the sight he saw. Two figures lay upon the snow, and snow upon the figures, and the stranger knelt beside them, and said that they were dead.

'We must bear them home,' he said, 'the lady first, and then the other;' and not long he took to do the first thing, even on that cold, snowy night.

The light fell upon the last lonely figure lying in the snow, and, as they raised it to bear it to the home of little Jackie, the stranger's hand was stained with blood. The light fell upon a pool of blood, where the head had lain in the snow; not colder that snow than the form now carefully borne along to the room where little Jackie lay. Little Jackie was lying on the sofa sleeping; the lady lay upon the floor; and a third silent figure was now brought in, as the wind moaned piteously through the leafless trees.

As the two knelt down beside the bloody form, a sigh burst from the lady's lips, and then, half sorrowfully, as at coming back to life, her eyes unclosed, and she looked up. As she looked up, little Jackie opened his eyes, and, half-sleeping and half-waking, called out again—

'Oh, where's papa? Oh, where's mamma?'

The two knelt on beside the bloody form; the servant so heart-sick that he felt nothing but the wound, and saw nothing but the blood. The stranger, kneeling, now hoped, now feared, and at last certain, as the light fell upon that face he knew so well, Charles Annandale turned gently to the lady, and whispered—

'He lives!'

---

## CHAPTER VIII.

DEATH driven back from the battlements is always a thing of joy. The snowdrop saved in the winter; the lovely lily rescued from the storm; the stout tree flinging out its brave arms, and yet but just standing after the whirling tempest; are emblems of man and his kind, snatched from the eager arms of death, and not yet to be covered over in the cold, remorseless grave.

Slowly Mr Baring recovered from the shock of that night of snow and blood. For awhile his life was despaired of; he lay, scarcely moving or breathing, for days and days. The doctor shook his head, and said he must have quiet, it was his only chance. Charles Annandale was ceaseless in his watching, and thoughtful as ceaseless. He met the doctor always in the avenue, that there might be as little disturbance as possible in the house; and, when the doctor left, Annandale accompanied him for a little way.

Mrs Baring, too, required care at first. The terrible scene of that terrible night was ever recurring to her mind. Whenever the wind rose and whistled through the trees, she shuddered and clasped little Jackie, and the little fellow looked up in her face wonderingly, as if he remembered that night too, and the loneliness and darkness of the hall.

By-and-by she was able to watch Henry, and attend him; and to smooth down his pillow and arrange the bed-clothes nicely for him, as nobody could do but herself, she thought, and he thought so too.

He could not bear yet the prattle of little Jackie, and Jackie never ceased wondering where papa was, and asking to see papa, to tell him about the little kittens down-stairs that nurse showed him, and to show papa the nice new book, with such beautiful pictures, that his own Mr Annandale had given him.

If Mrs Baring was in with her husband, Charles would take the child on his knee and tell him stories, such wonderful stories, about big elephants with long tusks, and great fishes larger than papa's horse, and monkeys that ran off with red nightcaps, and little birds no bigger than the bees that Jackie would stand watching in the summer-time, Charles said, and would n't it be so nice when summer-time came!

But Charles had other work to do besides nursing little Jackie and watching Mr Baring's progress towards convalescence.

Mr Baring was Charles's old friend as well as his agent, and while he lay fighting the battle of life with the skirmishers sent out by Death after his great defeat, Annandale busied himself, not only in managing his own property during his agent's protracted illness, but in trying to discover the parties who had been guilty of that most atrocious outrage, which had nearly added another widow and other orphans to the long catalogue of the innocent victims of a bloody and cruel system. For a long time his efforts were vain, though he was out night and day with the police, trying to find traces of the parties who were supposed to have attempted the murder.

The Government offered a reward of five hundred pounds to any one who would prosecute the guilty parties to conviction. The same amount was added by Annandale; and every district of the country was placarded with bills, announcing the payment of the above sums to any one who should secure the punishment of the murderers.

The bills were torn down as fast as they were posted. Everywhere Annandale saw scowling countenances turned towards him, and no one had the slightest idea who the parties were that fired at Mr Baring.

At last Annandale began to despair of bringing the guilty parties to that punishment which they so richly merited. He had almost come to a determination of giving up the search as useless, and leaving the matter to time, when, as he was passing

cabin, not far from the roadside, he saw a girl run hurriedly in, as she got sight of his party. Of course the movement made Annandale suspect something, and the police were not long in reaching the door. There was nothing, at first visible, at all calculated to bear out the suspicions entertained, and the police were turning out of the door, when Annandale noticed a bed in the corner of the room, which appeared to have been recently disturbed.

He was not long till he had reached the corner ; a minute more and bed and bed-clothes, dirty as they were, were tumbled on the floor, and under the bed was found a blunderbuss, which had been hurried out of the way on the first appearance of the dreaded searchers.

'Whose blunderbuss is this, my girl?'

'Sir?'

'Who does this belong to?'

'Troth I do n't know, yer honour.'

'Come, no nonsense now, or you must come off to gaol.'

'It's the God's truth I'm telling yer honour.'

'Who lives in this cabin?'

'Why, Frank Higgins.'

'And where's Frank?'

'I suppose he's workin.'

'Are you his wife?'

'No, I'm hes sither.'

'Where is he working?'

'Away beyont there,' pointing over the fields with her finger.

'Will you come with us, my good girl, and show us the place?'

'Deed an I will, an welcome.'

'Come along then.'

And so this party of searchers were just about to leave the cabin and follow the girl, who had already gone halfway across a field, when Annandale turned to have another look round the room which had already afforded them hope, by the discovery of the blunderbuss, that this discovery would be but the prelude to the detection of the murderer. In the corner of the room, opposite the bed, was a stack of turf; it had been partly used at one end, and at that end was a heap of potato-stalks. It somehow occurred to Annandale that these stalks ought to be examined; they would have been so before, but for the excitement following the discovery of the weapon. He called back the police, two of whom returned with him into the cabin, and two followed the girl, who was hastening, as they supposed, to alarm her brother, before the police could have time to get up. Armful after armful of the stalks was tossed into the floor, and at last something like a coat became visible. One more effort disclosed the real, live Frank Higgins, not working over the fields, but hiding behind the turf-stack.

'For the love o' God, gintlemen, do n't murther me,' he blubbered out.

'You would be more likely to have a hand at that sort of thing than we would,' said Annandale.

'Is it me have a hand at murther? Holy Vargin!'

'What were you doing behind the turf-stack, Frank?' asked one of the policemen.

'Well, I was jist sleepin.'

'Why did n't you go to bed?'

'That was a nate little spot, thin.'

'Oh, very,' said another policeman; 'but you will now come with us, and we'll get you a better bed than that.'

'And where 'll I go, gintlemen?'

'Only to the county gaol, my boy.'

'Great mercy! the gaol! Was there ever a son of my mother in the cowl'd cells?'

'That's where you 'll be to-night, at any rate,' said a policeman.

'An will I get out the morrow?'

At this question Annandale could scarcely forbear laughing. The comical position of the entrapped Ribbonman—for there seemed to be little doubt that he was such—his real or feigned astonishment at his sudden capture, and the odd faces he made, as a sense of his position burst upon him, were almost too much for Annandale's gravity.

By this time the two policemen, who had gone with the girl on a fruitless search, had entered the cabin, and the whole party prepared to march immediately for the town where the county gaol was situated. Frank's sister was now all lamentations and tears, and she followed him along the road for miles, crying bitterly. The inmates of every house turned out as they passed along, and it was but too evident that their sympathies were entirely with the prisoner, not only from the scowling looks directed towards Annandale and the police, but also from the quantity of such blessings as they had to bestow, which were showered upon the head of the 'poor innicint boy.'

On arrival at the town, Frank Higgins was committed to gaol. There seemed to be but little doubt that the prisoner was one of the men who had fired at Mr Baring. It began to be rumoured through the county that three shots had been heard on that Thursday night, and Annandale remembered that, as he was close by Mr Baring's house, and just turning up the back gate, two men passed him hurriedly, scarcely distinguishable in the darkness, and yet there were certainly two, for as he stood still, close by the gate, they paused a moment and seemed in earnest conversation, and then passed on, on their way.

Still, if there were two men, where was the other one? The utmost efforts of the police had entirely failed to lead to the discovery of any trace of a second party to the murderous attempt. The assizes were approaching too, and it was by no means certain that conclusive evidence could be produced against Frank Higgins. He had obstinately persisted in asserting his innocence, and

declared repeatedly that he knew nothing at all of the matter any more than the babe unborn.

Father O'Toole had been several times with him, and it was observed that after every visit the prisoner was more elated than before, and more resolute in his solemn asseverations of non-participation in any crime at all of any sort, on any occasion, in any place whatever.

It wanted now but two days of the assizes.

Mr Baring had come into the town for the purpose of seeing the prisoner. He had not very long been able to leave his house, and was yet weak and nervous. As he reached the gaol-gate a countryman came out of it, and, as he passed Mr Baring, he turned away his head, evidently anxious to avoid recognition, and then hastened down the street as fast as he could.

The action was suspicious. Annandale had observed it; and immediately tapped a policeman on the shoulder, and asked him to follow him. They were not long overtaking the man, who was very much confused and agitated by the unexpected company in which he found himself, and who seemed, at first, inclined to attempt escaping.

All these things, of course, strengthened the already strong suspicions of Annandale, who had him brought to the gaol and confronted with Mr Baring.

'Well, Pat Grimes,' he said, 'what have you been doing?'

'Not a ha'porth, yer honour, but seein' the poor boy that's in gaol.'

'What did you say to him?'

'Well, I towld him it was a comfort he was as innicint as me.'

'And did that cheer him?'

'In coorse it did; for yer honour knows rightly that I would niver touch a hair uv yer head.'

'Did you never tell any one that I was a bloody oppressor, and you would make me rue the day I took up your land?'

'Och, niver, yer honour.'

'I heard you, my man, so you need not deny that.'

During this conversation, Pat Grimes was becoming more and more confused. He held down his head, and took hold of the lower button of his coat, twisting it in all imaginable ways. He seemed very ill at ease; and once, when Annandale saw him scanning the yet bandaged head of Mr Baring, he stammered and trembled to such a degree, that Annandale felt confident that he was one of the two men who had been out doing the bloody work on that Thursday night. It immediately struck Annandale that he would try what effect the announcement of Grimes' capture would have upon Higgins, and he forthwith went to his cell.

'Well, Higgins,' he said, 'Pat Grimes is caged.'

'Oh, marcy on us!'

'You'll be hanged, now.'

'Oh, Holy Mother! has he peached?'

'You'll know all about it on Wednesday.'

'Oh! what'll I do? what'll I do?'

'Do! What did you intend Mr Baring to do?'

'Och! it was him that did it; it was him that shot him.'

'That's all very fine now, after saying you knew nothing about it.'

'Och! it was him that did it; it was him. I'll tell all about it, I will, if ye do n't hang me.'

'Maybe it's too late now.'

'Och! say it is n't, an I'll tell iverything, barrin' about his riverance's blunderbush.'

'So the blunderbuss belongs to the priest, Frank?'

'What did I say? I mane Pat Grimes' blunderbush, that he shot his riverance with.'

'Come, sir, no nonsense now,' said Annandale, getting angry at what he believed to be an attempt to humbug him, but which really was merely the result of a confusion of ideas in the man's mind, consequent upon the very unpleasant predicament in which he found himself now placed. Higgins by no means liked the idea of being hanged, and he imagined that Pat Grimes had informed upon him, and therefore he wished to inform upon Pat Grimes, in order that Pat might be hanged in his stead.

Annandale left the cell, and a consultation took place, the result of which was the determination to send Grimes to trial for the attempt at murder, and to endeavour to procure his conviction by means of the evidence of Frank Higgins, now turned approver.

At last the morning of the trial came. The court was crowded to excess; all the gentry of the county were there; galleries were filled with sympathizers with the prisoner; and nearly a dozen men in black coats, with white bands and no shirt collars, were ranged in a very snug and comfortable seat, right opposite the witness-table, and opposite the jury-box.

The judge took his seat in the court; the prisoner was placed in the box; and the trial proceeded. Charles Annandale had engaged special counsel; he was anxious that no legal aid should be wanting in order to secure a conviction of the guilty party; and he wished also, if possible, to show that there were parties conniving at such transactions, whose position rendered them legally safe, whether they lent blunderbusses, at second-hand, to shoot heretic agents, or denounced at the altar, to an excitable people, the very man who was afterwards—quietly returning home one evening, and after such denunciation—unhesitatingly shot.

The counsel for the prosecution stated the case to the jury. He detailed the history of various Ribbon murders, and showed the existence of a wide-spread conspiracy against the rights of property, and against all those who thwarted, in any way, the views of the secret tribunal which sought to rule the land by terrorism and blood. He told the story of the causes that were supposed to have led to the outrage, and entered into full particulars of the manner

in which different improvements had been introduced into the country by Mr and Mrs Baring. He spoke of industry encouraged, of people taught, of agriculture improved, and of prosperity extended. And then he denounced the nefarious schemes of those who sought to thwart all the efforts so zealously made for the elevation of the people; and spoke of the dreadful plots carried on by those who took money for blood, and repaid kindness by treachery and death. He went on to paint the picture of a widow and orphans doomed to desolation by a fell system of hideous barbarity; and traced the stealthy steps of the murderers, as they dogged their victim, night after night, till the darkness favoured them, and then in cold blood poured out the deadly contents of three murderous weapons upon an innocent and defenceless man. 'And, gentlemen of the jury,' he said, in conclusion, 'you owe a solemn duty to your country and your God, and you are here to discharge this duty to-day. Is Ireland to be made for ever a by-word among the nations, as a land of treachery, of conspiracy, of midnight murders? Is it to be said that deeds of darkness may be done, and done with safety, for the guilty are sure to be screened, and juries to disagree? I do not plead for the death of an innocent man; I do demand justice on the guilty head. It is true that the instigators of such atrocious outrages as this—whoever they may be, whatever position they may occupy in the social scale—are indeed the most guilty of all. But if you find, as we shall prove, that the prisoner at the bar plotted the murder, and fired the shot which so nearly terminated a most valuable life—I call upon you, as you value your own lives, as you love your children, as you would remove this stigma from your country, to find a verdict in accordance with the evidence, and convict of intent to commit wilful murder, the prisoner at the bar.'

During the delivery of the foregoing address, the prisoner seemed two or three times anxious to speak, but was checked by the turnkey in the dock. When the learned gentleman reached that part of his address where he alluded to the instigators of the outrage, Annandale, who was closely watching the prisoner, detected an involuntary glance towards the place where the black-coated gentlemen with no shirt-collars were sitting, in most attentive attitude, earnestly watching the progress of the trial.

He imagined that one of these gentlemen caught the eye of the prisoner, and seemed slightly disconcerted—but the glance was only for a moment, and the effect of it passed away instantaneously.

Mr Baring was now placed on the witness-table. He deposed to the fact that he was returning home from town that Thursday, and at a certain part of the road, which he described, was fired at, and became insensible. He had heard Pat Grimes—he was sure it was Pat Grimes—calling him a 'bloody oppressor,' and declaring he would 'make him rue' the taking some land from him, on

which six years' rent was due. Mr Baring had nothing more to say, and went down.

After him, Charles Annandale was called.

Annandale gave his evidence in a straightforward, manly tone, and narrated the history of finding Mr Baring in an insensible state, at his own gate. He also mentioned passing two men on that night, just before he went up to the house; the men seemed in a hurry, and he could not recognise either of them, on account of the darkness; he knew there were two men, from their walk and from their voices.

Frank Higgins next took his place on the witness-table.

'Do you know the prisoner at the bar?'

'Is it him?'

'Come, sir; answer my question,' said the barrister, sharply.

'Well, thin—I do.'

'Where did you see him on that Thursday?'

'Och, many a place.'

'Did you ever meet him in a Ribbon lodge?'

'I believe I did.'

'None of your "believes" here. Did you, or did you not?'

'I did.'

'What was the last time you met him there?'

'The night we settled to do the job.'

'What do you call "the job"?'

'To shoot Mr Baring.'

'Was Pat Grimes there?'

'Troth was he.'

'Did he talk about shooting Mr Baring?'

'Of coorse he did.'

'Did any one try and stop it?'

'Not they, bedad!'

'And you settled the night?'

'We did.'

'Who went with Pat Grimes?'

'Nobody but me.'

'Who fired the first shot?'

'Pat did, to be sure.'

'With the blunderbuss?'

'Yes; and that nearly settled him.'

The witness's cool manner of recounting the proceedings of that night created a great sensation in court, and on several occasions a shudder followed his answers to the questions put to him. The examination proceeded.

'Did the shot hit him?'

'I think it did—for he groaned and fell back in the gig.'

'Where did you get the blunderbuss?' asked the special counsel.

When the blunderbuss was first mentioned, one of the priests

stooped down, and whispered something to the prisoner's counsel, who now said—

‘I object to that question, my lord.’

‘Is it very material?’ asked the judge, turning to the counsel for the prosecution.

‘I think it is, my lord.’

‘I must certainly object to the question,’ said the counsel for the prisoner, earnestly; ‘I do not think it signifies in the slightest degree who was the owner of the blunderbuss.’

‘I myself do n’t think it very material,’ said the judge.

‘Very well, my lord; as that is your opinion, we will not press the question.’

Higgins was now cross-examined.

He admitted that he said he knew nothing about the murder; that was false, upon his oath; he fired the two pistol-shots; he had been at many murders before—fourteen, he believed; he collected money for three murders; he set fire to one house at night, and burnt all the people in it; he beat Sam Patterson's skull in with a spade, till the brains came out on the road; he would have shot Mr Baring if Pat Grimes had missed; he was sorry for it now, and would never have anything to say to the like again.

The Reverend Patrick O'Toole, P.P., was examined to prove that the prisoner was a man of excellent character, and very attentive to his religious duties. He went to confession.

‘Did he say anything about the murder, in confessing to you?’ asked the counsel that Annandale had employed.

‘We never tell what we learn in confession.’

‘Did you denounce Mr Baring from the altar in the chapel, a Sunday or two before the murder?’

‘I won't answer that question.’

The judge decided that the question should not be put, and the priest's examination concluded.

A number of witnesses swore that Pat Grimes was ten miles away the day that Mr Baring was shot.

Annandale grew rather impatient while their examination was going on. They had been evidently trained to tell the same story, and they did tell it with the utmost assurance, swearing, as they believed, for the good of the church to which they belonged, and to which belonged every member of the Ribbon Society. It was quite a customary method of procedure. They would have sworn that he was in London, and that they saw him there; that he was at his father's funeral in Cork; that he was at a dance in Connemara; that he was over with pigs in Liverpool; that he was in bed with the typhus fever—in fact, anything that they had been told to swear, they would have sworn; and, for the honour of their Church, and the glory of the Virgin, they would have rejoiced in having committed immeasurable perjury.

The judge's charge put the case plainly before the jury. They were desired to weigh the evidence: if they believed the witnesses for the prosecution, they were bound to convict the prisoner; if not, it was their duty to acquit him.

The jury then retired, and after some time returned into court with an intimation that there was not the slightest chance of their agreeing to a verdict.

This announcement seemed to take the court entirely by surprise. The barristers looked at each other in amazement; the case seemed a very plain one, and they could not conceive where the difficulty arose. Annandale had prepared himself for a conviction; he was accustomed to English justice, and had not yet been familiarized with the course of justice in Ireland. Mr Baring had retired from the court, and Annandale went to him, and told him that matters seemed likely to turn out unfavourably. Mr Baring said he expected it, for he knew that there was a widely-spread conspiracy against law and life, and that, if there was a Roman Catholic on the jury, he would never convict a coreligionist, who had merely followed the direction of his priest.

Charles Annandale had only come over for Christmas, but he could not leave Ireland while Mr Baring was in such a precarious state; and, as he rather prided himself on the exertion that he had made to procure information and capture the guilty parties, he felt considerably mortified that evidence so plain was likely to be disregarded, and a party so guilty was unlikely to be brought to justice.

The judge directed that the jury should be locked up all night, and promised that he would come very early in the morning.

He did so; the jury came forth, looking very much fatigued and worn out, and the foreman announced the tidings that they were almost unanimous for a conviction, but that one or two of the jury had made up their minds that the prisoner was 'not guilty,' and that, consequently, there was not even a remote possibility of their agreeing.

The jury were then discharged, and the crowd in the court dispersed. The approver, Frank Higgins, was removed in the custody of the police, that his life might not be taken away by the infuriated mob, who groaned and hissed him most vociferously, making all sorts of hideous and unearthly noises; not because he had aided Pat Grimes on the murder night, but because he had given evidence against Pat Grimes, and disclosed the proceedings of the Ribbon Society. Frank Higgins, could he have been seized by the crowd, would undoubtedly have been roughly handled; in all probability he never would have eaten another dish of potatoes. Fortunately for him, he was escorted by the police, who took him back to the gaol for security and safety.

An escort of police had also to accompany Mr Baring from the town to his home. One would have thought that he had been a

conspiring murderer, he seemed so hated and detested by the people in frieze coats, and the women without bonnets, with kerchiefs tied on their heads.

Mr Baring and Charles Annandale were glad to reach home again, for there there was comfort and peace.

They spent the evening together quietly and happily, though Annandale could not help exclaiming against the manner in which the guilty were screened, and the innocent regarded as guilty, from the training of the misguided people, the unhappy sons of Rome.

Jackie sat on the knee of 'his own Mr Annandale,' and Charles stroked down his fair head, till he went to sleep with it laid against his shoulder. Jackie had been told, and he was very sorry to hear it, that that was to be the last night he would see Mr Annandale for some time to come, and Jackie went earlier to sleep to-night half because he was tired, and half because he was very sorry.

Fanny Baring was so glad to have her husband safe by her side that she did not mind very much that the prisoner had not been convicted. Her woman's heart had contentment to the full in the returning strength of her beloved Henry. She shuddered to think of the past, that was all; but she began more and more to think of the present, and, as she thought of it, to feel grateful to God.

Annandale bade them both farewell, resolving to see more of, and be more in, Ireland. He had learned much during this, his first visit, his first at least since he was a boy; and he saw that he should be often in Ireland if he would understand its people, and the means to promote their moral and social improvement.

What he had seen had firmly convinced him that there was a poison at work in the whole Irish system, and that, while that poison existed, it would be utterly hopeless to expect that Ireland's social state would be healthy, or her moral state sound. He had seen a nefarious system, its members sworn to aid each other in working death for their victims, and of these victims he had nearly seen the death of one. He had seen a universal sympathy with that system, that made him think these Irish Roman Catholics worshipped murder, or, at least, the murderer of a heretic. He had seen that the murderer went to the confessional, and was sure that he had made known the murder to the priest. He had learned that priests thought it piety, religion, and so forth, to hold forth from the altar, on Sunday, and feelingly to express a wonder how people were so very merciful as to permit such a monster as Baring to live.

And then he thought of Mr Baring and his gentle wife, and little fair-haired Jackie, so sad and lonely, on that dreadful Thursday night. He heard the little child piteously calling, 'Oh, where's papa? oh! where's mamma?' He saw the poor lady lying at the gate, faint and silent, by one as silent as she. And he saw another form that was cold, and stiff, and bloody, that he thought the life had left, on that Thursday night of snow and blood.

As he drove down the avenue, and passed through that gate, Father O'Toole met him, and bowed.

Annandale turned away indignantly, and felt tempted to say—  
'Ireland will never know peace till she is rid of the priests of Rome.'

---

## CHAPTER IX.

SHE lay weeping in her little bed, in a convent in Paris. Hither she had been brought, sweet English bird, to be prisoned and fed. They told her she was at school, and that she would learn wonderful things, all things that the court ladies learned in the days of France's past regality. They told her that she had a barbarous accent,—so they called the tongue of old England,—and that she would soon part with this horrid, rough, unpronounceable language, and softly speak the sweet musical language that all the courts, all the elegant people, and all the ladies spoke everywhere. They told her that she walked horridly—so horridly they said, and so English,—and that she would soon be ashamed of that vulgar English way of walking, and would learn the perfect way, that is, the French. They told her, too, that she was so ridiculously shy and reserved, that she blushed when she was noticed, and yet cried if she was not noticed; and that also, they said, was English affectation and English pride. It is probable the catalogue of English defects and French perfections ended somewhere; for though they could talk on as none but French women can talk, they got tired of talking when they found that the poor listener did not half understand them, and answered the half that she could make out by renewal of tears.

She lay weeping in her little bed that night, in Paris. It was a little bed, and she had hardly room enough, but she was not weeping for that; her head was aching, and no one came to soothe her, but she was not weeping for that; it was Christmas, and it was cold, but she wept neither because it was cold, nor because it was Christmas, but because she had got a letter.

It was a short one, and it was cold, and therefore she wept.

It was from Anna.

A long-expected letter from Anna, coming at Christmas, and as cold as a Christmas in Scotland, had been received that day with joy, and read with choking sobs, and was thought over with bitter, heart-sore thoughts, by our poor neglected little English Emily.

She had come to Paris full of hope and joy. The girlish sorrow of that Highland parting at the manse, in Strathearn, that day, had given place to expectation and wonder of a pleasant sort. On

their way, Mr De Vere told her something of Paris, its pictures, and palaces, and gardens; and she saw it in her dreams, all blue sky and bright sunshine, and not a cloud nor shower.

A gentleman joined Mr De Vere somewhere; she did not know where, though she thought she had seen his face at Lodore, and the two talked so much and so earnestly together, that Emily was left alone. She was glad of this, for she liked to look out of the window of the railway carriage at everything she passed, and to lean over the side of the steamer, on their short passage across to the French shore; she was glad that she might look at the spray dashing through the paddles, without being observed, and she thought no one else cared to look at the dahlias and hollyhocks at the stations, as the train passed along.

When they got to Paris they drove to the school, and she felt sorry, after all, that even Mr De Vere was about to leave her, though he promised that he would see her as often as he could, as long as he remained in Paris.

A bell was rung, and the door opened. Emily and her trunks were soon inside, and Mr De Vere bade her farewell, with an injunction to obey the 'sisters.'

Emily did not half understand this; she wondered were all the teachers sisters, and thought it must be a nice school, where there would be no rivalry among the teachers. Even when a lady came forward, with a strange black dress on, and white cap, she only thought it was some new Paris fashion, and was silent, and wondered. She was taken up to a little room, with a little bed, very comfortless, she thought, but she did not like to say so, for she knew the people would not mind her, and she thought they would be angry with her, if she began to complain as soon as she got to Paris.

She called 'Anna' in her sleep that night, and somebody came and spoke to her, but she could not see who it was, and she could not understand what it was the person said, for she was half asleep, and the voice was low, and the words were not English.

The next day she had nothing to do, and the merry laughing scholars teased her, and laughed at her barbarous accent and her shy manner—shy among all the strangers was the lonely girl, but she used not to be shy, in the old days, at home.

'Is not this a charming place? Are we not all charming girls?' a pert girl, a year older than herself, asked Emily.

'Oh! I suppose it is pretty well.'

'My dear, it is charming, positively charming; and the "sisters" are such dear souls,—when they are absent.'

'Do you call the teachers "sisters"?' "

'Did you not know? Certainly we do.'

'Why?'

'Oh, I do n't know why, I am sure; perhaps because they are always fighting.'

'Fighting? Sisters fighting?'

'Yes; did you think the "holy" ladies never fought?'

'Do tell me why you call them "holy"?'

'They call all "religieuses" holy, nuns as well as the rest.'

'Nuns! are our teachers nuns?'

'Certainly, my dear; did you not know that?'

'Never; and this house is ——?'

'A convent.'

'Oh! what would aunt Harriet say? What a dreadful place!

'Dreadful? not at all; these are your English ideas: are you a Protestant?'

'I am.'

'You little heretic, you must not let the "sisters" hear you calling this a dreadful place, or they will put all sorts of punishments upon your poor little English shoulders.'

That was Emily's first discovery and first sorrow in Paris; and now the blue was not quite so blue, and the sunshine not quite so bright.

But they did not mind her much at first, the sisters; she had her lessons to learn, that was all; and she learnt the lessons, oh! so willingly, when she thought of the weeks and months passing over, and dreamt of home, aunt Harriet, and Strathearn.

She wrote to Anna the day after she arrived, and told her all about the journey, and Paris, and Mr De Vere, and a little about the convent-school, and the girls, and the 'sisters.' She did not like to say very much, for she did not know but all the schools for girls, in Paris, were under the control of nuns, and she thought she would not heedlessly alarm her good kind aunt M'Intosh. She wrote again in a week, and told her aunt Harriet all about the school, and how lively and merry the girls were, and how she was getting on with her French and her music, and she said that she would like the school very much, if the 'sisters' were not always abusing England, and its customs and ways; and this she did not like, she said, for she thought there was no place like England after all.

A fortnight afterwards, she wrote again, and said she thought she should have been able to tell something about Paris, but she had not seen much of it, for the 'sisters' said it was not right to be going about the streets, and she had to gather flowers for the chapel of the convent; they allowed her to do this because she said she liked flowers, and because her uncle De Vere had asked them.

After this third letter she thought she would wait a little, and see what they were about at Strathearn; for she was sure Anna would write and tell her everything, as soon as she found where Emily was. She waited for a month, and yet there was no letter, and she wondered if her letter had gone astray. Every week she felt sure would bring her a letter, but the weeks passed away and none came, and she wondered and wept in her little bed every evening.

One day, not very far from the time when old Thompson used to be gathering the holly and ivy, to hang up in the hall at the Park, one of the 'sisters' brought her a letter, that had just come, she said, from England, and she hoped that Emily would be glad to get it; it was so long since she had heard from England, and so strange that it was so long.

Emily started forward eagerly to get the letter, and then held down her head and blushed; for she knew that it was but a repetition of the old story, this hint that, since she had left England, she was almost forgotten.

The letter was from Anna.

She knew every turn of the letters, she thought, for those were just the very letters they used to write together, and try who would write best. She knew the little seal, too, with the dove and the olive branch, that her mother had given Anna, and she thought that it was the prettiest seal she had ever seen, because it had been her mother's, and was Anna's, and had come all the way over to Paris, to remind her of her old home, and the old times when the two were playmates together, and when Anna lost the seal, under the large rhododendron tree at the garden-door at home.

She ran up-stairs to read the letter; and sat on the side of her little bed, as she broke the seal and eagerly opened it.

It would tell of Christmas, she thought, and of coming home to Strathearn; and there would be stories of the summer in the Highlands, and of the merry slides they should have in the snow. Perhaps there might be news from the Park; something about old Thompson, and the pheasants, and the doves, and, above all, the little Sunday-school girls that were not now taught every Sunday, by Anna and Emily, as they used to be before the coming of Mr De Vere.

These thoughts passed through Emily's mind while she was running up-stairs, and she was all eagerness to learn what Anna had got to tell; and so she shut the door quickly, and looked round the room to see that she was alone, and then she went to her little bed, and sat down to read the letter.

She stopped with a start, as her eye rested on the first line. A burning blush came on her cheek, and her heart throbbed violently. She could scarcely read on for a little while, and she sobbed as she read: for the first line of the long-expected letter from her own darling sister, whom she loved above every being on earth, was only 'Dear Emily.'

Did Anna know how lonely she was in that far-off school? Had she no pity for the anxious heart, long expecting some token that the ones she loved had not forgotten her? Was Anna so happy in bonnie Scotland that she had no time to think of her sister, her poor lonely sister, sad within the convent walls?

'Dear Emily' she passed at length, hoping that with the first

line her sorrow would end, yet every line was but a new sorrow, from 'Dear Emily' to the end. It told her that her aunt was ill; that the disease was contagious, and that Emily had better pass the winter in Paris. Anna was glad to hear that Emily was so happy at school, and thought, from her last letter, that Paris was a pleasanter place than the cold hilly country round the manse. She was sure, at any rate, a Christmas in Paris would be much more agreeable than a Christmas in Strathearn, and she would be very much surprised if Emily wished to leave such a lovely city, for cold hills and barren heather, far up in the freezy north.

Not a word there was of heart-longing to see the poor sister that she had parted from, so lovingly, a few months ago; not a word there was of regret at the untoward event which prevented the two hearts, that were loving, from meeting; not a word of hope that they would meet in the summer time, when the bees would be humming in the heather, on the hills that they ran over together. This letter was small, and she wept for that; it was cold, and she wept the more.

This was the long-expected letter from Emily's only sister!

She wept bitterly, and what wonder?

She had been looking forward, all through the weeks and months, to a coming letter; and had wondered at the dreary silence. She had been looking forward, through the weeks and months, to 'happy Christmas,' and therefore she had worked on in hope.

Now the letter had come, and she wondered at its coming; and there was to be no 'happy Christmas' for her.

She sat upon the bed and wept; and read again, and wept on.

As she sat weeping, and the tears trickling through the fingers of her left hand, she did not hear the door gently opening, nor a soft footstep coming over to her from the door.

It came over to her little bed softly, and a hand was gently laid upon her shoulder; she half dreamt for a moment that it was Anna's hand, as she looked up wistfully through her tears.

It was not Anna's hand; she soon awakened from that dream. The face was not one of the old home faces—it was one of the 'sisters,' and yet Emily felt drawn towards it as she never had done before, and thought it was kind of Sister Mary to come, to soothe the poor heart that was aching now for home.

'Why are you weeping, my child?' she asked, in the softest possible tones of France; 'why are you weeping and alone?'

'I had a letter from home,' Emily faintly replied.

'From your mother?'

'I have no mother,' said the poor girl, and burst into a passionate weeping; every burst ending in a plaintive wail, 'Oh, mother, mother!'

'Your mother is in heaven, daughter; weep not.'

'I know she is; I weep not for her.'

'She sees your sorrow ; she feels for her daughter.'  
Emily answered not, but wept on, and cried again—  
'Oh, mother!'

'Pray to her, my child, she will pity you,' whispered Sister Mary, in her gentlest accents.

Again poor Emily cried out, 'Oh, mother!' and thought of the little wants supplied, and sorrows soothed, by that gentle mother in the 'time ago.'

'And there is another mother, our gentle Lady, who pities poor weeping girls like you,' added Sister Mary, softly.

'Another mother? our Lady?'

'Yes, the blessed Virgin Mother; pray to her; she will take away that sorrow that makes you weep so bitterly.'

'I am not going home,' said Emily, as if her thoughts had now gone back to the cause of all her trouble.

'And that is your cause of grief?'

'Is it not cause enough? Would you not have wept?'

'Child, I am happy here; try and be happy too.'

'But this is not my home, I want to go home; oh, I am so sorry, so sorry!'

'Have we treated you so unkindly, then, that you want to leave us?'

'I want to go home.'

'Are you not happy here?'

'I want to go home.'

'Why not go then? we shall not prevent you,' said the sister, rather impatiently.

Emily remembered the letter, and picked it up from the floor where it had fallen, and the sight of it checked her, for she thought that, after all, perhaps they did not want her at home, and so she said no more, at that time, about wanting to leave Paris.

Sister Mary saw the movement, and guessed the cause of Emily's silence.

'May I see the letter?' she asked, as if she had not very well known its entire contents.

'Yes,' Emily half hesitatingly replied.

So she took it up and read it; then handed it back to Emily, and said that perhaps Emily might have died if she had been at home; and that Anna was a sensible girl to prefer a Paris Christmas to a cold, stupid Scotch one. And then she left Emily still sitting on the bed, and fighting the battle between a desire to get home and a thought that they did not want her—between the reality of the present and the memory of the past.

Emily began again to weep, when Sister Mary left her alone.

While she was in the room, Emily half doubted her aunt's kindness and Anna's affection; she half thought that they did not care for her now, and she was beginning to think as Sister Mary would have wished her, while Sister Mary remained in the

room. But the sister retired, and our little Emily wept again, for she could not think that aunt Harriet had given her up so soon ; she could not think that Anna had quite forgotten all the pleasant days of their childhood, and the sad days after they lost their mother, when they sat together, so lonely and yet so lovely. It was wrong, very wrong, to feel as she had done, she thought ; but it was a terrible thing not to write for so long a time, and then to write *that* letter.

‘And uncle De Vere, too ; where can he be ? He promised that I should certainly spend my Christmas in Britain.’

Just then Sister Mary returned to say that Mr De Vere was below.

‘What *will* he say ? My eyes are all swollen and red. Must I go down now ?’

‘Certainly.’

‘Pray tell him that I shall be down very soon.’

‘Do not delay, then, Emily.’

‘Oh, no.’

Again Sister Mary departed, and Emily would have wept if she had not been afraid. At last she mustered courage to go down, and met Mr De Vere in the parlour. He seemed a degree more cordial than usual, though there was a crust of frostiness even in his cordiality.

‘You have had a letter from Strathearn ?’ he said.

‘Yes, uncle.’

‘Are they well ?’

‘Aunt is not.’

‘Is Anna ?’

‘I believe so.’

‘Have you got the letter ?’

‘Here it is.’

‘May I read it ?’

‘Oh, of course, sir.’

‘It is from your sister, I see.’

‘It is,’ said Emily, with a sigh, looking down on the ground—while there was a sound of something falling on the floor—gently falling—it was two little drops of water that could n’t help coming to the eyes of the poor home-banished niece of Mr Aubrey De Vere.

‘What do you think of this letter, Emily ?’ asked Mr De Vere, when, having finished its perusal, he handed it back to his niece.

‘I do n’t know, uncle.’

‘Have you had many letters since we left Scotland ?’

‘Only this one.’

‘Only ?’ exclaimed Mr De Vere, apparently very much startled by what he seemed to think a most extraordinary piece of remissness on the part of the absentee’s Scotch relatives.

‘Only this one,’ sighed Emily ; and she wished then that Sister Mary had not come to her just after she read the letter, and that her uncle De Vere had chosen another day for his visit.

‘It is strange,’ said Mr De Vere; ‘but you have not told me what you think of the letter.’

‘It is not like Anna.’

‘Do you think not?’

‘Oh, no! It is so cold, so—I do n’t know what to call it.’

‘It is rather cold,’ said Mr De Vere, sympathizingly.

‘And, after all, why might not I have been in the manse as well as Anna, uncle De Vere?’

‘I suppose they thought that you would have no pleasure coming to spend your vacation in the house of sickness.’

‘It would have been home, where Anna is.’

‘Yet she seems to think you would spend Christmas more agreeably in Paris.’

‘It was cruel to write so; but please do n’t talk about the letter any more, uncle—it has made me so sad to-day.’

‘Tut, child!’ said Mr De Vere; ‘you will be happier here, I am sure, after all.’

‘Oh, uncle, pray do n’t!’ she said—and again the sad, sore heart found relief in tears.

‘Farewell, Emily!’ said De Vere, ‘I will see you very soon.’

Strange that the comfort that neither Mr De Vere nor Sister Mary could give her she found in thinking, then, of the old times, at home.

She remembered one evening that she was very sad—long ago—as sad as a very little child could be. She remembered well that her mother took her up-stairs, and sat down on the chair by her bed, and took little Emily on her knee, and dried her tears. She remembered that her mother told her how she would by-and-by, perhaps, have no mother—and that she cried, poor thing, to think of that. Her mother lifted her gently, then, and placed her standing before her, and took her two little hands, as they lay upon her lap. She had not forgotten the things that her mother said that night—she was sure that she would never forget them now; she had thought over them often and often, and to-night she almost believed that she heard her mother’s voice again.

And that evening of the little child came back again—that drying of the tears, and the tender voice of a mother. But it was not that that comforted the weary heart—those things were all gone.

The mother had told the little child of One that had been sad and sorrowing, and felt for the sorrows of even a little child. She had told her that He had lived sorrowful that others might joy hereafter; and that He had even parted for a time with life, that He might have life again, as a gift to bestow on the dying. Earnestly her mother besought her—and she remembered the tears falling on her little arms—to go, in sorrow, to Him who came to ‘wipe away all tears.’ They knelt down together then, and the little child raised her hands and prayed; and her mother prayed to that Jesus who has invited all the weary to come.

She thought of her mother, but not as Sister Mary would have had it, for she remembered—oh! so well—the things which that mother had taught her.

‘I come to Thee,’ she said, ‘O Lord, for I am weary;’ and the thought was comfort as she lay weeping, still. ‘I am weary, O Lord, I am weary; yet Thou canst help me: I come to Thee.’

---

## CHAPTER X.

‘WHY, Annandale, will you never be done with those stupid books? Do put them away, like a good fellow, and let us have a stroll!’ said young Lord Oxborough, sauntering into Annandale’s sanctum.

‘I have not much time, you know, now; and I must read hard,’ said Annandale.

‘Stupid thing, that reading, my dear fellow; I never could see the fun of poring over those old Latin and Greek fellows, as you do.’

‘There is not much fun, certainly, Lord Oxborough; yet one likes to travel with Horace, and fight before Troy with Homer.’

‘Confound it, man; I’d rather travel with May Wilmington, or fight with any one who should insult her.’

‘Our tastes, I believe, are rather different in some respects.’

‘I believe they are; I like you though, Annandale.’

‘Thank you.’

‘By the way, did they eat you up, or try to do it, when you were over in Ireland last? I heard something about it from—let me see—I think it was May Wilmington, and I said I would ask you.’

‘Well, I believe you can see that they did not eat me up, at any rate,’ said Annandale, laughing.

‘Are they not awful savages there? They did something—that I know, for everybody was talking about it.’

‘I confess the Irish can do something.’

‘Do tell me, like a good fellow! May Wilmington is dying to know.’

‘One must feel flattered by any interest felt in that quarter,’ answered the young student.

‘Indeed she is; believe me.’

‘Shall I tell you, or call and give the history to the lady?’

‘There is a history, then? I thought so.’

‘Oh, nothing very wonderful—for Ireland.’

‘What queer folks they must be there!’

‘Rather, in some places.’

‘And what is this wonderful affair?’

‘After all, I believe I will call to-morrow, and give the lady the history myself,’ said Annandale, with a sly and half-mischievous glance at the young lord.

‘Well, now-a, really-a, you see—perhaps it would be just as well for me to tell it, at second-hand,’ said Lord Oxborough, looking down, and dusting the leg of his trousers with his silver-headed cane.

‘Oh, certainly; you could tell it much more effectively than I could.’

‘Nonsense, Annandale; that’s all humbug, you know; but-a—I-a—that is—tut, what am I saying?’

‘Present my compliments to Miss Wilmington, and say I shall have great pleasure in giving her a full, true, and particular account of the extraordinary adventure of an Oxford student, and unfortunate Irish proprietor, among the wild subjects of Her Most Gracious Majesty; said subjects living in that unknown, unexplored, and savage country, yclept Ireland.’

‘Bravo, Annandale! You will go, then?’

‘Why not?’

‘Oh, no reason at all, my dear fellow, only——’

‘Only what?’

‘I shall be happy to accompany you when you go, as I am very anxious to hear all your wonderful adventures among the wild Irish.’

‘Or rather, you are afraid of my wonderful adventures among the civilized English—is not that it, Oxborough?’

‘Oh! come now, Annandale; no nonsense.’

‘Never mind; don’t let your equanimity be disturbed on that head.’

‘All right, my dear fellow; come along, and let us have a walk.’

‘I shall be ready in five minutes.’

‘Very well, then; and I will go and knock up Edwards; and we three can go together.’

‘Agreed,’ said Annandale; and the door closed on the young nobleman.

‘I think Oxborough is in love with May Wilmington,’ said Annandale to himself, when he was left alone; I wonder whether she will marry him, or not; I don’t think—but after all, he is a good-natured fellow, and she might do worse.’

A knock at the door made him look at his watch.

‘Five minutes up, old boy; come along!’ said his late companion.

‘I am ready,’ said Annandale; and the three sauntered away for a walk. Oxborough and Edwards would rather have sprung on horseback, for a gallop into the country; but then Oxborough and Edwards knew that if they did so they might ride together alone, for Annandale did not care for it and so they gave up the

ride, that they would have liked very well, for Annandale's company, that they liked still better.

Annandale knew this; it was not by any means the first time that they had done so; and Annandale could appreciate that kindness which made them forego a pleasure for his sake. There was another reason, too, why they were anxious to get Annandale out for a walk with them, rather than gallop alone into the country. They fancied that Annandale was getting paler and thinner over his books; and they really often hunted him up for the purpose of making him take exercise, as they knew very well that he would sit over his books—read, read, reading—and never think of going out to get a mouthful of that most necessary thing, fresh air.

And so they came regularly, often to the great discomfiture of the industrious student, who might then be deeply interested in some important passage, which he had to leave, only half made out, as the 'indefatigables'—so he called them—never left him till they got him with them. He could not always bear it patiently, and tried sometimes to get them to leave him to his books and papers, but it was all of no use—they would not be defeated in that way—and to prevent the books and papers from being thrown at his head, he was compelled to get up, and leave, for the worse, the better company.

But, after all, Annandale did not often get out of temper with his friends' good-natured efforts to make him take care of himself. He knew that their friendship was real; and whatever he might think of the interruption, he gave them credit for affectionate dispositions and kind hearts.

'It does not require community of intellectual powers,' he would reason, 'to make you like a person; for where there is a constant effort to say brilliant things, and be master in argument, the temper is not unlikely to be tried, and a reputation for wit gained at the expense of something far preferable—a trust in your true-heartedness.'

So Annandale, Oxborough, and Edwards were capital friends, and they often indulged in plans for their future life, in which Oxborough and Edwards always placed Annandale first, and he regularly declined the honour.

As they walked along, arm-in-arm, Edwards asked Annandale if he had read the new theological treatise that was making such a sensation.

'Never mind theology now; it's bad for the digestion,' said Lord Oxborough.

'We have not dined, though; you forget that.'

'Well, it will take away the appetite, then.'

'Not it; I find it very hungry work.'

'So does the church-mouse,' said Lord Oxborough, laughing at his own joke, and the others good-naturedly joined.

'I like theology,' said Annandale, 'but I have not read this wonderful treatise.'

‘Do then. I am half puzzled with it, but I am sure you won’t.’  
 ‘What time to-morrow will you call on May Wilmington, Annandale?’ asked Oxborough; who, for the last fortnight, could not talk half-a-dozen sentences without bringing in something about May Wilmington.

‘I do n’t know; I am perfectly indifferent,’ said Charles.

‘Indifferent! My dear fellow, that’s impossible.’

‘To you,’ said Edwards, laughing.

‘Say four o’clock, then; will that suit you?’

‘Perfectly; then for your Irish history. I shall call to-night, and tell May Wilmington.’

‘Here we are, then, at Mrs Wilmington’s,’ said Edwards.

‘By Jove, so we are! I had better go in at once, and announce to-morrow’s entertainment.’

‘Good-bye, then, Lord Oxborough; we need not wait for you.’

‘Not if the fair lady be at home.’

With a light step Lord Oxborough reached the hall door of Mrs Wilmington’s house, and speedily gained admission. As the door half closed after him, he opened it to call out to the retreating figures—

‘Do n’t forget to-morrow at four o’clock, Annandale.’

Annandale and Edwards walked on for a few steps in silence, and then Edwards said—

‘Do you often meet Arthur Wilmington now?’

‘No; not of late.’

‘Nor I; though we used to be constant companions.’

‘Does he read hard, Edwards?’

‘Not like you, my dear fellow; though I believe he has become a great student of the “new school.”’

‘The new school! I am sorry for it; he seemed a nice fellow.’

‘Oh! they manage to get all the nice young men, you know; have they never tried you, Annandale?’

‘I am not a “nice young man,” I suppose, and therefore they have not disturbed me.’

‘I do n’t know what to think of them, at all; I want to have some talk with you about it.’

‘I shall be very happy to hear all about this new system; I want to learn everything I can about it.’

‘First of all, read this new treatise, and then we can talk it over.’

Just then they met Arthur Wilmington, walking arm-in-arm with the Professor of ——. Wilmington was looking down, and was evidently deeply interested in the conversation of his companion; occasionally replying in a half-audible manner, without raising his head. He did not observe Annandale and Edwards, and the Professor did not know them; he had not very long been appointed to the professorship, and at any rate, they had nothing to do with him.

‘They say Mr Tractate is one of these new theologians,’ said

Edwards, 'and I hear that he is very clever, and is very anxious to make converts to his views.'

'Is Wilmington much with him?'

'So I have heard; I never met them together before.'

'Shall we return now? perhaps we may meet Wilmington on his way home.'

'Or overtake him if we walk fast,' said Edwards, as they found that Wilmington and the Professor had not made much progress in walking, whatever they had done in talking.

'See, now they stop at the Wilingtons'. I wonder will Mr Tractate go in?'

'Perhaps,' said Annandale.

'No, he has turned away; I'll be bound he heard that Oxborough was in the drawing-room.'

'Do you think that he, too, is in love with May Wilmington?'

asked Annandale, smiling.

'I hope not, for her sake, poor girl. I would as soon be loved by a vampire.'

'You do n't seem to like this new Professor.'

'Not I, my dear fellow; I think he's a Jesuit.'

'Why, Edwards, where did you get these ideas?'

'Pon my word, I can't tell you; but I half suspect that he is.'

'Are you suspicious?'

'Not naturally; but see what a change has come over Wilmington; he is not the same open-hearted, candid fellow that he used to be, at all.'

'To tell the truth, I was never very intimate with him,' said Annandale, 'though I do see a greater reserve in his manner, and greater coldness towards his friends.'

'That's just it; he used to be so different.'

'It's a pity; I hope they won't turn Oxborough's head the same way, Edwards.'

'Not unless they turn May Wilmington's.'

'I believe you are right; perhaps his head is turned already, though.'

'By May Wilmington, I grant you, it may, Annandale, but not with the brother's theology.'

'Or want of theology, rather—of the right sort,' said Annandale; 'it is a pity, though, that Oxborough could not be placed upon his guard if there is any danger.'

'Now we part,' Edwards said; 'will you have a rehearsal of your Irish adventures to-night?'

'Did I never tell you the story?'

'Never; I would like to hear it.'

'Let us all go together to the Wilingtons', to-morrow.'

'Agreed; and now adieu.'

And these Wilingtons—we must say something about them now. Mrs Wilmington, of Laurence Vale, in Devonshire, had taken a house in Oxford, to be near her only son, while he passed

through the University. It was natural that she should feel anxious about her son. She had heard so much about the danger to young men's morals and young men's pockets, that she thought it would be well to watch morals and pockets herself. Yet Arthur was a model son in Devonshire, but she was not sure how long he would be a model son in Oxford. There were no billiard-tables in Devonshire—at least near Laurence Vale—and billiards and Oxford used to be mixed together in her dreams. Yet, although Oxford would be a dreadful place for her son, Mrs Wilmington thought it would be a capital place for her daughter; and May Wilmington, who had just been one year at home, since she was at a fashionable boarding-school, was to make part of the household furniture of the new house at Oxford.

And a very pretty piece of furniture was May Wilmington!

As merry as the month of May, she smiled like May's hawthorn, sang like May's lark, blushed like May's roses, and in the merriest month of all the year was Queen of the May. She was sorry to leave her garden and her pony at Laurence Vale, but hoped to have pleasant times at Oxford; and so, as she was going away, she pulled a whole hatfull of roses, and tried to make the pony eat them. A droll girl was May Wilmington! She was clever, too, and witty. She did not care whom she made fun of, and sometimes she had a good butt for her wit. Just the other day, old Angel, of Orchard Cottage, fell in love with her. He was not more than eighty; wore his grandfather's clothes; and an old wig that he ever kept settling; and yet he thought that May Wilmington would make a third wife for him, and would certainly have him, too, if he could help her from hearing how his other wives were glad to get out of the world from him, and the oak stick he was so fond of using.

May caught him one day trying to knock down some apples with this stick, and she was almost dying with laughter; for she knew that he would come hobbling in, by-and-by, with a basket of apples for her—his usual way of making himself agreeable. And sure enough, in he came, and presented the apples.

'Thanks, Mr Angel; is the stick for me too?'

'The stick, Miss—the stick—the stick?' he said, and hobbled out of the house as fast as he could; and never again did the Angel return to the May.

May Wilmington it was that had originated the story of Charles Annandale's adventures among the wild Irish. She had got a paper, from some Irish friend, with an account of the trial, and she could not resist the temptation to make a story of it. Lord Oxborough half laughed at it, and half believed it; he half laughed at it because Annandale had never mentioned it, and half believed it because May Wilmington told him.

So the next day, at four, the three friends were at Mrs Wilmington's hall-door, and Oxborough ran up-stairs first, as if privi-

leged, and to have the first glance at the fair May ; calling out, as he reached the drawing-room door—

‘Now, Annandale!’

Annandale and Edwards followed more leisurely ; the former with a half comical expression of countenance, as if he expected to be amused at the expense of the Irish, and by the help of May Wilmington.

And May Wilmington sat smiling on the sofa, where Lord Oxborough had placed himself beside her, and was busy paying compliments to the wonderful skill which was producing a green and blue head in Berlin wool, intended to represent faithfully the head of a parrot, but of which nothing could yet be seen but the bill, one eye, and a couple of coloured stitches, that were to come in somewhere by way of feathers.

‘Good morning, Mr Annandale,’ she said. ‘Any news from Ireland?’

‘Not of particular interest to Miss Wilmington, I think.’

‘Oh! you don’t know; I like to hear stories of narrow escapes from being cannibalized.’

‘Like that of my friend Annandale,’ chimed in Lord Oxborough.

‘By the way, is that story true, Mr Annandale?’

‘Pray to what story do you allude, Miss Wilmington?’

‘Oh my! I thought everybody knew that!’

‘Come, Annandale, tell us the story,’ said Edwards, while Lord Oxborough looked mischievously at Charles, as the latter requested the most profound attention.

‘Well, the story runs something in this way:—One day a handsome English gentleman—that’s what *they* say, *I* don’t say that—had ventured too far into a wild part of Ireland, and was traversing a lonely mountain road. He was admiring the beautiful sunset, or something—perhaps thinking of some one far away—when a dozen wild men, with blankets about them, rushed down from the mountains, and laid hold on him, one by the arm, another by the coat, and so on, and speedily laid him prostrate on the ground. He ventured to expostulate, and they called out something that the gentleman thought was—

“Choke him, and we’ll ate him!”

‘Now do they really eat Englishmen in Ireland, Mr Annandale?’ asked May Wilmington, trying to look grave, while Lord Oxborough and Edwards were amazingly tickled; Annandale alone preserving his composure.

‘Just as they eat Irishmen in England,’ said Annandale.

‘But they don’t do that!’

‘Hardly; nor the other either,’ replied Charles.

‘But did not something dreadful happen while you were in Ireland; they say it was on your property, too?’

‘Mr Baring, my agent, had a narrow escape.’

‘They tried to murder *him*?’

'And very nearly succeeded; his escape was one of the most providential things I ever heard of.'

'Do tell us: we know so little of Ireland.'

And so Annandale had to tell the tale of that dreadful Thursday night, till May Wilmington shuddered as at the cold of that snow and the sight of the blood. He told it truly and graphically, with pathos and power, and May Wilmington wept for little Jackie, while Oxborough called out—

'Confound those priests! Beg pardon, Miss Wilmington, but I could not help it.'

'What have the Catholic clergy done now, Lord Oxborough?' said Arthur Wilmington, who had come, unnoticed, into the room, just as Charles had finished his history.

'Done? They got a man nearly murdered, my dear fellow; I think that is doing enough.'

'More of the vile calumnies heaped upon the heads of the priests of the Church Catholic,' said Arthur.

'You should have heard Annandale's story, Wilmington, and then you would have thought differently,' Edwards observed.

'A pleasing narration, no doubt! Something about the "horrid Papists," or "Jesuits," or perhaps the Pope himself!' replied Wilmington, getting warm.

'Why, my dear fellow—I beg pardon again, Miss Wilmington—I think we had better now take our leave,' said Lord Oxborough, rising.

His example was followed by Annandale and Edwards; Arthur did not omit to accompany them to the door, and May Wilmington was left alone in the drawing-room.

'So they have been entertaining you with a tirade against the Catholics, May?' said Wilmington, on his return.

'No; Mr Annandale was telling us of a narrow escape that Mr Baring, his Irish agent, had a short time ago. He was saved, almost by a miracle, from being murdered.'

'And they attribute this to the priests?'

'You had better get Mr Annandale to tell you the story, Arthur,' said May. 'By the way, you and he used to be great friends, used you not? and I never see you together now.'

'I could make nothing of Annandale; we never agreed,' answered Arthur; 'and it seems are now less likely to agree than ever, if he has no better employment than traducing the anointed servants of the holy Church.'

'The holy Church, brother? Is not that the way the papists speak?'

'And what if they do, May? They may be more nearly right than we imagine, after all!'

'Oh, Arthur, where do you get these notions? you used to think very differently of these people.'

'I know more about them now, May, and I like them the more I know of them. They are earnest, pious, and active; devoted

to the Church to which they belong; sincere in their attachment to the chair of St Peter, under every rule and in every land; and the true conservators of the Christian faith in this sceptical age.'

'You will be a cardinal, and wear red stockings yet, Arthur, I do believe,' said May, trying to laugh her brother out of what she believed to be romantic notions, lightly adopted, and soon to give place to opinions of a more orthodox sort.

'That high honour is far beyond my reach; my poor exertions will never deserve anything but a recognition as one of the humblest and most sincere well-wishers of Catholicism,' said Arthur, seriously.

'Why, Arthur, I am afraid you are more than half a papist,' said May, speaking now more seriously than was her wont.

'Hush, May, mamma will hear you, and she is always lecturing me,' said her brother, and then he took up his hat again and went out to spend a while in Mr Tractate's rooms.

'Well, Wilmington, have you thought over our last conversation?'

'Yes, sir, a little; but I have been a good deal annoyed by some remarks recently made in my hearing about the holy priesthood.'

'What were they?'

'To tell the truth I only heard them very imperfectly; but there was a story told at my mother's, charging them with instigating murder, or something of that sort.'

'An old allegation; and you believe it?'

'Believe it? is that your opinion of me, Mr Tractate?'

No, my dear fellow; but who were the slanderers?'

'A man of my college, Annandale, told a story about something that happened to himself in Ireland, and the priests figured disreputably in it, I am sorry to say.'

'Annandale,' said Mr Tractate, musing, with his forefinger on his upper lip; 'Annandale—I seem to have heard the name before. Do you know this Annandale, Wilmington?'

'A little.'

'His character?'

'Is good, I believe; he has the reputation of being a close student.'

'Humph! Annandale—yes, that is the name; can it be the same, I wonder?' said Mr Tractate, half to himself.

'Do you know Annandale?' asked Arthur Wilmington.

'I have merely heard his name from a friend; I forgot that you knew him.'

'I do not believe I ever mentioned his name before.'

'You are not much in his company?'

'No.'

'That is well.'

'Should I avoid him then, Mr Tractate?'

'By no means, that would look singular; but be with him as little as you can.'

Mr Tractate took out his watch; it was growing late, at least it was dark, that is late for a March evening. He allowed the watch to rest a little while on the three fingers of his left hand, and looked over at Arthur.

Arthur rose and moved towards the door, and then Mr Tractate regretted that he was not able to have a longer talk with Wilmington that night, for he expected a friend from abroad, and it was about the hour at which he had promised to be here; so, of course, nobody would have delayed very long in a room after that, and Arthur Wilmington less than anybody, if the room had been that of Mr Tractate; who had not failed to impress a few people with a profound sense of the meritorious disposal of his time which he made, and of those people, one of these most profoundly impressed was the said Arthur Wilmington.

At a later hour that evening, or rather that night, somebody left Mr Tractate's room.

He stopped by a lamp to read a letter, and Lord Oxborough, coming home from an evening party, passing him, saw that he was a pale-faced, dark-haired, gentlemanly looking man; and wondered very much that any person of so distinguished an appearance could be in town, and not be known to Lord Oxborough.

For a wonder Annandale, too, happened to be out that night; and, coming up a cross street, was struck by the figure at the lamp, whose appearance he thought was not altogether unknown to him. Annandale was so much taken up with the letter-reader, that he did not see Lord Oxborough at all; and Lord Oxborough, not turning his head in the direction of the cross street, of course did not see Annandale. The gentleman reading the letter was so much taken up with it that he neither saw Lord Oxborough, though he passed him, nor Annandale, though he stood watching him. And when he left the lamp-post and walked on, he seemed deeply buried in thought for a moment or two, and then walked very fast along the street.

What could have tempted Annandale to walk on after him? He did so, however, but not very far. The gentleman walked so fast that Annandale, though by no means a bad walker, found that he could not overtake him, and that made him pause after he had gone some distance. As he stopped, a blast of wind came up the street, blowing dust and dirt before it, making that street very far from a pleasant walking place at that hour of a March night. And so thought Charles Annandale, and wisely; and then he buttoned up his coat, and tied his handkerchief round his neck, and thought that it was a very cold thing, and a very comfortless thing, to stand there looking after a figure, dimly and darkly seen, retreating as it was into the dimness and the darkness of that windy March night.

But there were other things than dust and dirt blown onwards by that wind; and cold as it was and disagreeable, Charles An-

nandale went forward to meet the blast, when, if you had seen him button up his coat and tie his handkerchief round his neck, you would have been sure that he was about to hurry home, to put the poker in the fire, and then throw himself snugly into his easy chair before it.

He went forward to meet something that the wind blew on to meet him—it was nothing very wonderful, it was only a letter.

After all, it was a thick letter to be blown onwards by the wind, but then it was March, and the wind is lord of that part of the year!

It was a thick letter, and there seemed to be two or three epistles under one cover. Charles looked at the address, he did not know the name—indeed could hardly decipher it, though he held it up close to the lamp. As he held the letter up to the lamp a little one dropped out of it; he picked it up and glanced at the address, and read on it, written in a school-girl's hand, the name of Aubrey De Vere.

---

## CHAPTER XI.

A DOVE lay on his knee, and it was dead. The old man wept over the dove; it had been his young mistress's, and he had promised to watch over it till she came back, and he had done so, hoping that she would be back soon; but now the dove that he had watched was dead.

Old Thompson had fed the pheasants every morning with broken pieces of white bread and with fresh oats; and he had kept their house clean, and looked after them, just as if they were his own children. But before he fed the pheasants he went to look at the doves, and spoke to them softly, and touched their bills with his finger, and gave them their food, just as Anna and Emily used to give it to them. He spoke to them softly as he fed them, and told them that their young mistresses would soon be back again, and that they would come and feed their doves as they used to do. And they got accustomed to his voice, and used to come down to the cage-door, and one of them cooed gently as old Thompson rubbed its head, and they seemed glad to see the old man as he came to the cage every morning.

But one morning Thompson went to the cage, and only one dove came down to the door, and it did not coo, and seemed shyer than usual; and the old man put on his spectacles, and peered into the cage, and there he saw the other in the corner, and it was dead. It was dead, and Emily's dove did not coo any more.

And Thompson took it out carefully and opened its mouth, to try if it really was dead; and when he found that it was, he laid

it on his knee, and looked mournfully at it, as if it was a little child; and he looked, and looked, till at last he half imagined that it was not a dove he saw, but the face of poor Emily, and that she too was dead.

And then he took and buried it in Emily's little garden, for he knew if she had been at home that it would have been buried there; he buried it beside a bed of white violets, that the violets and the dove might be together.

As Thompson shed tears over the grave of the dove—sneer not at the old man, for it was Miss Emily's dove, and she was far away—he noticed not two figures behind him. They stood watching him, and wondered if the old man had lost his senses, though they would not have wondered if they had known it was Miss Emily's garden. They moved on a step or two, and yet he did not hear them, and they grew more curious than ever to find out what the old man was doing. At last they had got up quite behind him, and as he was rising they heard him say to himself—

‘Miss Emily, sweet darling, when will you come home?’

One of the two found a tear trickling down his cheek, and the other took out his pocket handkerchief; he did not know why, but thought he had got a cold, somehow, and certainly felt very moist about the eyes, and a very queer feeling in his throat.

The one was Mr Anderson, the old clergyman, and the other Mr Connell, the village attorney.

They had not been at the Park for a long time.

Mr Anderson remembered well the night he was called to go there, when Mr Walpole was dying. He remembered the silence and the gloom, and the tearful faces of the servants, and the speechless agony of the lady. He remembered the pain he felt as he saw his friend lying, beyond hope of life temporal, and he remembered too the assurance he felt that the closing of the gate of the life temporal was but the opening of the portals of the life eternal.

He remembered how the dear ones were gathered round the bed; the children on one side—the wife on the other; and he heard, as plainly as yesterday, the words of the dying father—

‘God watch over the widow and orphans!’

And he thought of those orphans now. Where were they? Why had they never returned to see those that loved them, not less for their own sake than for the sake of their mother and their father, dead but eight months before his Anna joined him that night, from the white-curtained room, where the sisters met her never more?

How long he would have stood ‘remembering’—that good old man—it is very hard to say. If he had been alone, he might have thought on for hours about the sisters and the sunny land.

Mr Connell had a great respect for his friend, but he was a matter-of-fact little man, and had no patience with dreamers; and he had never known before that Mr Anderson was such a dreamer.

As for himself, he never thought of such a thing; could not imagine how anybody could; said it was time enough to get into the clouds when you could no longer stay on the earth; and, in short, made up his mind in a package, tied it with red tape, ticketed it, and laid it by in the pigeon-holes of his head, that it should not be cutting capers in the clouds, nor his hands minding anything else than their business.

And Mr Connell, cutting short Mr Anderson's reverie, reminded him that they did not come there for amusement, or to be bending their heads over dead doves in children's gardens, but to do some business, or to try to do some; for doing business and trying to do, Mr Connell begged to remind Mr Anderson, were by no means the same thing, in short, were two very different things: and Mr Connell accordingly begged to suggest to Mr Anderson that however they might be trying to do business at the present time, they had not much reason to flatter themselves with the success of the effort, and he hoped that his friend would speedily endeavour to improve on such a state of things, that at last he might have the satisfaction of thinking that really, they were not only trying to do business, but were actually doing it; and that the business would quickly be done.

Mr Anderson, though given to reverie sometimes, was not unreasonable, and he listened to Mr Connell, and felt that all he said was very proper and very sensible; and so he took his arm, and walked towards the house slowly; for when men really make up their mind to do business, after dreaming, it takes some little time to get out of dream-land, and down to the busy world.

'Well, Thompson, my friend; will you let us have a stroll through the house?' said Mr Anderson, as they reached the hall door, and stood on the steps before it.

'I should think I would, sir; or any friend of the old master.'

'But we want to see everything in the house,' said Mr Connell; 'and must have keys, and everything of that sort.'

'I don't know about that, sir.'

'Why, what now, friend?'

'The new—I mean the guardian, Mr De Vere, said I was not to give the keys to anybody; and not to let anybody through the house—that everything might be just as it is, when my young mistresses come back again.'

'Very good! amiable man!'

'Well, sir, I should n't have called him amiable, that I should n't.'

'But he has been kind to you, Thompson, has he not?'

'I should n't have called him amiable, though; that's a fine word for fine people.'

'And you think you cannot let us into the library, and the office where your master kept his papers!'

'Specially not, sir; for Mr De Vere said, "Do n't open the library nor that room there, to any person, on any account what-

ever!" So I am afraid I must keep them locked; though if it's any book you want, or anything of that sort, perhaps I might get it for you myself.'

'It's not a book we want'; it's something that may serve your young ladies, if we find it.'

'The young ladies! If it's to serve them, it's to serve Mr De Vere, and that being the case, I think I may disobey him to serve him, but especially to serve them, the sweet things!' said Thompson, moving forward with considerable alacrity.

'Do you think it is not possible to serve the young ladies without serving Mr De Vere, Thompson?' said Mr Anderson.

'Well, sir, I don't know; it may be: but are you sure it will serve the young ladies?'

'If you must choose between them, whether would you serve, Mr De Vere or your young mistresses?' asked Mr Anderson.

'You do n't mean that, sir?' said Thompson earnestly.

'Yes, I do; if it would serve your mistresses, would you disobey Mr De Vere?'

'I would lose my place, sir; and I was born here, and have lived all my life here, and hoped to die here. Aye, I would lose my life, but that is n't much for an old man like me to say, at any rate; but I would do it—I would lose anything but my soul, to bring back to the old Park, as they were in other days, the dear young ladies that I much fear I never shall serve again.'

'That's a fine old fellow! I thought you would; I knew you would,' said the clergyman; 'so now come along.'

And so they went into the house, and through the hall, into the library. The gilt chronometer was on the mantel-piece, but the hands were not going, and it was dusty, and looked as if it had been neglected. It had not been going for a long time, old Thompson said, as he had never wound it since the young ladies left the Park; for Miss Anna used to wind it herself, and he had not the heart to touch it. It had stopped the day after they left, and the hands were pointing to ten o'clock.

The withered laurels were still in the library grate, for Thompson said he could put fresh ones in any time, when the sisters were returning, and the withered ones were proper ones to be there when the home was deserted and empty.

The room looked deserted and dusty, for old Thompson said it was proper it should be so; he was sad, and it should look sad when there was no one at home.

But he could n't leave everything dusty and dingy, he said; and his voice faltered as he looked into the corner of the room; and Mr Anderson and Mr Connell looked too, and knew why his voice faltered, and saw what were not so—two little chairs in the library corner.

Then Mr Connell took a glance at the bookcases, and opened all the mahogany doors of the bookcases lower, and all the glass doors of the bookcases upper; and looked here and there and

everywhere; and when he had shut the doors, one after another, till he came to the last one and closed it, he seemed not very particularly well satisfied with his search, if he were looking for anything, as he seemed to be, for he looked over at Mr Anderson, as he closed the last door, and carefully turned the key in the lock, in the most matter-of-fact manner imaginable, and, as he looked, he shook his head.

Now there is really nothing very wonderful, nor novel, nor definite, in the shaking of the head, taken by itself; though even that, in the peculiar manner in which a human being does this, distinguishes man quite as much from the lower animals as the laugh, or faculty of risibility, and as the other thing that people call the reasoning faculty, power of reasoning, or, in short, reason. Monkeys cannot laugh, though they can grin and chatter; elephants and dogs cannot reason, though they often act a great deal more sensibly than some people who think they can; and not one of the whole catalogue of bipeds and quadrupeds—leaving out man, of course—can give the peculiar shake of the head that means *something*, to be translated according to the person who shakes the head, the time when the head is shaken, and the place where he shakes it. There is the doctor's shake of the head, as he leaves the patient, and that portends something of death, and is the shake dismal. There is the clergyman's shake of the head, as he leaves the house of some refractory parishioner, admonitions rejected and thrown away; that is caused by sad reflections, and is the shake pitiful. There is the suppliant's shake of the head, as he turns away after pleading his cause in vain, whatever it may be; there are several degrees of this, but upon the whole it is the shake dissatisfactional. There is the young lady's shake of the head, as she runs up-stairs after hearing that most interesting question asked by somebody in the drawing-room, and her inquisitive sister wants to know what they *were* talking about; that is the shake roguish. There is—but, in short, we might go on writing about all sorts of shakes of all sorts of heads, till people would begin to shake their heads at the recital, and there would be such a comical shaking-match as could only be equalled by the wax figures of Chinese mandarins.

Mr Connell shook his head, and Mr Anderson understood him to mean that he was looking for something, and had not succeeded in finding what he had been looking for. Does anybody ever succeed in finding what they are looking for? That is a question that admits of all sorts of answers by all sorts of people—but at any rate, Mr Connell did not.

'If people were regular people, and put things regularly in their places, things could be found when things were wanted,' said Mr Connell.

'Very true, Mr Connell; but if all people were regular, there would not be much work for lawyers, you know,' said Mr Anderson, smiling.

'Well, well; it would be better that people were regular, at any rate, and not need to keep us always looking after them, sir.' 'I am afraid that I am not very regular.'

'Yes, you are, sir; yes, you are; you never keep the congregation waiting for a quarter of an hour till you tie your bands on, and then another quarter of an hour till you find the lessons for the day, like Mr Needham.'

'Are we very regular now, Mr Connell, while we are discussing this matter in this place?' asked the clergyman, slyly.

'I forgot, I declare; well, it is curious how one gets irregular, talking about regularity; very curious, is it not?'

'Very curious, indeed; and now shall we invade the sanctum?'

'We had better do so; that place will take a longer examination, I dare say, Mr Anderson.'

'Not unlikely; full of papers, no doubt; our poor friend had a lot of them.'

'And now the key, Thompson.'

'Well, sir, I'm thinking that—'

'That what?'

'That I do n't know where the key of that room is.'

'Have you lost it?'

'Well, no, I'm thinking not; I do believe I never had it since Mr De Vere was here.'

'And he had it?'

'I think he had; I thought I heard him there that morning they went away—indeed, I am sure I did; and I suppose he locked the door and took the key.'

'Did you keep the key?'

'Since master died I had it sometimes, and sometimes I had n't; it used to hang in his room, but it has n't been there for so long. I put it back when Mr De Vere came, and he asked me about it, and now it's away.'

'And yet you thought you had the key,' said Mr Connell.

'I did not think of this, when you first asked me to let you into the room; I only thought of it now, and the key's away.'

'What shall we do?' asked Mr Anderson.

'It would be an awkward thing to break open the lock, sir, very awkward,' said Mr Connell.

They stood at the door, wondering what they were to do, and doing nothing except looking at the door and at each other.

A knock at the door—a double knock, too—startled them all; for though they were not doing anything wrong, it was a sort of secret service on which they were engaged, and they did not like to be disturbed in it.

As Thompson went forward to the door, of course they turned towards it, anxious to see who it was that was coming to the Park. Just as they had their eyes fixed upon the door, the door opened, and in walked the same pale-faced, dark-haired gentleman they had seen, a year ago, sitting at the table in the village inn.

They were not in doubt this time who he was ; they knew that very well ; they had seen his face once very plainly, and they neither of them saw so many faces that they were likely to forget such a face as his. They had time to look at him now, as he stood at the hall door, looking rather astonished, and directing a glance of inquiry towards Thompson, that said, as clearly as words could have done—

‘ Who are these ? ’

‘ Mr Anderson, the rector, and Mr Connell, the attorney.’

‘ To what is the Park indebted, gentlemen, for the honour of a visit from you ? ’

‘ To a feeling, Mr De Vere, of interest in the departed ones—the departed from the Park, in every sense of the word,’ said Mr Anderson, seriously.

‘ Very proper, very natural,’ said Mr De Vere, in a tone which Mr Anderson was rather at a loss to interpret, but which seemed to say that the interest in the departed was rather unseasonably manifested by their visit to the Park just at that time.

‘ I am glad you think so, sir, glad you think so,’ said Mr Connell ; ‘ it will greatly aid us, this opinion of yours. Mr Anderson speaks of interest ; now, I’m for the principal, sir, I’m for the principal.’

‘ Pray explain yourself, Mr—Connell, I believe,’ said Mr De Vere.

‘ Right, sir, right ; that’s my name, sir, my true and lawful name ; was my father’s name, and my grandfather’s, and my great grandfather’s. I can’t go any further than that, for I’m not sure about it ; and what I’m not sure of, I won’t say, that I won’t,’ said Mr Connell, energetically.

‘ Pray explain yourself,’ repeated Mr De Vere.

‘ Explain, sir, to be sure I shall ; we feel an interest—Mr Anderson does—in the people of this place, dead and living—if there are any living now, and they are not all dead. You feel an interest in some of them. So far we are agreed.’

‘ What is all this about ? ’ Mr De Vere said, looking over at Mr Anderson.

‘ Leave it to me, Mr Anderson, and I’ll soon explain. What it’s all about is this—Mr Somebody, no matter who—Doe or Roe, let us say—wants to find out exactly what the old people did when they were living, and what they intended the young people to do when they, said old people, were dead. Perhaps you say one thing, perhaps Mr Somebody thinks another ; and as we’re all agreed about the “ interest ” matter, we may all aid each other in finding it out.’

‘ Positively, Mr Connell and Mr Anderson, this is a very strange proceeding—shall I say a very ungentlemanly proceeding ?—to take advantage of my absence, to prowl about the house in this manner,’ said Mr De Vere, sharply.

‘ Say “ ungentlemanly ” if you like, sir ; anything at all ; quite

the same to John Connell; must do his business; never minds hard words; and after all "ungentlemanly" is n't such a hard word, for "gentlemen" do strange things now-a-days.'

'Really this is too bad! Show these gentlemen to the door, Thompson.'

'I won't, sir!'

'Won't? What do you mean? Are you in the plot? Leave the house instantly!' and Mr De Vere got into rather a greater passion than he was accustomed to get, with that face of his, so smooth and so gentlemanly.

'I won't do that neither, sir, till I see things righted,' said old Thompson, very decidedly, quite as decidedly as Mr De Vere spoke, once, on an occasion that the old man never forgot, when he stood by the chimney-piece in the library, and uttered the word 'Begone!'

'And you, Mr Anderson,' said Mr De Vere, now turning to the old clergyman, imagining this to be the weakest point for a renewed attack, 'and you, a clergyman, and an old man, whose white head would make one look for something better; are you not ashamed to be a party to this discreditable proceeding?'

'I am not ashamed of anything else than sin, Mr De Vere; and there is no sin in seeking to have the injured righted, though there is in permitting them to be wronged!'

'I must again ask you to explain; this is all an enigma to me,' said Mr De Vere, speaking now calmly and collectedly.

'John Connell would have explained long ago, sir, if you had let him, but you interrupted him, and you called him ungentlemanly—long word that, and I suppose you meant something bad by it—and now he'll explain, if you let him, in a business way, for he is a business man.'

'Do come to the point, then,' said Mr De Vere, impatiently.

'I was just coming, sir,' said Mr Connell, dropping the third person, and speaking in the first; 'the point is this. Not to mind the dead people, the living people, or the people that were alive a year ago, are under your guardianship, you say. That may be, or it may not be. You say the two young ladies are your wards; it is just possible—I am not saying there is—it is just possible that there may be somebody who doubts this. It would be natural that you should wish to put an end to all doubts, and settle this question; it is natural that somebody, suppose me, should wish to have this question settled, too; and so, as we are all honest men, I suppose, we can easily settle the matter, like honest people, without being at all "ungentlemanly."'

'And am I to understand, sir,' said Mr De Vere, his pale face getting paler, with anger, perhaps, 'that anybody doubts the probity of Aubrey De Vere? Am I to understand that anybody doubts his word when he says he is the guardian of his deceased brother's children?'

'Let us, for argument's sake, assume that I doubt this,' replied the attorney, undaunted.

'And what right have *you* to doubt it? What is it to you?'

'It is enough at present that I do doubt it; by-and-by we shall see what right I have,' answered Mr Connell.

'And can you stand there, Mr Anderson, and listen to all this impertinence, and not try to stop it? You, a minister of peace, too!' said Mr De Vere, bitterly.

'Be assured, sir, that Mr Connell means no impertinence; he has a duty to fulfil, and he desires to fulfil that duty.'

'Duty, indeed! do you call it "duty" to steal into one's house, set up one's servants against one, and then insult one to one's face? If this be what you call duty to your neighbour, I wonder how you intrusct in duty to God!'

'I shall not reply to these taunts, Mr De Vere; I mind not what you say to me; and perhaps I must make some allowance for the surprise of this meeting,' said the rector, meekly.

'Have you the key of this door, sir? I was telling the gentlemen I thought you had,' said Thompson, coming to the point, which the rest of the party seemed to have entirely forgotten in their excitement, although they were standing all the time in the hall, just opposite the door of the office, and in precisely the same place in which they were when the door was opened for Mr De Vere.

'Did I not tell you to leave the house? How dare you stand there, questioning me?' angrily exclaimed Mr De Vere, moving a step forward in the direction of the place where Thompson was standing; who, however, did not move a step backward in consequence, but stood his ground, looked Mr De Vere straight in the face, and repeated the question—'Have you the key of this room, sir?'

'Mr Walpole kept his papers in this room, I believe,' said Mr Connell.

'Have you the key, Mr De Vere?'

'And if I have, what then?'

'We wish to examine the papers in this room.'

'You shall not do that,' said Mr De Vere.

'We wish to examine the papers in this room,' repeated Mr Connell, taking no notice of the interruption, 'and we shall be much obliged if you will open the door, and let us proceed at once; time is passing, and we want to make good use of that which remains.'

'Abominable impertinence!' exclaimed Mr De Vere.

'Very likely, sir; no doubt you think so; conscience, sir, perhaps: pray keep your conscience and give us the key,' persevered Mr Connell.

'Leave the house, sir, at once, or I shall—'

'The key, sir, if you please; we are losing time terribly; we

might have been half through the papers by this time, continued the attorney.

‘You shall not have the key; you have no business with the papers of—of my brother.’

‘But if there be any of the utmost importance among them—if there be any relating to the future welfare of the young ladies who lately left this place—if there be any, in short, establishing the right of my client to—’

‘Your client? Who dares to employ you on this errand?’

‘I do!’ said a voice coming in through the open door—to the astonishment of the last speaker, decidedly—who looked over to the door, with feelings which we leave him to enjoy, as he saw there the figure of Mr M’Intosh, and Charles Annandale by his side.

---

## CHAPTER XII.

‘I WONDER if there will be a letter from Emily to-day, aunt,’ said Anna Walpole, one fine April morning, the month before the events took place which were narrated in our last chapter.

‘Emily must be very happy in her new home, Anna; every letter seems more extravagant in its praise than the last,’ said Mrs M’Intosh.

‘Who would have thought that she would have liked Paris so much, aunt?’

‘Who could have thought that she would have liked Scotland so little, Anna?’

‘It is certainly very strange; I wonder—’

Here Anna sat silent, and looked out of the window, at the snow melting, in the little flower-beds opposite. It had melted away in patches, here and there, but was still lying in the corners, and round the carnations that looked cold and stiff and brown, and not fresh blue-green in their leaves, as they did the first day Anna looked out of that very window and saw them. The sunbeams were coming down bright, but not so warm as in the summer time, and they were a long time finding their way into the ground, through the snow. But they did, at last, and lifted the cold, white coverlet off the flowers, that the sun might look in at them; and when it was lifted, there was seen a little snowdrop, hanging down its head droopingly, as if the brightness of the light was too strong for it, and the presence of the day too much, after it had been so long covered up in the cold and the snow. At the snowdrop there was a stout mark placed, that it might not be lost, when its flower was hid from sight, buried deep under the earth. Many a time the stout mark saved it, when the boy that dug the flower-beds was about to dig it out; it was

a warning, that mark, that something was hid in the earth that nobody was to touch, for it would rise into life, and bloom in the sharp bright days of spring. So the mark stood beside the snow-drop; and in spring the snowdrop bloomed again.

And now, on the top of the mark there sat a robin, that Anna had fed all the winter through. While the snow was on the garden-beds and the fields and the hills, the robin had come, at breakfast time, to the parlour window, and never flew away without getting something, that Anna took care it should never want. When the snow melted, it did not come quite so often; and it was in one of its shy humours at present, for it would not come to the window—it would only sit on the top of the mark. But if it would not come to the window where Anna sat, and be beside her, it would sing to her sweetly of summery days, of butterflies, and swallows, and warm sunshine. They were absent yet, the summery days, and the snow was still on the ground; but even with the snow the robin was merry and cheery, and it sat on the perch singing its silvery song. This time, Anna hardly saw the snowdrop, and hardly heard the robin, though it looked up at the window with its bright eye, and then sang louder and merrier that silvery song that she had often dearly loved to hear. The truth is, she was not thinking of snowdrop or robin; she was sitting silent, and wondering.

‘I wonder if Emily will come home in the summer, aunt.’

‘I do n’t know, dear.’

‘I wonder where uncle De Vere is.’

‘It would not be very easy to say.’

‘I wonder how they are getting on at the Park.’

‘Why, Anna dear, what a catalogue of wonders you have; some more to add to the wonders of the world.’

‘Here is uncle M’Intosh with the letters; now we shall see,’ said Anna, springing up and going forward to meet her uncle.

‘Any for me, uncle?’ she asked.

‘None to-day, Anna.’

‘I thought I should have had one from Emily.’

‘Emily is not a good correspondent now,’ replied Mr M’Intosh.

‘Oh! she writes pretty often; I daresay she has not very much time for writing,’ said Anna.

‘Perhaps not, but she wrote oftener at first.’

‘She had more to write about then, uncle.’

‘Or had more recently left home, Anna?’

‘Emily must be very busy, or I am sure she would have written, and for *to-day* too,’ said Anna, thoughtfully and tearfully, as she bore in mind the fact that, just a year ago that very April day, she and Emily were left lonely and motherless.

‘It is odd, certainly, that she has not written; but young girls are strange creatures.’

‘Oh! uncle, am I so very strange a creature?’ asked Anna, recovering her composure, and half-smiling.

'Well, you little puss, you are not so strange as some other young ladies of my acquaintance,' said Mr M'Intosh, laying his hand on her fair head and passing it gently down over her hair.'

'I am glad you think so, uncle; aunt, what do you say about it?'

'Why, I should say that I think you are pretty much like other young girls, dear, I suppose, if I were not prejudiced in your favour by your strong likeness to your mother.'

'But Emily is quite as like poor mamma as I am.'

'In face she is, but not so like in other things.'

While these few sentences were being exchanged between Mrs M'Intosh and Anna, Mr M'Intosh had been looking at three letters he held in his hand. When people do not get very many letters, they always spend some time in looking at the outside of all that they receive, before they open them. First, they look at the handwriting of the address, and wonder who it is that writes in that style, if the correspondent is one with whose handwriting they are not familiar; then the seal is examined carefully, red, black, or blue, whatever it may be, for everybody now surely puts some sort of wax on a letter, and does not depend upon the adhesive envelopes, that do anything except adhere. After the examination of the seal, comes an investigation into the post-marks on the outside: if it comes from London, it must be from so-and-so; if from Edinburgh, so-and-so; if from Dublin, so-and-so; and almost always the guess made turns out to be decidedly wrong, as the recipient finds when at last the letter is opened.

And so Mr M'Intosh most carefully examined the letters, turning them two or three times over.

At last he fixed on one especially, and eyed it for a long time; in the end exclaiming—

'Here is a letter with the "Oxford" post-mark, Harriet: I wonder who it can be from?'

'Do you know any one in Oxford?'

'Not I; I have no desire to make acquaintances there.'

'Somebody there seems to know you, then.'

'Why it would appear so, from this letter; whom can it be from?'

'Open it, and you will soon see, Robert,' said Mrs M'Intosh, very sensibly, as Mr M'Intosh had, apparently, never thought of solving the difficulty in so very easy a manner. And Mr M'Intosh did open it, and read it carefully. Mrs M'Intosh wondered when he would come to the signature, and tell her whom the letter was from; and Anna looked curiously up, once or twice, minding the snowdrop and the song of the robin now less than ever. Mr M'Intosh was standing when he began to read the letter; but there was a chair close behind him, and he moved backwards and sat down upon the chair, never saying a word, not lifting his eyes off the letter. He read on and on, compressed his lips tightly, and knit his brow, but still he never said a word, and Mrs

M'Intosh was getting very curious to know whom the letter was from, but her husband was still silent. Perhaps Anna was curious to know also; perhaps she guessed already, and was only curious to know what was in the letter. At any rate, both Mrs M'Intosh and Anna felt considerably relieved when at last Mr M'Intosh looked up: and by-and-by he seemed to be conscious that they were waiting for tidings, and he then said to the expectant listeners—

'I have got a letter from Mr Annandale.'

'From Mr Annandale? How very odd!' said Mrs M'Intosh, 'what does he say?'

Anna, too, wondered what he said, but she said nothing—only looked out at the robin that was singing in the garden.

'He promises another visit to Strathearn shortly,' said Mr M'Intosh.

'Dear me, how odd!' said Mrs M'Intosh, 'what business can bring him here?'

'Business enough,' replied Mr M'Intosh, thoughtfully.

'Did you say Mr Annandale was coming to Strathearn, uncle?' asked Anna.

'Yes, Anna.'

'When will he come?'

'I do n't know.'

'Does he say anything of Emily?'

'No, child; how you do run on!' said Mr M'Intosh, with much more brusqueness than was his wont, to Anna's unfeigned surprise, and not a little to that of his wife, who only remembered to have heard him speak in that tone about three times during the whole period—not a very short one, now—since they were married.

'Why, what is wrong, Robert?' asked Mrs M'Intosh, looking up in astonishment.

'Wrong, Harriet! did I say anything was wrong?'

'You did not say so, but you looked it, dear.'

'Did I really! well then I suppose something must be wrong though I hardly know what it is yet, myself.'

'It can't be anything very terrible then, uncle,' said Anna smiling, as she turned away her eyes from the robin and looked at Mr M'Intosh.

'A regular young lady's argument,' replied her uncle; 'but you had better ask Mr Annandale when he comes.'

Anna turned away her head, and looked at the robin again.

'How is Bessie Macpherson, uncle?' she said at last, as M'Intosh continued to study the letter, reading it over for at least the third time, with the object apparently of seeking to make out the meaning of some obscure sentences in it; and his effort was crowned with such success, that every time he read he thought it meant something different from what he had imagined it meant when he first took the letter in his hand, and deciphered its by no means illegible characters.

'How is Bessie Macpherson, uncle?' continued Anna, resolutely, as if she was determined to show that Mr Annandale might come indeed, if he liked, and be very welcome, too, into the bargain, but his coming would by no means put her out of her usual course, nor disturb her equanimity.

'Bessie is dying, like her sister, dear,' replied Mr McIntosh, withdrawing his mind from the subject on which it had been dwelling, and turning it to the consideration of the case that Anna had brought before him.

'I think I shall take the pony, and ride over and see her.'

'She was very weak this morning.'

'May not I go, then?'

'Oh, yes. She will be very glad to see you; she always is, you know.'

Anna ran up-stairs to get ready, and was not long preparing herself for a ride that she dearly loved. The pony was at the door when she came down. A brisk little pony it was, and it trotted along the road famously. It seemed to be as much at home in the snow-time, when the roads were slippery, as in the summer-time, when the roads were hard. It took little, short, quick steps, as if it knew what it was about, and was none of your careless sort of animal, that left everything to the goodness of the road and the steadiness of the rein in the hands of the rider. It knew Anna's voice, and sometimes tried to turn round its head as if to get a sight of her, and would give a little neigh of pleasure when she patted it and spoke to it, and laid the whip gently over its neck, by way of a friendly touch, when she could not reach it with her hand.

So they trotted along the road, Anna and her pony, and they did not meet many people, but those whom they did meet seemed to be glad to see them, for everybody, of course, loved the minister, and had heard the story of the two orphan sisters; and whenever they met Anna, so gentle and so kind, they could not help showing that they had hearts of kindness, brimming over towards the orphan niece of the minister's lady. And now she has reached the cottage where Bessie lay dying. Her knock was answered by a faint voice that she scarcely heard, and at the same moment the mother of the invalid came up behind her, and thanked her for coming to see her daughter.

'How is Bessie, to-day?' asked Anna.

'Indeed, missy, I'm thinkin' she'll no be better in this world.'

'Does she feel very weak?'

'Oo aye! weaker and weaker, ilka day, and the nights is waur nor the days.'

'Can she rise at all?'

'Weel, she sits up a wee, times; but she canna be fashed to sit lang.'

'Is her cough troublesome?'

‘Troublesome ! aye that it is, puir thing ; ye would think every time she couldna stan’ sich anither fit.’

‘May I go in and see her ?’

‘She’ll be verra glad to see ye ; she was speerin’ a while ago when you would come.’

And Anna went in, and sat on a chair by the bedside of the invalid. There could not have been a greater contrast than those two girls. Anna Walpole was glowing with health ; and if she was sometimes pale, her quick ride, that frosty day, had made her cheeks like the red China roses that grew up the wall of the manse, in summer.

But Bessie was like a faded rose that the summer time had used and then thrown away, or like the pale snowdrop that was struggling with the snow for just a little more life, ere it would be wrapped in the snowy covering.

She drew her pale thin hand slowly from her side, and laid it down upon Anna’s hand ; and the thinness of the pale fingers, lying on Anna’s little plump hand, seemed to strike her, as she looked at both together.

‘My haun was fatter than yours, Miss Anna, aince, but no since Maggie died.’

‘Your sister is happy now, Bessie.’

‘Aye ; an’ I ken weel I’m ganging awa’ till her.’

‘Would you not like to live here longer, Bessie ?’

‘No the noo ; I did lang sair, when I first got the cough, and they telt mither I wad dee, and gang and leve her. I didna want to gang then, for mither had nane but me, an she cried, and cried, as if her verra heart was ganging wi’ me. But noo, mither has learned to look aboon ; she kens she’ll meet Maggie and me by-and-by ; and I ken I’m ganging whar there’ll be nae greeting, and nae sair sharp pain in the side ; I ken it’s a braw lan’, and a fine lan’, that happy lan’ whar the Lord keeps all the bairns that hae cam up to Him, wi’ their pain and sairness a’ awa.’

‘And are you going to that land, Bessie ?’

‘Aye, that I am, dear leddie ; Jesus says it ; could I pairt frae my mither if I didna ken weel whar I’d find her again ? could I pairt frae this bonnie warld, wi’ its birds and its bit floors, an a’ its braw things, if I didna ken that there was a bonnier and a brawer world, whar the Saviour is, that I’m ganging till ? Ther’ll be the croons, and the hairps, an a’ they things, an Maggie an me’ll be singers, singing there, in the New Jerusalem, that we used to sing aboot here, when we langed and langed to ken mair o’ its streets o’ pure gowd, an a’ they gran’ stanes and pearls, that needed nae candle nor lamp in it, but was lichted by the glory o’ the Lamb.’

It was an interesting thing to see those two young girls, the one fresh and blooming like summer’s first rose, and the other like its last one fading away. Anna sat by Bessie’s bedside with her hat swinging by its string, in her left hand, and her right hand

touching the white, wan fingers that one would have thought were the fingers of the dead, if they had not moved at the will of the living soul. She sat by Bessie's bedside, and thought of her mother, who went away, just a year ago, to the happy land where Bessie would soon be going; she wondered how *she* herself should feel if she lay there, in Bessie's stead; and she looked once more at the pale, thin hand, and the pale, thin face; and when Bessie raised her eyes and smiled sweetly up at her, it was too much for Anna, that sunshine on the face of death, and she turned away her head and wept.

She rode home, that day, slowly and thoughtfully; the snow had melted off the road, and left it dirty and muddy; when she came to the garden-gate she looked down for the snowdrop, but something had broken the flower, and it lay soiled on the ground; and not even the little robin was sitting awaiting her, singing a 'welcome home.'

If the robin did not wait to welcome her, somebody did. Was it the ride, or the sunshine, that brought the colour to her cheek, when the door opened, and he came out, in a brown travelling-coat and blue necktie, and took the pony by the reins, and swung them over his arm lightly, while he helped the little maiden to descend from her mountain steed? Do you think she thought much about the snowdrop then, and remembered that the robin was not there? or was it enough for her that she was there, and that he was there, too, standing on the manse walk that fine April day?

'Oh! Mr Annandale,' she said, 'have you come? Have you brought us some good news of Emily?'

'I have come, as you see, Miss Walpole; whether my news is good or not, time will tell.'

'What is it, pray? Tell me, that I may judge for myself!'

'I am afraid I must not publish the tidings yet awhile.'

'But is it about Emily, your news?'

'Yes, and no, then.'

'That is odd; how can it be both "yes" and "no"?'

'Guess.'

'Is it about me, too?'

'Perhaps.'

'What about me? oh! it must be good about me, for I am quite well and happy here.'

'Quite happy?' asked Annandale, inquiringly.

'Except on Emily's account. I am quite happy about myself; I am not quite happy about her.'

'Why not about her?'

'Oh! you know—but I forgot, you do n't know. Well, here are aunt M'Intosh and uncle coming; I must run in and take off my things.'

Anna ran up to take off her things; the pony went round to the stable; the minister and his wife reached the door of the

manse, and Charles Annandale was seen shaking hands with them cordially.

He was 'seen'—aye, that he was, for a pair of inquisitive blue eyes were peeping behind the blind that was drawn aside, upstairs, about half an inch, in the little room that Anna had run to, to take off her things, when uncle and aunt came to the gate. And the sweet owner of the eyes was wondering whether Mr Annandale was imparting the news to uncle and aunt at the door. But Mr Annandale was not. He was talking about the weather and the Highlands and the journey, and everything that people usually talk about when they have nothing to say, and must say something, or when they have something to say, and do not think that the proper time and place for saying it.

'Do you remember, Miss Walpole,' he said, as they were sitting, after awhile, in the parlour, 'do you remember the day we were going to have such a pleasant excursion, that was so unexpectedly put an end to?'

'Don't I? Do you know, Mr Annandale, we have not seen Emily since then.'

'Indeed!'

'I was just going to tell you that, awhile ago; that's why I am not happy about Emily.'

'I thought your sister was to spend Christmas with you?'

'Oh! yes, so she was; but she did not.'

'May I ask why?'

'Anna seemed pained to have to answer this question; she blushed and hung down her head, and did not speak for awhile. After a little she said, slowly, 'Perhaps she was afraid of the journey in winter, or perhaps she thought the Highlands would be very cold in December.'

'Or perhaps—' said Charles Annandale, thoughtfully, and then added something that Anna could not hear; and she wondered what the 'perhaps' was to be followed by, but it was followed by nothing but silence.

Next morning, when Anna came down, there was another little snowdrop in flower, and a little golden crocus by its side to bear it company; and the robin was awake and merry, perched upon the snowdrop-stick, singing away cheerily to the canary in the window.

Charles Annandale proposed a ride after breakfast. He was not to ride, he was to walk, for he would rather have a walk, such a morning, he said; but he hoped Miss Walpole would let him see her managing the pony that she had yesterday, and that she would not have any very great objection to permit him to walk along by her side. So it was settled at once, and the travellers set out, and a very merry pair they were, as they laughed and talked together.

'Do you know, I expect to be at the Park soon, Miss Walpole?'

'You at the Park? I wish'—

'Well, what do you wish?'

'Oh! no matter.'

'Shall I guess?'

'You could not.'

'May I try?'

'Of course.'

'Well, you wish Mr De Vere would come for *you*?'

'Not I, indeed; how can you think so?'

'Perhaps I don't.'

'I am to have company too, to the Park, from Scotland, I believe.'

'How odd! Me?'

'No, I believe not,' said Charles Annandale, laughing, 'though the Park would be much pleasanter to visit if its mistress was there to entertain one.'

'But why are you going to the Park, Mr Annandale?'

'If you have the least objection, I shall not go,' said Charles, with mock gravity.

'You know I have not; but do tell me why you are going, and who is going with you? Do; that's a good Mr Annandale.'

'And not good, if I don't tell you, I suppose?'

'Perhaps not; you should certainly tell me now, it is not fair to leave me so curious about it.'

'Mr M'Intosh will be my company, then.'

'Won't he take me?'

'I think not; we are going on business.'

'You and uncle M'Intosh going on business to the Park, and not take me?' said Anna, slowly, as if wondering very much what could be the meaning of such a proceeding, and seeming to expect that the words, slowly pronounced, would gratify her curiosity by unravelling the mystery. She said them over once or twice, but could not get them to tell anything, nor could she get anything out of uncle M'Intosh when they got home to the manse.

One thing was very clear, and that was, that they were going about some business connected with herself and Emily; but if it was about them, she wondered why Mr Annandale and uncle M'Intosh went to the Park, and not Mr De Vere. And then, somehow, she began to think of the Lodore waterfall, and how nearly she was lost that time, and that she was not saved from drowning by Mr De Vere but by Mr Annandale. But she was not going to be nearly drowned again, she hoped; and if she were she thought it would not be likely that Mr Annandale would be there to save her. And then she wondered where Mr De Vere was, and hoped that he would go to the Park at the same time, and thought she would write to tell him, if she only knew where to direct the letter. She thought all this, and more, that day, and the day Mr M'Intosh and Mr Annandale went away together. She knew that if she had been at the Park, she would have been

glad to have welcomed Charles Annandale; and she thought that if Mr De Vere was there he would surely be the same; and perhaps, after all, he *was* very glad when he saw Mr M'Intosh and Charles Annandale at the door.

---

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE borough of Buyemall, in the north of Ireland, is a thriving market-town. There are not, it is true, tall chimneys, like Babel towers, reaching some hundred feet nearer heaven than mortal man in the body can reach, when that body happens to be standing on a couple of feet square of this very respectable planet of ours. There are not domes and cupolas in it that seem to consider themselves the aristocracy of templedom, and to look down with infinite disdain on all such ordinary edifices as one might have supposed would have been considered to be quite good enough by such a very humble individual as the Apostle Paul. It has not any very remarkable public buildings, but what it wants in this respect it makes up in public spirit. The public spirit of Buyemall is amazing. If you want a first-class commander-in-chief, to supply the place of that blockhead that knows nothing but the goose-step, go to Buyemall! If you want a theologian to teach the alphabet to the Archbishop of Canterbury, or the Moderator of the General Assembly, or the President of the Wesleyan Conference, go to Buyemall! If you want a lawyer that can show up the ignorance of the Lord Chief Justice, and prove, from Blackstone, that his last decision was directly contrary to the spirit of the British Constitution, go to Buyemall! If you want an incorruptible article, of a first-class quality, ready to be made up into a member of Parliament, and utterly indignant at the baseness, and the cowardice, and the want of principle of the men of the day, there is no place in all the world that you can be supplied with the like Buyemall!

So the people of Buyemall are celebrated, all the world over, for those wonderful qualities that distinguish mankind, ornament this world, and render living at all endurable to ordinary, everyday mortals. Buyemall, in addition to its other claims for consideration, has the honour of returning a member to the Hall of St Stephen's, to represent its important interests in the House of Commons. To this fact it is owing that Buyemall finds a place in our story.

We have spoken of the public spirit of the inhabitants of Buyemall; and when we take into consideration the manner in which this is represented on such occasions as an election for a member of Parliament, it will be manifest that the public spirit of this borough is of a unique order.

A few of the people are so absurd as to suppose that they have a right to the elective franchise. To be sure they have by law, that is, by Act of Parliament; but then that is nothing, for the public spirit of this place is quite above such things as Acts of Parliament. The majority of the inhabitants vote these people bores, and wonder what they mean by 'bothering' other people about the sacred right of voting, as under the eye of God and for the good of the country, and much more of that sort of thing, that is quite below the public spirit and independent character of such very respectable persons as the inhabitants of this distinguished borough.

The more public-spirited part of the inhabitants, all the talents, and the incorruptibles, are told some Friday evening, that they are to elect Mr Ehem on the Monday following, and so they assemble on the Monday, and the candidate takes off his hat most gracefully with his left hand, for his right hand has been slightly discoloured, that time he shook hands with the sweep. Mr Ehem discourses eloquently on draining the Pontine Marshes, and making a railway to Timbuctoo, and says he will not vote for admitting the monkeys to Parliament, and he is for the right of the free citizens of this glorious empire to their mouthful of fresh air and their glass of pure spring water.

And then Mr Ehem sits down amid the loud plaudits of the talents and the incorruptibles of Buyemall, the men that could teach the science of war to the Commander-in-chief, could instruct in theology the Primate of all England, could lay down the law for the Lord Chief Justice, and are the very men to make into members of Parliament.

Mr Ehem gets into his carriage and drives away, deeply impressed with the value of the Buyemall people, and this he will be sure to tell them the next time they see or hear of him,—when another election comes on.

To this borough of Buyemall, Charles Annandale came a couple of months after he had been at the Park. It was the general election of 18—; the Parliament had been dissolved, and the country was busy trying to get the members in before it began to get in the harvest.

Annandale had just graduated at Oxford with great credit to himself, and he had made up his mind to seek a more extended sphere of usefulness than had hitherto opened before him. His property was not very far from Buyemall, and his family had been known and respected there for many generations. Of course, this should not have been a recommendation, if he, himself, had been a discredit to his family; but it so happened that of all the members of it, represented by the pictures in the house that Mr Baring had in temporary occupation, not one was more worthy of being esteemed and valued than Charles Annandale himself.

He had read and thought a good deal on the British Constitution. It struck him that its spirit was not rightly appreciated by

a vast number of those who gloried in its privileges. He had seen that by a very close adherence to the letter, the spirit was sometimes violated; and while the statesmen of the day professed the utmost reverence for the Constitution, he saw that by a slow process they were bringing about its destruction.

It was not to be wondered at that one so high-minded as Annandale should deplore this state of things; and, after much consideration, he came to the resolution of seeking, the very first opportunity, to obtain a seat in the Imperial Legislature.

It so happened that just as he had taken out his degree the general election came on. He hastened at once to Ireland; engaged an experienced agent, issued an address, and proceeded to canvass the free and independent electors of the important borough of Buyemall.

Annandale thought a free and independent elector meant a man who had a principle which he understood and valued. He thought a free elector meant a man who was at liberty to act upon this principle, and that an independent elector meant a man who would act upon it, come what might, no matter who opposed and sought to influence his vote. Annandale had yet to learn that a free elector meant a man without freedom, and an independent elector one in dependence. Of course it is needless to say that his address was a thoroughly Protestant one. If an Oxford education was not very likely to develope Protestantism in him, his education was a peculiar one. The events of the past year, too, were not lost upon him, and he was daily getting clearer views of the objects and working of the papacy. He had seen the developments of that system, in England and Ireland, and he had become strongly possessed with the belief that danger to England's empire there was, from the unchecked progress of Rome.

Annandale was not a man to become impressed with a great belief, and to rest satisfied with the mere impression. He had a devout detestation of shams and humbugs, and of those greatest of all shams and humbugs, the men, who declare themselves to be under the influence of a profound belief, and show their faith in the great principle they say they believe by entering the great and growing party of the Do-nothings. He was about to bring this belief of his into contact with the actual world; he was about to go through that trying ordeal, a contested election; and he prepared himself for that ordeal, as every man should, by understanding the principle that he declared himself an adherent of, and being ready to give an answer to every man that asked him to explain that principle. He believed that Buyemall was a Protestant borough. He had been told so by everybody, and he looked forward to the honour of representing it in Parliament, on thoroughly Protestant principles. So, ere July was a fortnight old, its free and independent electors were reading, every one of them, Charles Annandale's thoroughly Protestant address. With this address the majority of the electors were entirely satisfied,

That promised well, at least. Everywhere Annandale was told that the sentiments were sound and patriotic; that the diction was unexceptionable, and that Protestant principles were clearly and unmistakeably enunciated.

Was our candidate wrong in imagining that, as he had been so happy as to find a borough where the majority of the electors agreed in opinion with himself, he should soon have the honour of being addressed as Charles Annandale, Esq., M.P.? As yet, to be sure, he had the course all to himself. The late member had been singularly silent. It was rumoured that some recent votes of his had given dissatisfaction to his constituents, the free and independent Buyemalls; and it was hinted that another influential party, who exercised an important influence in the borough, was dissatisfied with the ex-M. P. on other and somewhat different grounds. All this was in Annandale's favour; and he began to entertain sanguine hopes that the threatened contest would not take place, and that he should have a 'walk over.' Two days before the election, however, everything was changed. An honourable Mr Fitzgammon made his distinguished appearance at the office of a leading attorney in the borough, and forthwith squibs and handbills were issued after the most approved election fashion.

Mr Fitzgammon considered it to be due to the free and independent electors to issue an election address, and he did so after the true Fitzgammon fashion. Half-a-dozen lines were occupied in complimenting the late excellent member, four lines in setting forth his own qualifications for the representation of Buyemall, and two lines in paying a well-timed tribute to the virtues and independence of the electors of the borough.

Mr Fitzgammon had been told that he need not mind publishing an address at all, for that the electors would consider it quite sufficient that he had the influential support of Sir Goliath Monboddo, that talented and remarkable personage, one of whose peculiarities it was that he considered he had a right to the votes of the electors of Buyemall, and reckoned on this with the same amount of certainty that a Virginian planter would on the services of the uneducated and enslaved sons of Africa, when he commanded their services on important occasions. But Mr Fitzgammon had some slight idea of what was due, not to the electors only, but to appearances, and the consequence was that the afore-said dozen lines appeared upon Saturday morning in the newspaper of the borough. And they created an immense sensation, those dozen lines.

Revolutions have often been brought about by addresses; and though perhaps few of these have been quite so brief as Mr Fitzgammon's, yet it may be questioned whether any of them worked a more complete revolution than the dozen lines of the honourable gentleman.

It was a great advantage, too, to Mr Fitzgammon to have his

claims advocated in the free and independent organ of that enlightened town. The *Buyemall Trojan* had been judiciously silent when Annandale's address appeared, for it did not know whether he would, or would not, be the candidate favoured by Sir Goliath Monboddo. But, as soon as Mr Fitzgammon's address came out, the *Trojan* was loud in his praises, and discovered a thousand latent beauties in those twelve wonderful lines. Mr Fitzgammon was highly connected; he was a most valuable member of society; the *Trojan* had heard endless stories of his liberality and geniality; and if he had not been heard of before by the electors of Buyemall, neither had the Oxford graduate, who had dropped from the clouds to solicit the suffrages of the inhabitants of Sir Goliath's —no, of this free and independent town.

It was true, the *Trojan* admitted, that Mr Annandale had somewhat the advantage of Mr Fitzgammon in the talking line; but Mr Fitzgammon was none of your talkers that do nothing, he was one who was always more ready to act than talk. Those men who were always making speeches wasted the time of the country, and spoiled a good cause, for a good cause needed no argument to recommend it, as it commended itself to everybody of common sense. Mr Annandale, it believed, was a tolerably respectable young man; it would admit that, but then, after all, what right had he to expect the support of the electors, when there was such a distinguished personage ready to bear the troublesome duties of a member of Parliament as the Honourable Mr Fitzgammon? Indeed, the *Trojan* went so far in its benevolent advice as to counsel Mr Annandale at once to resign, and not put that free and independent borough to the trouble and annoyance of having the electors walk the whole length of one street, in order that they might record their suffrages.

And what was Annandale doing all this time?

He had been told by a majority of the electors that they were highly delighted with his address, and that he deserved to be returned to Parliament; and that, if *their* votes could secure his election, he might reckon on them with certainty, even in these degenerate days.

He had strong faith in the freedom and independence of the electors, and on the love which they bore to the Protestant cause. His opponent never said a word about Protestantism, and people said he did not care a fig about it. He declared himself a supporter of moderate views, whatever that might mean, and said he was a follower of Lord St Leger, though nobody could tell what Lord St Leger's views were, and therefore were quite in the dark as to the views of Mr Fitzgammon.

Annandale, on the contrary, had not disguised any of his opinions. He was for educating and enlightening the people, and for maintaining, abroad and at home, the honour of England; but he placed, as the foremost article in his political creed, maintenance of Protestant principles, support of Protestant institutions,

and unremitting antagonism to the papacy. Some of his friends told him that he had better not put his views so prominently forward; but he declared he would rather lose the election on these principles, honestly promulgated, than be returned by making any compromise whatever.

His agent did not understand this, and shook his head: but Annandale was firm and decided; and so his unmistakeable Protestantism was published to the world, and to that very important part of it, the borough of Buyemall.

On Sunday, it is to be feared, the good people of this place were more taken up with the impending election than with the sermons of the different clergymen, who had done their best to prepare original discourses, in the hope that the candidates would have the good fortune to hear them, and that this, in due time, might produce important consequences.

The eventful Monday dawned at last.

Great excitement was visible in the borough. Clergymen, doctors, shopkeepers, and artisans, all were moving about and talking—some quietly, and others with violent gesticulations—on the merits of the two candidates. The time wore on when the two gentlemen were to make their appearance on the hustings. At last the doors of the court-house were opened; the crowd rushed in furiously; everybody jostled everybody, and nobody minded anybody.

One big fellow used his fist freely as he was pressed upon; he was an acknowledged leader of a party in the borough, and a borough election was just the place to show his consequence. A sweep put his naked foot on Mr Somebody's shoulder, and improved the colour of his new coat; and one active, red-headed little fellow jumped right through the crown of the doctor's new hat, that had been laid on a seat by the owner in a fit of abstraction.

Then the candidates made their appearance.

There was great cheering for somebody, but you could not tell for whom; and there was tremendous groaning for somebody, and you could not guess whom the groaning was for either. Then the crowd began to get unruly. The people that cheered quarrelled with the people that groaned, and the people that groaned politely returned the compliment.

Of course all this time the candidates stood looking on quite meekly. If this had occurred on any other occasion, they might have laughed and enjoyed it; but it was too serious an affair to be treated jocularly, and they felt all the time pretty much as they would have done if they had been standing side by side in a pillory.

At last there was some degree of silence restored, and the usual question was put, whether any elector had any one to propose as a fit and proper person to represent the borough of Buyemall in Parliament.

A little man got up, red, fat, and fussy, and tried to say something that somebody said *was* said, but that few of the people could hear, excepting the end of it, and that was—'gammon.'

Mr Goldie, the tall, thin clothier, rose to second the nomination of that most enlightened, most patriotic, most talented, and most distinguished gentleman, the Honourable Arthur Fitzgammon.

The mention of Mr Fitzgammon's name was the signal for a burst of cheering, that was followed by a series of groans, and these again by renewed cheers, till there was a tolerably fair uproar made by the inhabitants of Buyemall.

Mr Vigilance, an elderly gentleman and a magistrate, rose to recommend to the electors his young friend, Charles Annandale, Esq. Mr Annandale had distinguished himself during his University career; had gained high honours, and earned a just reputation for talents of a superior order. But he did not base his claims to their consideration on his honours or his talents merely; he sought their suffrages on the far higher ground of sterling principle. These were not the times when the moral character and integrity of candidates should be overlooked by electors, who had an important duty to discharge, and he had no doubt the electors of Buyemall would discharge this duty faithfully. Mr Annandale, if returned to Parliament, as he deserved to be, and as he hoped he should be, would not be a mere nominal member of the Imperial Parliament, lounging in London for his amusement. He might pledge himself that that gentleman would attend to his duty, and not neglect the interests of his constituents or his country. But, above all, he felt no reluctance in pressing on the electors of Buyemall, Mr Annandale's outspoken and earnest Protestantism (cheers). He knew that these principles were those of the men of Buyemall, and he trusted that they would be true to them. If they were true to them, Mr Annandale was their man; they would place him to-morrow triumphantly at the head of the poll, and send one who was active, talented, and an earnest Protestant, to represent Buyemall in the Imperial Parliament. Annandale's nomination was seconded by a leading merchant of the borough, who had very great pleasure in endorsing Mr Vigilance's remarks.

The candidates then addressed the assembled electors and non-electors.

A stranger would have found it hard to say whether the cheering was most vociferous for Annandale or Fitzgammon, or whether Fitzgammon had been greeted with more groans than Annandale. 'Fitzgammon for ever!' was shouted loudly; and as loudly was returned the counter-cry, 'Annandale for ever! no Fitzgammon!' With these shouts the crowd dispersed, thinking of the battle to be fought at the booth.

After the nomination, Annandale called on the clergymen of the town. The clergyman of the Established Church was an

eloquent preacher in the pulpit on Sundays. He depicted in forcible language the evil of sin and the danger of the sinner in the world to come. He warned, he exhorted, he pleaded. He was considered to be a thoroughly sound and orthodox theologian, and his discourses were listened to with great pleasure by everybody. He had never offended any of the people of Buyemall, for he never busied himself about the affairs of this world, and they troubled themselves little about those of the world to come.

Yet he was one of the free and independent electors of the borough, and Annandale, having a great respect for the clerical office in general, and having formed a high opinion of the Rev. Mr Smalt in particular, called upon him, with a feeling amounting almost to a certainty, that whichever of the Buyemall electors might be inclined to stand aloof, and not come forward to support the Protestant cause and the Protestant candidate, one of the foremost to record his name at the poll would be the Rev. Mr Smalt.

Mr Smalt was fortunately at home, resting himself after the labours of the previous day; and Annandale, having much to do and little time to do it, immediately entered on the business he came upon. Mr Smalt listened to him courteously, as became a clergyman of his reputation, and seemed very favourably impressed with Annandale's manner and appearance. He had heard, he said, that Mr Annandale had been a highly-distinguished member of ——— College, Oxford, and he was glad to have that opportunity of paying a tribute to his attainments.

Annandale then ventured to say that he hoped, under these circumstances, that he might have the honour of receiving his vote early on the morrow.

'Well, you see, Mr Annandale,' he replied, 'I am peculiarly situated here, very peculiarly situated. If I vote for you, I am sure to offend some of my congregation, and may, perhaps, lose some influence with them which, I hope, is now exercised for their good.'

'Still, Mr Smalt, I venture to hope that I represent your views entirely in religious and political matters.'

'I was pleased, indeed, with the tone of your address, but I make it a rule never to interfere in politics.'

'Perhaps you may make an exception in my case, as I come forward under peculiar circumstances; I might almost say to advocate in Parliament the sentiments you utter in the pulpit.'

'True, very true; but I think the minister of the gospel has no business interfering in worldly politics at all.'

'In most worldly politics, perhaps not; but the Protestant cause is not a cause of that nature; it is one, I venture to submit, which it is the duty of the clergyman, as well as the layman, to support by every means in his power.'

'I value Protestantism highly, Mr Annandale; no man can do so more than I do; but I deprecate its being made a political question; it is a matter concerning the immortal soul.'

‘And the mortal body, too, as I believe,’ said Annandale. ‘Of Protestantism it may be said, as is said of godliness, that it has the “promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.”’

‘Certainly, as regards individuals; but then we must preach this Protestantism—’

‘And leave others to practise it?’

‘No; but the clergy must attend to the religious part, and the laity to the political.’

‘Would you disfranchise the clergy, then? Did not Paul insist on his rights as a citizen?’

‘Paul’s time is not our time. I am sorry that I am not able to assist you, Mr Annandale. I believe it to be the duty of clergymen to attend to the spiritual interests of their people and the business of the kingdom of heaven.’

‘And leave this world to be governed as it can,’ said Annandale, rising, and taking his leave, ‘by those who never think of another one; and its business, neglected by those who bear God’s commission, to be managed by those who rule it as if it were not God’s world at all.’

Annandale next visited the active and energetic Presbyterian minister, but with no better success. He, indeed, had not the slightest objection to meddling in political matters, but did not wish to oppose Sir Goliath Monboddo on the present occasion. Sir Goliath had been very generous when the Presbyterian church of the borough was being built, and Mr Long seemed to think that such generosity towards the building was a sort of purchase, in perpetuity, of the votes of the minister for the time being. So Mr Long, heartily agreeing with Mr Annandale, would be obliged to vote for the Honourable Mr Fitzgammon, or, rather, for Sir Goliath Monboddo.

Annandale had personally waited on almost all the rest of the electors, and had little to do but return home and wait the dawn of the eventful Wednesday morning. With an account of the active exertions of the agents on both sides we shall not trouble our readers. Everybody that knows anything of an election contest knows all about it; and those who do not, would not be particularly edified by the details.

The first man that voted when the polling began was an honest grocer of Buyemall. He was a Presbyterian, and though under many obligations to Sir Goliath, could not see how this gave him a right to control his conscience, and so he came manfully forward to the polling-booth and voted for Annandale.

After him came a man who had been noted as a spouting Protestant orator. He was one of the first who promised his vote to Annandale, but somehow or other Mr Fitzgammon’s agent got a hold of him, and so as he came up he did not look towards the place where Annandale was, but turned away, as if thoroughly ashamed of himself, after recording his vote for Mr

Fitzgammon. Then an old man came up, tottering and leaning on a staff. He stumbled as he came towards the booth, and Annandale sprang forward to prevent his fall. Annandale had asked him for his vote, but could not get a promise, and was quite sure that he was booked by Mr Fitzgammon.

‘Who do you vote for?’

‘Mr Protestant,’ said the old man, looking round astonished at the laughter which greeted this rather extraordinary vote. ‘I mean Mr Annandale,’ he said, correcting himself; and then he turned and walked out as if very well satisfied with his conduct on the occasion.

Next came the Rev. Denis M’Clutchy, P.P., that had made up his mind to vote for Fitzgammon, because Annandale promptly refused to give a hundred pounds towards building the chapel; Mr Fitzgammon, having no scruples on the subject, wrote a check for the money at once.

For an hour or so the candidates were even, and then a few extra votes were gained by Mr Fitzgammon.

At twelve o’clock, Fitzgammon had polled ten more votes than Annandale; and Annandale secretly began to give up all hopes of winning the election.

At once, the numbers stood thus :—

Fitzgammon	. . .	97
Annandale	. . .	78
Majority for Fitzgammon		19

At two, Fitzgammon’s majority was reduced to fifteen, but he soon recovered the lost ground, and at the close of the poll the numbers stood as follows :—

Fitzgammon	. . .	169
Annandale		102
Majority for Fitzgammon		67

As soon as the result was known, there was great shouting on the part of the free and independent electors of Buyemall. The *Trojan* published a supplement with a flaming head :—

‘Glorious triumph!’

‘Freedom of election vindicated!!’

‘Adventurers victoriously repulsed!!!’

‘Return of the Honourable Arthur Fitzgammon, by a majority of 67!!!! for the important borough of Buyemall.’

Doubtless Annandale felt a little mortified, especially as he had reason to expect another termination to the contest, in consequence of the promises he had received from the free and independent electors. However, he had the consolation of knowing that he had not come forward to seek the suffrages of the Buyemalls from

any motives of ambition, or from any desire to add the magical letters—M. P.—to his name. He had been defeated, it is true, and that was annoying; but he felt more annoyance, because the defeat of one who had come forward on unmistakeable Protestant principles, for the Protestant borough of Buyemall, would be sure to be viewed as an evidence of the unpopularity of the cause he loved, as it was a victory for the cause he hated.

His views of free and independent electors were considerably altered; and it is hardly to be wondered at that they were not altered for the better. He translated the terms now somewhat differently to what he did before; and they seemed to mean, with many electors, free from their promises and independent of their pledges.

After spending a few days with the Barings, and finding Jackie a very intelligent and amusing companion, Charles Annandale left the neighbourhood of Buyemall, tolerably disgusted with contested elections, but by no means in despair of the triumph of that cause, the advocacy of which had now become to him an object worth living for, and one to which he was determined to devote his time and energies, and those talents that had been intrusted to his keeping by ONE to whom he knew he must, by-and-by, render an account.

---

## CHAPTER XIV

THE Rev. Mr Werd was a leading and influential clergyman in the town of B——, not Buyemall; for, important as Buyemall is in its own opinion, it will not again appear in the course of our story. Annandale had heard much of him in England, and having an introduction, had determined not to leave Ireland without paying him a visit.

Mr Werd had been nearly thirty years the incumbent of a voluntary church, in connexion with the Established Church of Ireland. Upwards of a thousand people heard gladly from his lips, every Sunday, the great story of life and immortality brought to light through the Gospel. With power he urged on old and young belief in the great cause of which he was an ambassador; and old and young heard him gladly, loving him for his message's sake, and his message not the less that it was told by him. Not alone in B——, nor in Ireland, was he known, and known, he was sure to be loved. He was the welcome guest of the rich and titled, and the tried friend of the neglected and the poor. But more than all, he was everywhere the friend of the little child, and every little child that knew him loved to repeat his name.

If there was a charity sermon to be preached, Mr Werd was

always asked to preach it; if there was a mission to be undertaken, application was sure to be made to Mr Werd; if the Church was attacked, he was to write a defence, at the request of the Bishop; if a wavering borough was to be gained, he was asked to use his influence with the Protestant party.

Whether, then, a cause had to be pleaded in the pulpit, on the platform, or through the press, there was one whose influence and eloquence naturally caused his name to recur to the friends of that cause, and application for his ready aid was prompt and immediate to the Rev. Mr Werd.

Mr Werd was a man of the most sincere and ardent piety; there was nothing of cant or humbug about him. He had not got up the shibboleth of a party, either in the Church or the State, and deceived himself and his neighbours by repeating it so often that at last he and his friends had come to believe it. We do not hesitate to say that he had gone to the same source as Paul, for that gushing love to man and his Maker which was the distinguishing characteristic of this man, who was no less amiable and loving, than ardent and undaunted, when Truth required the champion which she found in him.

Mr Werd, as we have said, had been for nearly thirty years the incumbent of a church that was supported on the voluntary principle. He had grown old and careworn in working, day after day, among the twenty thousand people of his district; for which service he was requited indeed by the love and veneration in which he was held by the people among whom he had spent his days, not to speak of that approbation which awaited this good and faithful servant, from One who was assuredly his Lord and Master.

But though in all the north he was confessedly one of the foremost clergymen of the Irish Church, he was entirely untroubled with obligations for favours bestowed on him, either by the Church or the State. When Bishops had any scheme in hand for church-extension or missions, Mr Werd was the man to gain for the scheme the support of the public, for which he was supposed to be adequately rewarded by a good conscience, while the next living that fell to the gift of his diocesan was bestowed—on Mr Werd? by no means, but—on a young curate who had seen service at his mother's apron-strings when Mr Werd's hair was turning grey. And as for the State, if Mr Werd had let it go on in its easy-going way to—any place you like, and never troubled himself, or his more charitable brethren, by pointing out its departures from a certain old-fashioned standard of his, he would certainly have had the first Government living that he liked to apply for; and this would have, without fail, turned into a deanery or bishopric, if he had gone further, and found heavenly maxims to sanction practices that savoured of the other place.

Charles Annandale felt anxious to make the acquaintance of one of whom he had heard so much, and wished to know more,

To tell the truth, he was considerably disappointed with his recent experience of political life, and he thought, therefore, that he would visit Mr Werd.

That gentleman was out when he called; but Annandale had scarcely reached his hotel, when Mr Werd introduced himself, and then asked Annandale to breakfast next morning.

A couple of lively little girls, in blue frocks and white pinafores, ran into the room when Annandale came. They stood a minute at the door, holding each other's hand, and then ran off again, laughing, wild little things as they were. They would not come near Annandale, though he tried to coax them, and asked them some questions which he thought they would answer, about the bird that was dusting his coat with sugar, as he stood under its cage at the window.

Somebody had told him, somewhere, that it was a capital plan to catch wild children, just to ask them to tell you a story about the bird in the cage, or the sweet pea in the garden; and so Annandale thought he would make the experiment upon the two wild little blue-frocked fairies that were dancing in and out of the parlour-door.

Whether it was, however, that being town children they had often been caught already in this manner, by the very same decoy-bird, or whether it was they were particularly wild and uncatchable that morning, it is an undoubted fact that Annandale talked on to no purpose about the bird and the sweet pea, for the little blue fairies would not come any nearer to the window, and were, evidently, not to be caught.

Just as Annandale was making his final attempt, and was about to give up altogether, Mr Werd appeared at the door, and then advanced to welcome him, which he did in the most cordial manner. It was one of Mr Werd's characteristics, that he could not help giving a cordial welcome to anybody for whom he had the slightest esteem, having previously known them either personally or by reputation. He was particularly friendly towards those whom he regarded as fellow-workers in the same cause, and of this number he already ranked Charles Annandale.

After breakfast—sociable, friendly meal—they sat and chatted pleasantly, or rather, Mr Werd talked and Annandale listened. Not that it was by any means a habit of Mr Werd to monopolise the conversation, but it was Annandale's desire, at present, to have Mr Werd's opinion on several matters, and he preferred to sit for the most part as a listener.

'Have you seen much of Ireland, Mr Annandale?' asked Mr Werd.

'Not very much latterly; indeed, I may say, not very much at any time.'

'Have you been favourably impressed with the country?'

'It would be scarcely fair for an absentee, only coming once or twice home, to give an opinion on the subject.'

'Then you have not been favourably impressed, I see; for I think you would not hesitate to say so if you had been.'

Annandale smiled, as he thought of his recent experience; and the smile died away as he recurred to the affair that took place during his winter visit. Then he said—

'Well, perhaps that is true, Mr Werd; but I am not one who carries away hasty impressions, and permits them to remain, to the prejudice either of people or places.'

'You are right; for, after all, first impressions are as often erroneous as correct; and those people who pride themselves on never swerving from their first opinion are very frequently decidedly taken in.'

'I do not think, however, that, in one respect, my first opinion will turn out incorrect.'

'What is that?'

'Respecting the source of Ireland's social evils.'

'Of course you mean Popery.'

'I do.'

'I am glad that you have seriously thought on this matter, Mr Annandale. Few young men, and especially few young men of your University—pardon me for saying so—look rightly on this question.'

'You are quite correct, sir, I am sorry to say; very few of our University men think of Ireland at all, and fewer still of Popery as the origin of her misery.'

'It has been the custom of Englishmen, travelling for a few weeks in Ireland, to visit Killarney, kiss the Blarney stone, see the Giants' Causeway, and then cross the water to their own comfortable homes, with no very definite idea of Ireland and the Irish, save the wit of the car-drivers and the importunity of the beggars.'

'That is very often the case,' said Annandale, smiling.

'And then,' continued Mr Werd, 'they think of Ireland as a beautiful face covered with dirt, that is hardly worth the trouble of cleansing for the pleasure of looking at.'

'Oh! you are too hard on us now, Mr Werd.'

'Did you travel through Down and Antrim at all?'

'Scarcely.'

'That is just it, my dear sir. Englishmen see all the pauper-hovels of the Popery-ridden districts, and never think of visiting the prosperous and smiling North.'

'The North is not all prosperous and smiling, though.'

'Not it. The North is not all Protestant; and, more than that, all the Protestants are not what they ought to be; but still, compared with the ragged West or the lazy South, the North is remarkable for industry and prosperity.'

'You trace the prosperity of the North, then, to its Protestantism?'

'Decidedly; and the wretchedness of the rest of Ireland to its

Popery. Look at the effect Protestantism has on a man. It makes him honest, truthful, sober, industrious ; he knows that he is a free man, too, and that no priest is master of his soul's secrets. He looks up, in his sturdy independence, as if he was not afraid of being seen at his work, as if he had something to live for and something worth dying for.'

'And Popery—'

'Popery makes the man a coward, and, if true to its standards, a liar and a thief. The priest knows that which God alone should know—the secrets of the man's heart ; and therefore the Papist is a slave and the priest his master.'

'It is the custom to call such notions "obsolete bigotry" with us,' said Annandale.

'The question is, are they true ? If so, surely it cannot be bigotry to proclaim the truth, especially where its suppression has been the cause of the degradation of as fair an isle as ever lay on the bosom of the water.'

'I certainly think with you, Mr Werd ; but I confess I find few to agree with me.'

'And you will find more who will agree with you in private, than aid in carrying out these views. There is scarcely a Protestant who is not ready to abuse the confessional, and exclaim against nunneries being used as prisons, and yet few will do anything to prevent the confessional being made a screen for murderers, and few will do anything to aid the delivery of the poor slaves of the priests.'

'This is too true.'

'Is it not the strangest infatuation,' continued Mr Werd, 'in a country with a Protestant constitution and a Protestant Established Church, to educate men in doctrines utterly subversive of loyalty and morality ?'

'You mean in Maynooth College ?'

'Maynooth is one of the principal means of carrying out this education. There the young priest is trained up to teach the people of these realms—for the Maynooth priest goes to England and Scotland, as well as teaching in Ireland—that their highest allegiance is due, not to the Queen, but the Pope ; and a man now on the Bench seemed to have little else to recommend him for the position, than the fact that he proposed the Pope's health at a banquet, before that of the Queen.'

'I should not have imagined that to be a recommendation.'

'It is a fact ; the man is on the Bench now, and if you go into his court you must salute him as "my lord." And then the idea of the British nation paying men to teach the lawfulness, and in some cases the holiness, of perjury and murder ; while the same men must teach the sin of reading what God says, unless the priest thinks God's Book is fit company for a man, lest the Holy Spirit has not made his meaning sufficiently clear, and it should require a priest cleverer than the writer to explain it.'

'This is awful. I have thought of it shudderingly.

'Yet this is the teaching that the British nation delights to honour.'

'I have never heard this defended on the ground of principle, though, Mr Werd; it has always been said that it was necessary or expedient.'

'Statesmen have adopted the maxim that it is lawful to do evil that good may come. Now to you and me, who believe that it can never be lawful to do what God forbids, the course would seem very clear.'

'I have read somewhere that a good Christian makes a bad statesman.'

'That is, that a man who believes the doctrine of the Christian faith can never consent to adopt the devious courses of mere statecraft. So far it may be true. But why cannot men attempt to govern as if God was the supreme Ruler of the world, and as if his Word was the world's law?'

'The world is too wicked to be governed on this principle.'

'Statesmen tell us *if* they tried to do so there would be trouble at home and aggression from abroad, and that such a system would do very well for Utopia. But the truth is, they cannot know till they try, and they will not try in order that they may know.'

'Cannot the Protestant Churches do something to bring about a different state of things?' asked Annandale.

'The fact is, Mr Annandale, the Protestant Churches are, unfortunately, too much occupied with trifling and unimportant points of difference; and even where there is little of this difference of opinion, comparatively, many of the clergy think they are not called upon to do more than conduct their ordinary Sunday services, and they leave the State to take care of itself.'

'Are they afraid of being called political parsons?'

'Partly, it may be; and partly, perhaps, because they do not see that the world should be God's world, just as much as the Church, God's Church; and that their business is quite as much to try that the land they live in should be true to its Protestant politics, as that the Church they belong to should be true to its Protestant doctrines.'

'Is there not a great deal being done to convince the votaries of Rome that theirs is a fatal and soul-destroying system, and that Protestantism is the religion of the Bible?'

'Yes: at last the Church has awakened to a sense of its duty; too long it slept, and too soundly. Many thousand converts have left the Church of Rome and joined the Church of Christ.'

'Do you believe they are all sincere?'

'I believe they all see the errors of Popery; and it is a great thing to get them to leave a system so polluting and poisonous: they will at least be good subjects of the Queen, and faithworthy

neighbours. Many of them, too, have died witnessing a good confession.'

'I have heard much of the persecution that has been endured by converts.'

'No one can have an idea of this who has not been an eyewitness. Children have been beaten and starved by their parents; women have been driven from home at the priest's bidding; persons have been denounced from the altar, and then waylaid and murdered, because they saw, not Christ, but Anti-Christ in Rome.'

'You feel strongly on this point, Mr Werd.'

'No wonder. Why, if you knew as much as I do, Mr Annandale, you would be amazed at the infatuation which pays out English gold to bring in such interest as this. It was only last week that a little Sunday-scholar, who had left Popery, was placed on the heated bars of a grate, and lighted turf placed round him, till he was almost burnt to death.

'Horrible!'

'And this is not a solitary case; there would be many parallel ones except for the fear of British law.'

Annandale was rising to take leave of Mr Werd, when another clergyman, a fellow-townsmen, was shown into the room. Mr Werd introduced Annandale, with some complimentary remarks, to the Rev. Mr MacEnvie, and Mr MacEnvie was happy to see one whose name he was already familiar with.

Mr MacEnvie was a tall, fine-looking man, with black hair, parted in the middle. He wore a distinguished pair of gold spectacles on his nose, and kept a couple of sharp black eyes behind them. He was decidedly gentlemanly in every respect, and a very great favourite with the old ladies. He was very clever and very popular with many people, and especially with the said old ladies, who took their knitting-baskets to meetings whenever he was to speak, that they might have the pleasure of knitting a stitch—a regular MacEnvie stitch—every word he spoke, taking two together when he pronounced two words in quick succession, and slipping a stitch when he made a little slip in his speech.

Mr MacEnvie had one little clerical peculiarity, which, perhaps, is hardly worth mentioning, especially as it is too common to be remarkable, and that little peculiarity was, that he was often a little—shall we say?—jealous of any clergyman that happened to be as popular—and there were many such, or more popular, and Mr Werd was that decidedly—than the said Mr MacEnvie himself. He had another little peculiarity, too, and that was of begging to be excused from taking part in any good movement, unless there was a whole regiment of gold spectacles, as bright and as pure and as distinguished as his own pair; for he could not think of helping forward any movement that was only conducted by silver spectacles—or, bah! common blue enamelled ones.

He had a third little peculiarity—and we should be sorry to

miss the peculiarities of so distinguished a man—and that was, that about a plan a day was the fair allowance for the wonderful originations of his brain, for the moral and social improvement of the people; and this would have been a most valuable peculiarity, had not the plans of to-day been discarded to-morrow, and tumbled over, without ceremony, to anybody at all that chose to carry out the schemes of this clever but somewhat eccentric clergyman.

Annandale made a second attempt to rise, and this Mr MacEnvie saw; on which he begged Mr Annandale to be seated for a little, and he would have the pleasure of accompanying him on his way, when perhaps he might be able to show him a little of their distinguished town.

Annandale, accordingly, was seated, and Mr MacEnvie and Mr Werd had a little conversation—very little indeed—about some matter that Annandale was not interested in; and he began to wonder whether Mr MacEnvie had come upon business, and if he had interrupted the business. He said, in fact, that he hoped he did not interfere with their arrangements, which Mr MacEnvie assured him he did not; and then that gentleman rose to accompany Mr Annandale, as one of his gentlemanly habits was always to be particularly civil to rising young men of Annandale's position in society.

'You have made the acquaintance of our friend Mr Werd, I see, Mr Annandale,' he said, as he drew Annandale's arm within his own, after passing through the little garden, with its lilies and pinks and daisies, that was enclosed by the iron railing in front of Mr Werd's house.

'Yes, and been very much gratified to have the opportunity,' replied Annandale.

'Mr Werd is a good man, but—'

'Has not had much recognition of that quality by the powers that be,' said Annandale.

'Well, perhaps he is just a little to blame; he is rather hot for—'

'The Laodicean spirit of the age, decidedly,' Annandale readily responded.

'He might do more good if he were a little more moderate: for instance, he might—'

'Fill his pockets at the expense of his conscience,' said Annandale.

'Mr Werd seems to have made a very favourable impression on your mind, Mr Annandale,' said Mr MacEnvie, blandly.

'Very; I have met few who have impressed me more favourably in so short a time; but, to be sure, I was very well acquainted with him by character previous to our meeting this morning.'

'Perhaps you will excuse me; I had forgotten an engagement for—yes, I shall only have just time to reach the place.'

'Oh! pray don't mind me: good morning, Mr MacEnvie.'

'Good morning, Mr Annandale.'

Annandale was not particularly impressed with Mr MacEnvie's excellencies. He had rather a dislike to those people who try to raise themselves in your estimation by detracting from the acknowledged merits of persons in every respect their superiors, which has not the advantage of being a new plan, likely to be patented for the exclusive use or profit of any particular individual, but seems to be a very common and decidedly vulgar one—as common as those white, feathery heads of the dandelion which you can bring down a little, and make less of them than they were before, if you cannot raise the height of the ribgrass heads beside them, when you blow away with your mouth all that fructification that has given the sun and the night pretty tolerable work to do to bring to such a state of—do n't blow it away—perfection. So he strolled on for awhile, after parting with the gold spectacles, in not the pleasantest mood imaginable, for though he never was very much troubled about other people's opinions of himself, he could not bear to hear those friends run down whom he valued and esteemed.

He got into a pleasanter humour after awhile, walking in the fresh, breezy air, and smiled, by-and-by, to think of all the offerings that were made at St Slander's shrine. It was a funny fancy of his to canonize this old villain; but he was consoled by the idea that some strange people have been canonized since the world was a baby. And surely it was right that it should be made a saint of, when clergymen were so ready to minister at its altars; for by a confusion of ideas, perhaps, Annandale had gone on thinking of Mr MacEnvie's very gentle detractions, till he believed that he had heard the softest and most gentlemanly of whispered prayers, offered up to his newly-canonized saint.

It was wrong to pray to saints, to be sure, and more especially such saints as St Slander; but then Annandale thought when they went to the trouble of making saints of them, that the rest followed as a matter of course.

He had got rid of all these absurd notions about Slander, as he walked out again in the cool evening, and gathered up handfuls of daisies on the bank of the shore of the bay. There he lay for an hour, undisturbed, save by the twittering of the swallows and the gentle ripple of the water, splashing dully against the round loose rocks at its edge. He thought, after all the turmoil of that affair—and here he threw some daisies into the water—how pleasant it was to lie on that grassy bank, with the swallows floating gently through the air above, and the eyes of the daisies closing gently, as they went to sleep with the setting sun.

And the sun was setting gloriously!

The hills across the bay were now all dark, and no shadows; their curved outline was clearly marked against the evening sky. Over the hills was a long, bright, orange-scarlet cloud, dotted and dashed here and there with rich purple-violet. Above the scarlet and purple was the faint blue that had been bright azure half-an-hour ago.

Down at the bottom of the hills lay the beautiful bay, calm and still, save a slight breathing motion that seemed like human life. There was an orange flush upon the water, the reflection of the heaven that looked on its face; sleeping on the water lay a lonely boat, and beyond it was another, with dreamy rowers letting two oars gently rise and fall, sleepily, on the sleeping water.

And now, while the oars were falling two or three times into the water slowly, the orange changed into crimson, and the crimson to purple; there was a faint-yellowish tinge just over the hills, and then all the sunset glory faded away into twilight and night.

---

## CHAPTER XV

OH! it was very hot, that summer in Paris. The sun shone down on the houses as if it would never be tired; and the houses opened their windows to try and breathe a little air, but the windows hardly felt any cool breath passing through them, and they kept wide open all in vain. And people would sit at the windows in the evening, and wish that the cool air would come, it would be so pleasant and fresh, after the hot, hot sun.

And there sat one, at a window, in Paris, that hot summer; and she thought that there were many pleasanter and cooler places where the summer might be passed; and that, last summer, just at that time, she was in a pleasanter and cooler place, and that pleasant place was bonnie Scotland; and the solitary sitter at the window was our poor little Emily.

And how happened it that she sat there, and was not wandering with Anna over the hills near Strathearn? How happened it, when it was the time that school-girls go home, and throw away their books and their music and their work, and run with all the delight of the newly emancipated over the green and flowery fields; or sit down under the shady trees; or stroll along by the margin of the water, on the sandy shore of the great ever-living ocean?

How happened it that when the school-girls had gone home to their little brothers and sisters, and were wandering about with the small things that the last time they saw them were even smaller, no one came to take Emily from that window where she sat, to some cool, shady seat under green laurels, where the breeze would steal in, in spite of the sun, and kiss the poor cheeks that were now burning, as she sat in that close room, such a sultry day during that hot summer, in Paris?

Emily sat in the window, and leant listlessly on her hand, looking out, she did not know at what, and wondered how it happened.

Emily hardly knew how anything happened now; she knew she lived and went about, and sat sometimes at that open window, but she hardly knew how it came to pass that she did so. She knew that she should have got letters from Anna, and did not, but she did not know how it happened that no letters came. She knew that she had been told she was surely to get home that summer, and she used to say the word 'home' over and over again, as if she was in any danger of forgetting it; but though she knew that the Paris window was not home, and that the hot summer was not like a summer at home, she could not guess how it happened that she did not get home to her twin-sister in the manse among the hills.

She felt so terribly that there was no one to think about her, no one to care for her, that you would have thought the hot sun would have known this and had pity on her; but the sun-heat kept coming so close to her that her heart beat, and her temples throbbed, as if the sun knew there was no one to look after her, and as there were no breezes to come up in his face, he would draw away the breath of her life.

And there was to be a grand ceremonial next day in the convent; the sisters were all busy preparing for it. The altar was being decorated for the sacrifice; flowers were being placed on the altar; the priests were ready, and the victim too; she was looking out from that window, wondering how it happened that it was of such consequence that she should be the actor in such a ceremony, in order to get home to those she loved in that dear old Caledonia.

For they had told her one day, when she sat lonely and sad in that window, that there was a way by which she could soon get back to Britain, and that if she would consent just to act as a girl did when she was becoming a member of their sisterhood, she would soon be taken back to that Highland home she longed for day after day. She listened to them as she sat there, and hardly heard what they said, except that they asked her to do something, and that, if she did this, she would get home.

'And shall I get home then,' she said, 'again?'

'Oh! yes, you will get home.'

'Home, that is nice; and when shall it be? to-morrow?'

'Not to-morrow, but very soon.'

'I am so glad,' she said, though it seemed a very mournful sound; but perhaps it was because she had not been glad for a long time, and could hardly believe she was so now, and wondered how it happened that she was to be glad at last.

'I am so glad,' she repeated; she meant glad to get home, and she thought that was the thing that was to happen 'very soon;' but that was not what the sisters meant, only that she was very soon to wear the dress they wore, and to say the words they had once said; and there may be found some simple soul that believes everything that everybody says, and never believes any ill about

anybody; and if there be, that soul will doubtless believe that these sisters were thoroughly sanctified and holy beings, and were not fatally deceiving our poor little trusting girl.

And so that lamb was, next day, to be led garlanded to the altar; and the priests were to sacrifice another victim, and the sisterhood were to sing songs that they called Christian songs; and there was to be a grand ceremonial, in which priests and sisters were to be visible, and other beings were to be present, but invisible; and this ceremonial was to celebrate—but this would not have been said by those who approved of it—the triumph of villany, of a Roman, that is, a very infernal, sort.

And she went to bed that night and dreamt of home, but somehow it was not of the Highland home among the hills, but of the Park and the doves and the Sunday-school girls, and the home of the old long ago. She dreamt on, and went far back in her dream, and thought that though she was not younger or smaller than now, yet, somehow, she lay upon her mother's knee. She thought she was hot and weary, and that the cool would never come; and then she thought that her mother's hand was so cool, as she laid it softly on the brow that burned. Sleep fell gently on her then, she dreamt, and she slept long, so sweetly; and she woke up and found her mother sitting by her white bed, and the burning all gone from her brow. Then her mother sang a song when she asked her; it was a tender, plaintive song, a song that she had heard so often, and yet, she thought then, that it was such a song as the angels would sing: it was that old song, 'Sweet Home.'

It was so sweetly sung, that 'Home, sweet Home'—and it was sung by her mother! She dreamt that at last her mother was wearied singing, and ceased, and that she asked her to sing again that dear 'Sweet Home.' Her mother was too wearied to sing on, she thought, and she asked if she might try, and her mother said, if her head did not ache she might, and so she began to sing. And she thought she sang louder and louder. She sang on, and the sound awakened her from her dream, and poor Emily wept to find she had only been dreaming, and that after all it was in a small bed in the close room, in that hot Paris, that she had been dreaming and singing 'Home, sweet Home.'

There was a smothered sound of some one crying, 'Oh! oh! oh!' in a lonely bed in the convent that night; the sound went out through the open window, but it did not fall on the ear of any waker in the city, nor did it disturb any inmate of the house, for the sisters were asleep, and the boarders had gone home.

The sorrowful sound went out through the open window; it was unheeded by the sleepers of that gay metropolis, but not unheard by the Sleepless One. None on earth heard and pitied the poor weeper; but One, not of the earth, heard and pitied, for the sound went up to God.

There were grand doings in the convent next morning. The Archbishop of Paris was to be grand master of the ceremonies,

and the sisters were determined that their chapel should be seen to advantage by all who attended to witness the reception of the new members who were that day to be admitted into the sisterhood.

The altar was early decorated with the vestments and veils and rings and necklaces that they said the Archbishop was to consecrate—consecrate was the word, certainly, used in this so strange a sense.

The chapel was soon filled with numbers of the high nobility, of those who would gladly attend any sight that promised some occupation for an hour of idleness. Gaily-dressed mothers came there to see their daughters relinquishing the world and its vanities, as they were told, and as some of them believed. Fashionable young men crowded the chapel to get a view of the fair faces that were soon to be seen by them no more, but were to be hid and buried—till they were buried in *the* grave—in the grave of those convent walls.

The ceremony went on. We shall not record it; it is sickening to think of, and yet it is called, by name, most holy! Most holy blasphemy, by which it is pretended the nun is married to God Almighty! Happy was it for Emily that she knew nothing of the words that were used that day, as she came forward and thought of home.

The spectators, watching the victims advancing, saw one fair young girl going through the ceremony with listless apathy. She did not look round the chapel, with eager gaze, to see well-known faces that she was bidding an everlasting farewell to. She did not heed the gay crowd, but came slowly forward, only once lifting her eyes from the ground. The people nearest her said they were blue, and it was whispered that she was an English girl. They saw her lips moving, and thought she was joying in her fate, thanking some of the saints that patronize convents, that she was about to be shut out from the world for ever. What a pious creature! they said. How little she seemed to think of the world she was leaving, and how much she was wrapt up in the holy scene that was passing!

The Archbishop seemed to regard her with special interest, and so did another in that assembly. The prelate, perhaps, because she was a daughter of Albion, and had come there from Albion's shores. He was thinking of countless converts that might be brought from the religion of England to join in the service of Rome; and he seemed to see that day already come when all the fair daughters of England would listen to the whispers of such priests as he, and come, in victim thousands, to fill the convent cells.

He, too, saw the movement of her lips, and said she was praying to the Virgin: but the thing she talked about was none of their mummeries; she believed not, for she knew not, the silly stories of their saints, their lying legends, and their idol worship. She was talking of a holy thing indeed, far holier than their mock

sanctities and legendary bliss ; she was talking, not of saints nor angels, nor thinking of a picture or a crucifix, for the thing she talked about was that thing that England deems so sacred, and the word that she was whispering, dreamily, all through that day was the longed-for of her poor aching heart—that little, sweet word, Home !

‘It will be over soon,’ she thought, ‘and I shall be glad. These people will go away, all of them, and I shall be happy to-night. I shall not sleep, I am sure, for I will think of home. I shall get home soon now, that will be nice ; they told me I should get away from Paris soon after this day was over.’

She heeded not the vestments, the ornaments, nor the flowers ; she had heard the organ pealing once or twice, just heard it, and no more. She could not have told about the grand people, nor the rich dresses, nor anything, for her mind was occupied with the one thought, and that thought was with her always. It was as the very air she breathed, as the life she lived ; and the things that might have been something to others were nothing to her.

Every step in the ceremony she thought of, not as part of the thing they called a Benediction, but as a step nearer to home ; every minute that passed away was not regretted, but joyed in, for she believed the minutes passing left the shorter time till she should be on her way across the water ; and when it was all over, and she went back into the convent, her face looked brighter than it had done for many a day, her step was lighter, more joyous, and she would have been merry if she dared, and perhaps would have burst out into one of Old England’s songs ; for she was beginning to be happy again, because she thought that brighter days were coming, days when the darkness would be over and gone, and there would be freedom and light and liberty in the sunny land of home.

But she went back into the convent—back into the convent !

She went back ; and the sisters crowded around her, and told her that now she was one of that sacred band, so holy and so happy, that in the cells and the garret and cellars deem themselves free from jealousy and envy and care, and want and passion and misery. Oh ! holy sisterhood ! how happy you said you were when you crowded round, on her return to the convent, the little bird that had once wandered over the fields and among the woods of England, and was now caught and caged within your convent walls !

She came back, looking shy and pale, and wondering why the sisters were so happy and joyous, when Sister Mary was so much offended, once, that time Emily mentioned home.

Yet Sister Mary came forward now, smiling, and Emily half smiled up in her face ; and then Sister Mary turned round and smiled at the rest, and they all smiled together. It was such a change, that Emily wondered and wondered, yet never suspected that they were not joying *with* her, not at all, poor child !

'I am going home now, Sister Mary,' she said.

'Ha! ha! ha!' laughed Sister Mary, gaily.

'Hush! Sister Mary, I am ashamed of you,' said another sister, with mock solemnity.

'Are n't you glad I am, Sister Mary?' asked Emily, timidly.

'Oh! certainly! ha! ha! ha!'

'Why do you laugh so?' asked Emily.

'I am so glad! ha! ha! ha!'

'Glad I am going?'

'Glad you are? ha! ha! ha!'

'Sister Mary, be done!' said Sister Rosa; 'you are laughing like an idiot.'

'Oh! I am glad; yes I am; ha! ha! ha!' said Sister Mary, catching a glimpse of Emily's wondering eyes as they were fixed upon her face, and then turned to the surrounding sisters to ask the explanation of all this merriment on the part of Sister Mary.

'St Denis, if here isn't the Mother!' whispered one of the sisters, and they all ran away, as the door of a room slowly opened, and the Mother Abbess came out into the lobby.

They all ran away but Emily, and she stayed, in innocent wonder, thinking if she was going home now; it was not so very great a sin of all the nuns coming round her, and enjoying the thought that she would get back soon to those she loved, and to those she so longed for. She stood still, and the Mother Abbess came up to her.

The lady had heard the laughing when she was in her room, and she did not like it, for she thought laughing was one of the mortal sins; in fact, if anything, worse than mortal. She dreamt of heaven sometimes, and whenever she did they were lashing each other, groaning piteously and weeping there always; that, she thought, would be a truly happy land. One child she saw in her dream turned out of heaven altogether, because there came a whisper of something to its ear as it lay on its little bed, going out of life in a peaceful slumber; and because, when it heard the whisper, it smiled and died. It made no difference whether it was happy laughing or the mocking laughter of the devil, at deceived innocence; it was enough that it was laughter, for to laugh was to sin.

When the Mother Abbess came up, she saw no one standing there but Emily. The Abbess had her rosary and her crucifix hanging by her side, and something that seemed a pair of scissors. They were all fastened together and hung by a black-silk ribbon, and were easily loosened when she wanted to say an 'Ave.' She loosened them now, as she came up to Emily; and Emily stood still. She took up the black ribbon quickly. 'Holy woman! she is going to pray,' would have said the romantic admirers of the sanctity of conventual retirement.

'How dare you?' she said, as she came up to our little Emily, and stamped her foot angrily on the floor; 'how dare you?' she

repeated, and Emily's face tingled with the pain of a blow from her hand; 'how dare you?' again she asked, and raising the beads and the crucifix, struck Emily twice over the head. The beads and the crucifix did not do much harm, and the scissors only stuck in her cheek.

The door of the room from which the Abbess had come was opened again, and some one passed out towards the gate of the convent. He passed out—cold, pale-faced man—nor heeded the Abbess nor Emily's scream. He thought he should have passed unnoticed into the street, though he did not much fear the notice of any, except Emily. As he passed on, he turned round, it seemed half forgetfully, and said, 'This will do!'

Emily saw him turn, and started forward, for she knew the face, and had seen it in other and happier hours. She stretched out after him her little hands, and called him back, woefully, but he did not come, if he heard her, crying—

'Take me home; oh! take me home!'

She called louder and louder, and ran forward to try and make him hear, not knowing that Rome taught him it was a holy thing to leave her there, in her misery, to despair.

'Take me home; oh! take me home!' she screamed, as she saw him leaving her behind; but he felt perfectly happy in leaving her there, and as he stood in the street she was left there still. The door closed after him, and as it closed, little Emily fell fainting on the floor.

They carried her up to her bed, but not the little bed that she used to sleep in and dream of her mother. They were so kind to the little girl that they took her away even from that. They laid her on her bed, in her cell, for Emily was now a nun. She lay senseless there a long time, and they thought that the light of another sun would never be seen by her again. And they did not care either, for she had frightened Sister Mary Joseph, and made her let fall a painting of the Virgin; and Sister Mary Joseph was reproved by the Abbess, and said it was not her fault, it was that horrid girl screaming, and she hoped she would die. There came a thunderstorm too, that night, and frightened the pious sisterhood, and they were sure the storm had come on because the picture of the Virgin fell down.

Sister Mary Joseph was terribly afraid of lightning, and between her prayers muttered, 'How I do hate that girl!'

Emily woke from her stupor as a streak of light flashed across her face, and a peal of thunder rolled on and on. There was no one there, in that convent cell, but Emily, and nothing but the darkness that the lightning had left behind it.

There was the thunder and the lightning that night, and there came out to the storm an exceeding great and bitter cry. It went wailing on and on and on, and men wondered not what it was, for they heard it not; but it went wailing on upon the wind, and the wind that night wailed mournfully.

'Take me home !' it said ; 'oh ! take me home !' And the wind went on and on. There was none on earth that pitied that wailing cry ; but it was caught, as it passed, by a lightning-flash and borne along to God !

---

## CHAPTER XVI.

'AND this is the Eternal City !' exclaimed the Marquis of Castleford, as he passed through the Porta del Popolo, and entered the walls of Rome.

Some fifty summer suns and some fifty winter snows had passed since the head of the speaker first began to make that celebrated attempt at saying something, which nurses have sometimes had the hardihood to translate, but which does not bear very much more relation to language, or the wonderful talk that is to come in the hereafter, than does the mewling of a motherless kitten, or the unfortunate unmusical sounds that have kept the best of us awake sometimes at night, as they issued from the toothless lips of a puppy that is to be drowned in the morning.

It was predicted, then, by the nurses that he would be a very celebrated man if he lived, for what reason we know not, except that he was the eldest son of a peer ; and the eldest son of a peer is, of course, by hereditary right, a very celebrated person, though it is to be regretted that sometimes, if one were asked to say how such an individual was celebrated, it would take all the time between Midsummer and Christmas to give a satisfactory answer ; and even then the answer would not be very satisfactory to the very celebrated man.

In Lord Castleford's case, and doubtless in many others, the predictions of the nurses were doomed to be falsified ; and as fifty years had passed away since the prediction was uttered, and not the least evidence had been given by that nobleman of any very extraordinary capacity ; and as he was not even likely to be remarkable for any extraordinary want of capacity, it seemed more than probable that the Marquis would go down to the rest of his fathers without, in any degree, becoming celebrated beyond the bounds of his park, the neighbouring town, or, at the very utmost, that large and important shire in which his property was situated.

Lord Castleford had married early, as in duty bound to himself, his family, and the peerage of Old England ; and a daughter and two sons had, in due time, made their appearance with all the formalities, and attended by some of the predictions, that had been uttered on the birth of their illustrious father. The youngest of his sons, Lord Frederick St Just, and his daughter, Lady Adeliza, accompanied Lord and Lady Castleford to the sunny Italian land.

They had spent some time in Florence, where the balmy air had worked wonders in restoring to health the Lady Adeliza, for whose sake Lord Castleford had come to Italy. And now they were entering that famous city that for yet a little while will be the wonder of the world.

They had stopped on their way to see the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, near Assisi, and listened to the fabulous stories of the Franciscan monk. They had been told of the dove that used to visit 'St Francis,' and assist him in his meditations ; and shown the garden that, let you plant what rose-tree you like in it, will not produce a single thorn, but bears leaves with traces of the blood of the crucified One. So the monk said.

They knew that devotees crowded the church at certain seasons, in order to obtain indulgences, and Lord Frederick was tempted to ask what the devotees had to do in order to have their sins taken away. It is not very much to be wondered at that the young Englishman burst into a fit of laughter when the monk, with solemn countenance, pointed to a narrow passage, and said—

'You have only to go in at this door and out of that!' On leaving the church, as it is called, Lord Frederick and his tutor lingered behind the rest of the party, and were some distance in the rear when they followed the others. The young nobleman, being of a lively nature, again burst out into a merry laugh, as he thought of the easy terms on which sins were got rid of in a place where sins of all sorts were by no means scarce.

'Oh! fie, Lord Frederick!' said his tutor, an old acquaintance of ours; 'you should have more respect for the feelings of these pious persons; it is not proper nor seemly to insult their religious belief in such a manner as this.'

That's all humbug, Mr Wilmington; the thing is too ridiculous not to be laughed at; just as if one could rub off one's sins against the door-posts.'

'Really, it is shocking the manner in which you jest on sacred subjects; where will all this end? what will you become?'

'Not a Franciscan monk, I promise you, at any rate,' said the young lord, laughing.

'Do you think it is gentlemanly, not to say Christian, to make a mockery of these things?'

'What things? That wonderful dove? or the thornless roses? Is it not a good joke, now? Come, confess it is, Mr Wilmington, and put off that sober face of yours.'

'I do n't see any joke in it, I assure you; nothing to laugh at, at all.'

'Do n't you? well, I shall write and tell my brother Oxborough, and see what he thinks about it. I am sure he will agree with me.'

'You had better not say anything about it to Lord Oxborough, I think,' said Arthur, or, as we shall now call him, Mr Wilmington.

'Why not? But I will though; just to let you see that it is no harm to laugh at fun, and if these notions are not funny ones,

'I wonder where we are to go to look for fun;' replied Lord Frederick, making the rest of the party, whom they had now nearly overtaken, turn round to see what the thing was that caused such a very hearty laugh to ring through the air, from the lips of the merry young scion of the noble house of Castleford.

But now they were entering Rome, the city of seven hills, once mistress of the world; and were silent, some of them at least, from feeling too deep for words.

They thought of Rome's old history, of her Ciceros and her Virgils, and the poets that sang her great deeds in deathless lays; they thought of her brave people, her gallant armies, her Aurelian, her Augustus, and all her royal race of the triumphal crown; they thought of the battles that were always victories, in the brave old days of yore, and of the men that did so much for their country and suffered so much for liberty.

And then they thought of what Rome was at that hour. The crown fallen, the arch of triumph broken, the poet silent, and the people lost. They thought of the *was*, and then they thought of the *is*, and of course they left not unthought of the reason of the change.

They were silent and thoughtful that party, all of them, for Rome, her history and fate, was now before them; her history was immortal in their memories, but her fate—that was dark as the muddy waters of the Tiber.

At last they were entering Rome, all of them for the first time, and a breathless sense of an overawing something made them silent and serious—even Lord Frederick. They were entering Rome, that mighty city, that was for long the sovereign of the known earth, and now they were to see all the wonderful buildings they had heard and read of, and walk in the streets that had been trodden by the men of unforgotten names.

As they passed through the Porta del Popolo, every one breathed audibly, and every one was glad when that oppressive sense of awe passed away, which it did the very minute that that audible sigh escaped from the lips of each, when Lord Castleford exclaimed, as they entered—

'And this is the Eternal City!'

'Why do they call it the Eternal City, papa?' asked Lady Adeliza, when the Marquis had disburthened himself of this wonderful piece of information.

'Well, I really believe it was because——'pon my word I am not quite sure,' replied the Marquis, somewhat puzzled.

'Oxborough says Rome's to be burned up some day; I suppose that's the reason,' said Lord Frederick.

'Does he really? How does he know that, I wonder? I hope it won't be while we're here,' the Marquis said.

'Pardon me, Lord Castleford; I believe I could tell you where Lord Oxborough has acquired this idea,' chimed in Mr Wilmington.

'Could you? Well, no matter; I don't care much; never mind Mr Wilmington; it is of no consequence. Really I don't care now,' continued Lord Castleford, as he saw that Wilmington seemed particularly anxious to afford an explanation.

'Where was it, Mr Wilmington?' asked that gentleman's pupil, as soon as Lord Castleford had done speaking.

'Really now, Frederick, it is of no consequence; not the least—not the very least,' Frederick's noble father told him.

'Pray where was it, Mr Wilmington? I want to know,' continued the young nobleman, evidently determined to get an answer, the more that Lord Castleford declared that it was really of no consequence, not the least.

'May I tell him, my lord?' asked the gentleman addressed.

'Well, you may, if he wishes; but it is really of no consequence, not the least; I am sure it is not,' replied the Marquis.

'I think I am not wrong in saying that Lord Oxborough acquired this absurd notion from a fellow-student at Oxford, then,' Mr Wilmington said.

'Do you think so? do you know the name of that student?' asked Lord Frederick.

'Yes, I believe so.'

'Pray tell me his name.'

'Shall I?'

'Yes, of course, that I may dislike him, if he teaches poor Oxborough "absurd notions,"' said the young lord, with a slight expression of comicality in his face.

'Perhaps I had better not, though,' said Mr Wilmington.

'Oh! you must now, after exciting one's curiosity in this way; positively you must, Mr Wilmington.'

'Shall I guess, Mr Wilmington?' asked the Lady Adeliza. 'I think I have heard Lord Oxborough speaking of this same gentleman.'

'Not impossibly, Lady Adeliza,' replied the gentleman addressed.

'Was it a Mr Annandale?'

'That is the name.'

'Oh! Annandale—Mr Annandale,' said the Marquis; 'I have heard Oxborough speaking of him: very proper young man, he said; very studious, and all that.'

'I think Lord Oxborough had formed rather too favourable an opinion of Mr Annandale,' Mr Wilmington ventured to remark.

'Indeed! pray how was that? Oxborough is rather too easily taken in; I daresay you have seen that, sir; I heard a rumour of some fancy of his in Oxford; some pretty face from the country, I believe.'

'Oh, papa! is that the Egyptian obelisk?' asked the Lady Adeliza, as if she knew something about this fancy of Lord Oxborough, and had some idea that the present company was not just the one to do full justice to Lord Castleford's paternal observation.

'I believe it is, my dear ; at least I suppose so ; what does the "Guide-Book" say ? Can you see, Frederick ?'

'Oh ! there is something about Heliopolis, wherever that is, that it came from ; and something about, let me see, that fellow Augustus that brought it here. Yes, that is the Egyptian obelisk, to be sure ; I do n't see anything wonderful about it.'

'Lord Frederick !' exclaimed Mr Wilmington, and then checked himself, as he remembered that that was neither the time nor the place for a lecture on the respect due to Rome.

'And this is the Corso ? Fine street ; wish I was home again, though,' said the Marquis, pathetically.

'What would become of your fair daughter, then, Lord Castleford ?' asked Frederick.

'Of course I do n't mean I wish I was at home without her ; wish she was well, but—'

'I believe we all do that,' said Lady Castleford, who did not talk very much at any time, and was not particularly inclined to do so as all the grandeur of Rome was impressing itself on her senses.

'Thank you, mamma ; I shall soon be well now, I hope. Italy has done wonders for me already,' said Lady Adeliza.

'Kiss the Pope's—slipper, I suppose I had better say, and you'll be all right, Adeliza,' exclaimed Frederick.

'For shame, Frederick ! how can you think I would do so ?'

'Everybody does now ; why, here's Mr Wilmington thinks the happiest day of his life would be that in which he would go down on his knees and put his mouth to the dirty slipper of his Holiness. Bah !'

'Really, Lord Frederick, this is too bad !' said Mr Wilmington, reddening, whether with shame or anger it was impossible to say.

'Too bad ! I should think so ; yet everybody is running to the old Pope, to make——. Well now, Mr Wilmington, I won't set you mad ; 'pon my word I won't, then,' said Lord Frederick, with a very roguish expression on his countenance.

Wilmington turned away his head and bit his lip. Frederick caught a glimpse of his face, and it seemed to be darker and crosser than usual. The young lord had found out the subject which annoyed Mr Wilmington more than any one, and yet could not help making fun sometimes of those things which he was surprised to find Mr Wilmington viewed in so very different a light. Oxborough and he had laughed at the absurd legends of Rome, and he knew Oxborough was of the same opinion as he was upon this matter. He had wondered, therefore, how it was that his brother had so strongly recommended Mr Wilmington as a tutor and companion, when they were all about to set out for Italy. He had wondered, too, that Mr Wilmington accepted the situation, for he heard he was very well off ; but Mr Wilmington seemed delighted to go to Italy in such company, perhaps for reasons of his own.

Oxborough had come to town one morning just before they left England, and urgently pressed on his father the advisability of taking Wilmington with him. One of Lord Oxborough's secret reasons was, that he began to dislike the influence that Mr Tractate was gaining over Wilmington, and he thought a visit to Rome would be the very best thing to cure him of his absurd notions on the subject of its Church. To do Lord Oxborough justice, he did not know how far Wilmington had gone towards Popery, or he would never have wished to see him placed in constant companionship with his brother.

But there was another cause that inclined him to look favourably on Arthur Wilmington. Somebody dropped a hint one day that was not lost upon Lord Oxborough. Somebody thought that Arthur was not in good company at Oxford, and that if he went to travel for a little while he might be much improved by it; and somebody asked Lord Oxborough's opinion on the subject, and Lord Oxborough soon found it was urgently necessary that when Frederick went abroad Arthur Wilmington should accompany him.

And so it happened that the matter was settled; and there was a pleasant face all bright with smiles, and a little hand with a cordial welcome for Lord Oxborough when the matter was all arranged so satisfactorily, one fine summer evening.

An amazing change did the climate of Rome make in the health of the young invalid. As the days ran into weeks, Lady Adeliza got stronger and stronger, and thoroughly enjoyed the place, notwithstanding its dirt and dust.

Many an interesting place was visited, and many a statue and picture examined. None of the party were what you would call connoisseurs, but they had all a taste for the fine arts; a taste which is almost inseparable from that education which forms the minds of the higher classes of the sons and daughters of England. This admiration of the beautiful, in painting and sculpture, refines and ennobles the possessor; and if not carried to that excess which the devotees of Rome's superstitious system carry it, is capable of affording a very high and perfectly innocent gratification.

The celebrated picture-gallery of the Borghese Palace was, of course, visited by Lord Castleford and his party. Lady Adeliza was gazing intently on a beautiful landscape, and admiring its colouring and details, when she was startled by Lord Frederick exclaiming, in a voice half-choking with laughter—

'Oh, Adeliza! come here; leave that old smoky picture, and look at this.'

'What is it, pray?'

'Do come here, and you will see.'

'Well, here I am, now. Oh, my! what is this?' the lady exclaimed; 'can you tell, Mr Wilmington?'

'That is, I believe, a painting by Paolo Veronese, Lady Adeliza.'

'But the subject—what is it about?'

'There is a monk, at any rate, Adeliza; he is standing on a rock,

you see; why, I declare, I think he must be preaching to the fishes. If that is n't a good joke!' cried Lord Frederick, with one of his merry laughs.

'I think there are many pictures better worthy of close examination than this one,' said Mr Wilmington, hurriedly; 'for instance—'

'Oh! you want to get us away out of this, Mr Wilmington; but I do n't intend to go at present; not till I see all about these wonderful fishes here; catch me!'

'Well now, really, that is a strange picture; really it is,' said Lord Castleford, coming up just at this point of the conversation.

'Is it not St Anthony preaching to the fishes?' asked Lady Castleford.

'I believe it is; yes, I believe it is. Addison tells all about it in his travels, doesn't he? does n't he, Mr Wilmington?'

'I never read Addison, my lord; I do n't know anything about this picture,' said Mr Wilmington, looking, at the same time, remarkably conscious of knowing a great deal about it, but wishing to say very little; and anxious, above all things, to get away from that odious picture with the utmost possible expedition.

'Oh, yes! Addison tells all about it. St Anthony preached a sermon to the fishes, you know; told them that they were reptiles, and all that sort of thing; that they could n't hear, and could n't speak.'

'I do n't suppose it required a saint to tell them that,' chimed in Lord Frederick.

'That they could n't speak, and went down to the bottom of the sea, and much more excellent matter, I have no doubt,' said Lord Castleford.

'I hope they were remarkably grateful. What an amazingly good-natured fellow the saint must have been to take the trouble of stretching out his arm that way, and talking to the fishes!' rattled on the young lord.

'I think, Lord Frederick—'

'Oh! I know what you think, Mr Wilmington, and I know what I think; and that is, that it is a highly-edifying sight to see all these dolphins and whales so very attentive to the preacher. Don't you wish you had been there to see, Mr Wilmington?' asked Lord Frederick, slyly.

'St Anthony is a great patron of horses and—'

'Donkeys, papa, and geese, I suppose,' added the son of Lord Castleford, looking mischievously over towards Mr Wilmington, who seemed to have got St Vitus's dance, he was so fidgetty.

'Yes, I suppose so,' said the marquis, unconsciously; 'I suppose so; of course.'

'That is St Antonio; his sacred day will be on Sunday next,' said a stranger, who seemed to have been listening, unperceived, to part of the foregoing conversation.

'Oh, indeed! thank you,' said Lord Castleford, moving on,

and by no means anxious to become better acquainted with the gentleman.

'Will he preach to the fishes on Sunday, Mr Wilmington?' Lord Frederick asked.

'Certainly not: he is long dead.'

'Oh! but I have heard there is something wonderful done on St Anthony's day. I shall go and see—that I know. Will you?'

'If you go I suppose I must,' replied Mr Wilmington, unwillingly.

And to the convent of St Anthony they went on the following Sunday. Frederick got a good position, and Wilmington followed him closely. They had some trouble in getting through the crowd, for there were lots of people looking on, like themselves, for want of something better to do.

'Look here, Mr Wilmington,' exclaimed Lord Frederick, as a lazy monk, almost too fat to walk, came to the door, with a great brush in his hand, which he could hardly hold, because his fingers were so fat.

'What is he dipping it in?'

'Hush! In holy water,' replied Mr Wilmington.

'See, he is splashing the horses with it, I declare; well, if that is n't a good joke!'

'Positively, Lord Frederick, you will get into a scrape if you go on in this way.'

'Never fear; let me see if these fellows would dare to touch an Englishman,' exclaimed Lord Frederick, indignantly, all the spirit of his race and nation rising up at the very idea of those Italians laying hands on a free Briton, though he was in the dominion of the Pope, and ever so far away from home.

'Come along, Mr Wilmington,' he continued, 'till I see what this monk is getting,' as he left the position he had previously occupied, and got up closer to the very fat monk, with the very fat hands, that were hardly able to hold the big brush with the holy water.

'Oh! come home, Lord Frederick; you have seen quite enough of this: indeed, I wonder what brought you here at all.'

'Fun,' replied that young nobleman, laughing; 'and is n't it fun? Just look at that donkey shaking its ears after getting splashed with the holy water; it does n't seem to like it much; it is a most irreverent donkey! Do n't you think so?'

'You are not very reverent, at any rate.'

'Reverent, Mr Wilmington? That's a good idea! I suppose all this holy water is to be of inestimable value to that poor ass, now; I wonder if it will save it from a good cudgelling as soon as it gets round the corner?'

'Have a care what you are saying, young sir,' cried a stranger standing near, who seemed to have a little of the Irish brogue, and to have come from some part of that land where the holy water is not bestowed so liberally upon all donkeys.

'Are you a believer in St Anthony, pray?' asked the person addressed.

'I think we had better return now,' said Mr Wilmington, taking out his watch; 'we have a good way to go.'

'Very well,' replied Frederick, and they moved on.

When they returned home Frederick gave a graphic description of the ceremony he had witnessed that day, and the manner in which they sometimes spend Sunday in Rome. While he was doing so a servant told Mr Wilmington that a gentleman was below, and wished to see him. Mr Wilmington hastily retired, and did not return for some time. Frederick said the visitor had the whitest face and the blackest hair he ever saw; and, as Mr Wilmington was on the stairs returning, Lord Frederick declared—

'That any one who became a Papist, after seeing all he had seen, must be an odd fish or an extraordinary donkey!'

---

## CHAPTER XVII.

A STRANGE medley would be a catalogue of all the travellers who have visited Rome.

There would be the little pig-tailed Chinaman, doubtless, and the fat, tobacco-piped Dutchman. The knowing Yankee, winking at the Pope, and reckoning he was 'cute enough to take in them ere Jesuits, would follow next after the respectable London merchant, with the big watch, that was his grandfather's, hanging from wherever they used to keep big watches before little pockets were invented in waistcoats, and long before the birth of Albert chains. Of course there would be the Austrian—mean, stunted, serf-like creature—keeping a jealous eye on the vermicular motions of Monsieur from the French capital. There would be princes from peacock-land, and thick-lipped converts from some undiscovered territory, surrounding the source of some marvellous river, in some part of black Africa. The haughty Spaniard, proud as Lucifer, and yet not too proud to permit his veiled wife to frequent the confessional, nor his sons to become begging friars, would deem it beneath his dignity to notice the subservient son of Erin, who, running against him in the narrow streets, 'did n't mane to insult his honour.'

The native of the burning-sun land, and the native of the ever-snow land, if they met nowhere else, would meet some time in Rome. The serf of the crescent, and the slave of the crucifix, might meet, in Rome, some mourner for a dishonoured cross.

The jewel-crowned emperor, the royal prince, and the scarcely less regal grand duke, would meet, in that city, the peers and commoners of Britain, the nobles and peasants of France, the

freemen and serfs of Russia, the rich of all lands where there were riches, and the beggar-pilgrim from many a country where gold was as great a rarity as the snow-flake on the roofs of Timbuctoo.

But one sight would not be seen in that city of popes, and bishops, and priests, and monks, and nuns; and that is, the little Sunday scholar going home from his class, with his Bible in his hand on a Sunday morning.

Ask the reason, and you will be told that the book is too dear for a child to buy, and too big for a child to carry; that Rome has got along pretty well hitherto in defiance of God's Bible; and that Rome does n't mean to have anything whatever to do with it at this time of day.

To bring the Bible into Rome is the smuggler's trade; it is illegal, prohibited: and if you want to have the book with the history of Christ, you must hide it from the eye of the 'head of the Christian Church' in that very Christian land.

His holiness would tell you that you had far better go with Lord Frederick St Just, as he compels Mr Wilmington to accompany him to see the festival of the Bambino, in the 'church' of S. Maria d'Ara Cœli.

'Far better stay at home, Lord Frederick; you will not do any good by attending this ceremony,' said Mr Wilmington, with something like vexation in his tone.

'I sha n't stay at home, I tell you; I must see the ceremony.'

'It will not do you any good.'

'I think you would like me to become a Papist, Mr Wilmington; you ought to encourage me to see these things, then.'

'I, Lord Frederick? what an idea!'

'Well, perhaps not; but at any rate, if this Church of Rome be such a model, let us see this show of hers.'

'There now, again! You call one of the church's festivals a show! Will you ever learn to speak with becoming respect of the church and its system, Lord Frederick?'

'Of course I have no notion of speaking very respectfully of the Church of Rome; you know that, Mr Wilmington.'

'Thoughtless boy! I wish—'

'Oh, come along, and never mind wishing; you see it's no use with me. Here, they'll all be up before us if you do n't make haste.'

'Keep quiet do, pray, if you must go.'

'Quiet? am I not always quiet?' asked Lord Frederick, with a sly look, running up the steps to the church, and making the loitering peasants stare at the wild young English nobleman.

'What are those old fellows doing?' asked that young nobleman.

'Do be quiet, and look.'

'Hallo! what's that in that priest's arms? A great, ugly, wooden doll, I declare!'

'Kneel down, Lord Frederick; do n't you see they are all kneeling?'

‘Kneel? I should think not. Do you know what idolatry is, Mr Wilmington? I have got some slight notion of it in my head.’

‘You will scandalize the congregation by these observations, if they understand you,’ replied Mr Wilmington, angrily.

‘No fear, they are too busy watching the necklaces and all the bright jewels in the head of that —. By the way, Mr Wilmington, I wonder if it is true that there is a jewel in the head of a toad?’ asked Lord Frederick, making a move back as if he saw some terribly ugly thing before him, that he would n’t touch, even if it had a jewel in its head.

‘You had better leave this, I think,’ said Mr Wilmington, ‘the people are observing you.’

‘Shame, you Englishman, shame!’ whispered a little Italian lady beside them, looking at Lord Frederick.

‘Come away, do; did n’t I tell you that you would be observed, Lord Frederick?’

‘Go, young heretic! Our holy Bambino, too, that the great St Luke painted, to be mocked at by an English heretic!—Go!’ she said, working herself into a violent passion, and following them, as they retired, with a torrent of indignation, at the idea of that miracle-working friend of married ladies being so grossly insulted in her presence.

‘Painted by St Luke! ha! ha! ha!’ exclaimed Lord Frederick, quite unable to restrain his mirth, excited partly by the ugliness of the image, partly by the absurdity of the whole ceremony, and partly by the grotesque appearance of the devotee, who stood up so valiantly in defence of that ugly wooden doll, that they say shone once by spontaneous combustion, and jumped up to the tongue of the big bell in the Franciscan convent, and set it ringing merrily.

‘Beautiful baby! sleep, pretty creature!’ said the young lord, with a comical face, and a semi-pathetic tone, as he turned round to meet Mr Wilmington, who followed slowly, while Lord Frederick ran hastily down the steps, glad to get away from the tongue of the Italian belle.

‘Won’t you be a Papist soon, Mr Wilmington? I would if I were you. Do n’t you think that a remarkably edifying sight? That and St Antonio’s ceremony would be enough to make me—’

‘Tut! Lord Frederick! nothing will make a Christian of you, I fear.’

‘Would the Bambino be likely?’

‘It has a good effect on some of the people, I have no doubt, to witness such ceremonies.’

‘Are there any infidels here, Mr Wilmington?’

‘How should I know? Why?’

‘I was just thinking that there seems to be no choice for the people here but infidelity or idolatry.’

‘Who put that into your head?’

‘Oh! never mind, I heard it; and I do n’t know but it’s true.’

‘How you pervert everything you see in Rome, Lord Frederick ! It is very strange and very wrong ; you are not able to understand the mysteries—’

‘Of beautiful Bambinos,’ interrupted Frederick.

Wilmington vouchsafed not a reply to the remark of Lord Frederick St Just. Perhaps he did n’t hear it, though that was not likely—perhaps he was thinking of something suggested by it—perhaps he was particularly gratified at the approach of yonder pedestrian, on whom his eyes were, without doubt, fixed, as he approached the two English travellers.

On came the pedestrian, at any rate, and, as he came on, Mr Wilmington’s eye sought Lord Frederick’s several times, hurriedly. The young nobleman never minded this. He was too busy looking at the buildings they passed, and at the strange faces of ivory set in ebony. Mr Wilmington hoped that he would look at that odd figure of the beggar on horseback across the street, as the pedestrian drew nearer, which Lord Frederick seemed to be doing, to Mr Wilmington’s great satisfaction.

They have passed him now ; and Mr Wilmington, congratulating himself on the circumstance that the slight nod of recognition that he had received from the passer-by was unnoticed by the lively and playful youth, adventured some observation on the remarkable fact that it seemed to be the custom for beggars to get on horseback when they were riding to Rome.

‘Who was that you bowed to ?’ asked the young scion of nobility, very much to Mr Wilmington’s surprise.

‘A friend—at least an acquaintance of mine,’ replied that gentleman.

‘I did not know you had any friend in Rome.’

‘I have many friends here, Lord Frederick.’

‘Did I ever see that one before ?’

‘I think not.’

‘I have, though.’

‘Where ?’

‘Come now, Mr Wilmington, how very close you are ; what a great secret you make of your friend visiting you. Did not that same gentleman pay you a visit lately—the day we went to see the fat monk washing the donkeys ?’

‘Oh ! did you see him ? I had forgotten that he had done so.’

‘Forgotten ? Really !’

‘Yes, forgotten, Lord Frederick,’ replied Mr Wilmington, reddening.

‘Will you answer me one question, Mr Wilmington ?’

‘I do not know ; what is it ?’

‘Is that man a Jesuit ?’

How should I know ?’ said Mr Wilmington, angrily ; ‘I suppose you think I am a Jesuit, and know all about them.’

‘Do you know anything about the Jesuits ?’

‘A little.’

'Are they not a very wicked set of men? I think I have heard so.'

'So their calumniators say.'

'Will they tell us all about themselves when we go to the college to-morrow?'

'Perhaps not.'

'Will you ask them, Mr Wilmington?'

'I shall not accompany you.'

'Why not?'

'I have an engagement for to-morrow—a very particular one.'

'Shall I ask Lord Castleford to postpone his visit then, till you can accompany us?'

'By no means.'

'Tell me something about the Jesuits; do.'

'Well, if we were Roman Catholics we should admire them for their remarkable docility, their self-denying exertions, their efforts for the promotion of education, and their missionary zeal,' replied Mr Wilmington.

'But as we are Protestants—'

'Oh! the Protestants have many strange notions about the Jesuits. I don't know all the stories that are told about them; in fact, I never could read them, nor listen to them, for I don't believe any set of men could be guilty of the atrocities charged against the Jesuits.'

'But then, you know, you do n't think very badly of the Papists for anything, Mr Wilmington.'

'You have picked up Lord Oxborough's habit of laughing at all about what you call Popery; I wish you would give it up.'

'Then, I don't, that's all; and I have no intention of giving up laughing, I can tell you.'

'Here is the Marquis himself coming to meet us,' said Mr Wilmington, very glad to change the conversation, for he never liked to talk much about Rome's religion or system to his clever and sarcastic pupil. Whenever it happened that they began to talk about it, Mr Wilmington seemed to be under a sort of restraint, as if he would have been glad to speak more freely than he thought it quite prudent to do. He contented himself with hinting that the religion of Rome was a venerable and much misunderstood one, and that the professors of that religion had been very much misrepresented. Upon Lord Frederick these hints were entirely lost. He did not know much about Popery till he came to Rome; but he came there with strong boyish prejudices against a religion and a system that had done so much mischief in England. He knew that a couple of men had plotted against Queen Elizabeth, and that it was said that these men were Jesuits. He had read with great interest the story of the Gunpowder Plot, and had had his indignation awakened against Garnet, as the instigator of it; and he never forgot that the man that had planned the assassination of the royalty and nobility of

England, and justly suffered for the murderous design, was the Provincial of the Order of the Jesuits. And all that he had seen since he came to Rome had strengthened his dislike to Popery. He was but a boy, and yet he could feel that there was no true religion in the adoration of a Bambino or the blessing of donkeys on St Anthony's day. He could not think that the religion of old England was the dreadful thing that he knew the Pope and cardinals thought it. He knew the Pope thought it a dreadful religion, and that on one day every year he cursed all the heretics of England, from the peasant in his little rose-tree porch to the Queen in her regal halls. He heard the clergyman telling this to Lord Castleford one day, and Lord Castleford saying—

'Now really! this is too bad; it is disgraceful; positively it is, I declare.'

It was a curious thing that Lord Castleford should have been saying just the very same thing when his son and Mr Wilmington met him on the present occasion.

'Now really! this is too bad; it is disgraceful; positively it is, I declare,' said the Marquis.

'What is wrong now, papa?'

'Can't get my papers, Frederick; no *Times*, no *Herald*, no *Post*. What shall I do? this is too bad it is, I declare.'

'Send to the post-office, papa.'

'Why, you stupid boy, of course I did that; but I can't get them.'

'Why not?'

'I do n't know, I am sure. What shall I do without my papers? No news in this abominable place; nothing but pictures, and popes, and columns, and cardinals. It is too bad; it is, I declare.'

'Send your compliments to the Pope, and tell him he is a very bad "papa" to keep people fretting for their toys,' said the Marquis's son.

'Tut, Frederick! nonsense; you do n't care; it's nothing to you; you go laughing at beggars, and donkeys, and scarlet hats, and everything; but here I am, and I can't get my papers. It's too bad, positively it is.'

'I shall laugh at you, papa, if you go on in this way. The Pope will think that the English live upon newspapers, and will send you up some of the crows or hedgehogs we saw in the market, that you may dine on them instead of the stolen newspapers.'

'I do n't see anything to laugh at; I do n't indeed; nice liberty they have here, when you can't get your own newspaper. Why everybody may be dead at home, and we know nothing about it. I call this stealing, now; very shabby; not a doubt of it. Is n't it too bad, Mr Wilmington?'

'There may be excuses for it here, my lord.'

'Of course there may; of course. They make excuses for everything here. They make excuses for the dirt, and excuses for the darkness at night, and excuses for sending us out to the

swine market to church on Sunday, as if we must not pray within the gates of Rome. There will be plenty of excuses; not a doubt of it; of course,' said Lord Castleford, testily.

Had the Marquis of Castleford gone, in his present mood, to the College of the Jesuits, he would doubtless have commenced about the liberty of the press and the hardship of being deprived of one's newspapers. It would have been a capital place, too, for a discussion on the subject, considering that in all probability some member of the Order had pocketed his unfortunate newspapers, on account of some article, or report of some meeting, particularly obnoxious to the government of 'his holiness.'

But he did not go till the next morning, when, having had time to think over the matter, and having received some of his papers, after certain unpalatable articles had been cut out, he was not disposed to be very severe on the papal government, thus illustrating that principle of our nature, which has as often been productive of evil as of good consequences—that a slight act of restitution, after a previous great wrong done, wipes out the memory of the wrong, takes away all thought of resistance, and perpetuates the evil that it should have been the bounden duty of the person wronged, to try, by all means in his power, to put an end to.

He had got an order of admission to the Jesuits' College, and took with him his son, Lord Frederick. He had fully expected that Mr Wilmington would have accompanied them; indeed he did not know how they could get on without him, and said so. But Lord Frederick thought that they could get on very well; that the Jesuits were not going to catch them, and shut them up in the Inquisition; and that it would be a pretty story to have circulated through the palaces of the Roman nobility that the Most Noble the Marquis of Castleford, of Castleford Park, was afraid to venture alone to visit the Jesuits' establishment, lest the said Jesuits should have him conveyed away bodily to those dungeons where, it is said, they shut up their prisoners; dungeons that are deep, and dark, and damp, and dismal, and dreary.

'Here we are,' said Lord Castleford; 'I came here yesterday to make sure of the locality.'

'And I see they do n't intend to keep us waiting long,' Lord Frederick added, as they were admitted within the walls.

'Here we are; but where are we to go, I wonder, Frederick?'

'Somebody will come by-and-by, I have no doubt, and show us. Funny long galleries these. I wonder if they ever run races here?'

said that young personage.

'Take care, Frederick; take care of these Jesuits; they may hear you, perhaps.'

'Well, papa, if they do: it can't be a sin, yet, to run races in Rome, I think!'

'Hush! here comes some one.'

'What a funny long gown! What a queer cap on the top of

his head! whispered Frederick, even the dress of the Jesuit affording him amusement.

'Follow me, and I will show you our establishment,' said the Jesuit, approaching the Marquis and Lord Frederick; and addressing them politely in very excellent English.

They did so, and saw the halls, refectories, the chapel of Ignatius Loyola, and the room in which died that wretched visionary of a fatal faith.

'Is that the picture of—?'

'That is the portrait of our founder, St Ignatius Loyola,' replied the Jesuit, noticing Lord Frederick's hesitation, and courteously relieving him from his dilemma.

'Can we see the library?' asked the Marquis.

'Certainly,' replied the Jesuit, preceding the visitors to the door of that apartment, and there taking his leave.

'I wonder what they keep in there?' said Lord Frederick, pointing to a door at one end of the library.

'I do n't know, I am sure. You had better not ask,' replied the Marquis.

'Oh, yes! he may ask,' said the brother of the Order who now accompanied them, whose face Lord Frederick had seen before, he was sure he knew where: 'in that room we keep all the books that have been written against our Order.'

'Have you novels there? Protestant ones?'

'Yes; every sort of book, histories, travels, and tales, that traduces or maligns the Brotherhood of the Society of Jesus.'

Lady Castleford and Lady Adeliza St Just had, through the courtesy of an unknown individual, received invitations to be present that day at a grand festival to be celebrated in the vast Church of Gesu, the church of the Jesuit Order. Mr Wilmington had accompanied them to the door, whence they were conducted to a little gallery where everything could be seen by them; and they were to meet Lord Castleford and his son outside the church when the ceremony was over.

The Pope was there in state, and with him all the cardinals, those princes of Rome's Church who glory in their proud apparel, that rich and dazzling scarlet—the scarlet of Rome. With the Pope came the Swiss guards, concealing their mercenary forms under the peculiar livery of yellow and scarlet that is the badge of that service in which they pass their lives, hirelings of the papacy as they are.

The high altar was one blaze of light. Near the altar stood twelve pupils of the Jesuits, in bright scarlet, with long wax candles in their hands, now kneeling motionless as statues, and now bending forward, in adoration of that creation of man that they worshipped as their god.

And the church was crowded with worshippers, all in black, for they seemed to be mourning for the dying year: it was its last day, and it would soon be dead. They met there, among the

marble statues and rich decorations of the Church of Gesu, and listened to the pealing music of the organ, as they drank in the sounds—music that was of the sweetest and most exquisite, under the vaulted roof of that magnificent Church of Gesu.

The rich tones of the organ, the beauty of the statues, the brilliancy of the gorgeous dresses, made that a famous festival; and the people said, what a glorious and a pious Order was that of the Jesuits, with their gold and silver, and precious stones, and pearls, their marble, and their purple and scarlet.

In this gorgeous ceremony, the organ sounded and the Pope sang, '*Te Deum Laudamus*.'

'We praise thee, O God,' he said; 'we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.'

The organ sounded and again he sang, and this time the words that came were these—

'The noble army of martyrs praise thee.'

There knelt then, far off, in a convent, a little girl of England; she prayed and said, 'Our Father!'

Up from that Church of Gesu went the words—claiming free ingress to heaven because the Pope sang them at that scarlet shrine—  
'The noble army of martyrs praise thee.'

Up from the lonely cell, in the far-off convent, went other words from a weeping girl; and the clouds rolled back from the golden throne as the words were heard—

'Our Father!'

---

## CHAPTER XVIII.

THE sun shone in through the window of John Connell's office, and fell upon his desk. The motes danced up and down in the sunbeams, merrily running up the slanting beam to the window, and then turning shy and running down again to the desk. They danced their merry sun-dance, those motes, without music of any sort, whirling and twisting, and playing all sorts of games in the sun-ray, as if it was the pleasure of a mote's existence to dance while the sun shone, and, when it did not, its fate to die.

John Connell did not mind the motes, not he: it is to be doubted if he had ever been conscious that the world contained such things. He knew there was a beam in his eye, as he stood at the desk there, but as for the motes, he knew nothing about them. It might be that he was destined to find out more about motes and beams before he laid his head down to take the long sleep, from which he would never awake, to see at his pillow a tall, stiff stone, standing bolt upright, bearing on it the words, 'John Connell.'

John Connell did not see the motes, yet he made a surprising

commotion among them when he let his closed hand fall do with a bang on the green-baize cover of the desk before him. Whew! how they did whisk round in the sunbeam, and then run away up to the very glass of the window, hiding in the corners of the panes, till at last they ventured to come out again, when John Connell stood still before the desk, leaning his head on his left hand thoughtfully, and looking down at the green-baize cover.

He stood there in his little office at his desk, with his pen stuck behind his ear, his hair cut close, and an old coat on, with windows in the elbows, through which his shirt persisted in looking out whenever his arm was raised from the desk.

Now it must not be supposed that John Connell was by any means an untidy man—not at all. But he was a man who didn't see the use of wearing a good coat all day, waiting for clients; said clients seldom coming to see whether he had on a blue coat, or a black coat, or a brown coat, or, in short, any coat at all.

Yet he kept an office, and waited there every day, from ten o'clock in the morning. He came in regularly at ten o'clock; sometimes drawing up the blind if the day was dark, and sometimes drawing down the blind if the sun was shining. But dark day or bright day, it made no difference to John Connell, for there he was sure to be precisely at ten o'clock.

Had John Connell no business, then? That he had. He received the rents for Squire Rollick, and got a commission on the same; and he had an occasional visit from some old client, who still persisted in coming to him for advice, though John declared that he thought the people should go to the next town and consult Mr Waiter, who was a young man, a respectable man, and an intelligent man, just set up as a lawgiver for a small consideration.

These old clients of John's thought differently. They remembered how carefully he had attended to their business when he was young and active; how successfully he managed all their concerns; and how very seldom the cases of John Connell's clients turned out badly when brought into court.

And so they would drive up to his office in their gigs sometimes, and sometimes ride up on horseback; and sometimes, too, they would come walking to the village inn, take a glass of ale and some bread and cheese, and then go straight over to John Connell, being sure to find him, if in the land of the living, standing close behind his office desk.

John considered himself to have retired from business, and he was retired enough, in all conscience, having no visitors except the said clients and buzzing blue-flies, that played the mischief with the circle of dancing motes, sporting themselves in the beams of the sun. What a mistake we have committed! Pardon us, John Connell, and thou other most respectable visitor, that art neither a client nor a bluebottle!

How could it be that, while attending to the motes, bluebottles, and clients, we overlooked Mr Anderson, our venerable friend?

It must have been that the sunbeams came into our eyes, and we did not see him, or that, if there was not a beam in our eye, at least there was a mote.

To-day he comes in, and hands his usual card to Mr Connell. Not that he had a card exactly, but that he might have had, for he had one form of words always ready to use when he came into Mr Connell's office; and this form, as it was short, pithy, and invariably the same, might have been engraved on a card, and would have saved him the trouble of constantly repeating the same question, and sadly interrupting, on sunny days, the dance of the motes.

This question which Mr Anderson always asked Mr Connell, always received exactly the same answer.

When Mr Anderson came into Mr Connell's office, Mr Connell knew what was coming. He was perfectly conscious that one set of words, and one only, would make its escape from Mr Anderson's mouth and take refuge in his organ of hearing, and he heard the words plainly, as if the echo of yesterday, before even Mr Anderson had uttered a sound.

And, on the other hand, when Mr Anderson had spoken, and waited for an answer to his question, with the same attentive attitude and the same look of interest, he knew perfectly well that Mr Connell was going to say the same thing he had said yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that, and ever so many days, in a long procession, since the day they had together, at the Park, met Mr McIntosh and Charles Annandale. But, nevertheless, Mr Anderson would not for anything have omitted the question, though he knew very well what the answer would be; and Mr Connell would not, on any account, have given an answer to the question—though he might have done so very well, knowing what was to come—before it was asked.

So they got on capitally, these two, with all courtesy and propriety, and Mr Anderson every day asked Mr Connell,

‘Is there any news to-day?’

And Mr Connell, knowing very well what particular sort of thing he wanted, would have given the same answer if London had been sacked by the French—

‘Not any news, I am sorry to say, Mr Anderson.’

And to-day, when Mr Anderson came in and asked the same question, it seemed that Mr Connell's answer was in a more doleful tone than usual, though the day was bright and cheerful enough for that matter, and the sun shone in brightly through the window.

When Mr Anderson had asked the question, and Mr Connell had answered it, and Mr Anderson thereupon was just about to depart, something happened.

It is very odd how often something happens when we don't expect it. We may have been looking for it for years and years; hunting for it in all sorts of out-of-the-way places; spending

money to try and find it! getting people to go here, and go there, to see if they cannot discover it and bring it to light somehow. And the people have come back and said they cannot find it; and the money has been spent and it has not been any gain, but loss; and the years and years have rolled away, and we have got so much nearer the end of our time, that we give up all hope of ever discovering the thing that people and money and years have failed to bring to light.

When Mr Anderson was about to leave Mr Connell's office something happened. What was it? Be quick; tell us; do not keep us waiting in suspense; let us into the secret at once; do say what was it that happened!

Something happened.

For just as Mr Anderson was turning to go out of the office; had settled his hat; given the right corner of his shirt-collar a pull, to try and take that uncomfortable bend out of it; and turned round his walking-stick two or three times in his hand; in short, just as he was turning round, and in the act of bending his head to salute Mr Connell, and of opening his mouth to say, 'Good-bye—'

A fly lit upon his nose.

That was what happened. Wasn't it odd now? Don't be angry; perhaps you expected something wonderful, but it is not well, you know, to indulge in unreasonable expectations, for these are almost always certain to be disappointed.

When the fly lit upon his nose, it tickled that prominent member; and though a fly upon the top of a nose would not be a very good subject for our poets to try their hands upon, it is by no means a trifling incident, nor one unworthy of being narrated in our story.

When the fly lit upon his nose, Mr Anderson dropped his stick, and when the fly had made its escape, he stooped to pick it up again. Now it so happened that, in stooping to pick up the stick, his hat, being always accustomed to keep the stick company, thought proper to fall off his head, and roll down on the floor beside the stick; and so Mr Anderson was hat-less and stick-less in the office of Mr Connell.

That was enough to happen now, wasn't it? Yes, to be sure it was.

Well, this fly was a plague! It had taken up so much of Mr Anderson's valuable time; for not only was much time lost in the recovery of the hat and stick, but Mr. Connell and he had to go over the formalities again, at least that consequent on his departure; and therefore it happened that, when at last he was ready to go, he found himself unable to get out, for something had decidedly happened this time; that, at least, was certain.

When Mr Anderson went forward to the door, looking all the time at Mr Connell, he found something in the door, very much to his surprise. He ran against it and pushed it with his shoulder,

and very nearly fell over it ; and had this happened, it would have been worse than the deed of the poor fly, for hat and stick and nose would have all fallen in a heap together.

But he did not fall over that thing in the door, whatever it was ; and when he had time to look, he saw what it was, and as he did so his kindly feelings were called forth and his kindly sympathies awakened ; and he called out in the fulness of his benevolent heart—

‘Oh ! my ! are you hurt ? I hope not, poor woman !’

Now, it is quite enough to frighten any one, and take away any one’s breath, to find himself or herself nearly run over. Whether this happens in the street with a carriage, or on the road with a single horse, it is equally a matter to make one’s thoughts stand still for a little while. Of course, nobody will say it is quite as bad for a clergyman to run over an old woman, but even that may be bad enough sometimes.

In the present case it seemed that the old woman thought so, though she had only been nearly run over ; it is our private opinion that, had the catastrophe been completed, she would never have thought about it at all.

For she was a very old woman, and seemed to stand there with difficulty, balancing herself partly by means of a stick she had in her hand, and partly against the post of the door. Her dress was of the oddest and most fantastic character ; at least it seemed so to those very respectable gentlemen who were looking at her with great curiosity, and would, we are sure, have appeared the same to all ladies and gentlemen of every age and station, accustomed to the costume of Britain only.

Describe it ? Why, no mortal would take such a task in hand ! it would be a desperate venture for anybody, and certain failure would attend the attempt of everybody. There seemed to be everything there that ought not to be there, and nothing there that ought to be there ; and, in short, such an extraordinary jumble of extraordinary shapes, outlandish articles, and ridiculous colours, as never were heaped by any chance before upon the back of womankind.

At last it recovered its senses, that old woman ; having taken a tolerable long time to look after them ; and when it did, it made an attempt to say something in reply to Mr Anderson’s observation ; and after two or three attempts, the last effort was successful, and the words came out—

‘Not hurt, but frightened to death a’most. Are you Mr Anderson ?’

Now, Mr Anderson was a remarkably polite old gentleman : he always had a kind word for everybody. He would not pass the carter on the road without asking him all about the mistress and the young carters ; every little village boy and girl knew him, and when he went out to take his walk, with his stick in his hand, going clunk, clunk, clunk, on the parthway, they used to run up

to him, kind and courteous as he was, knowing that when each put his little head close up to his hand, and said, 'pat my head,' the old clergyman would feel benevolence running out at his fingers, and would certainly bestow on each a most patriarchal patting, and sometimes a sugar-plum or a lozenge, or a bit of liquorice-ball. And whenever anybody bowed to Mr Anderson, he would not have taken a deanery and neglected to return the salutation. It made no difference to him whether it was the Countess in her great yellow carriage, with its red wheels, or the countryman who never saw his good clothes except on Sundays. Everybody, without exception, was sure of being cordially greeted by this worthy old inhabitant of the village parsonage. But who ever put a question to Mr Anderson without getting an answer as soon as the question was put? Who ever asked for any information without receiving it at once, if it was possible for him to give it? Who ever addressed any observation to him without having it listened to with the most polite attention, and some remark made upon it in the politest tone?

Mr Anderson being thus the most polite and courteous old gentleman imaginable, how did it happen that there he stood right opposite the door of John Connell's office, his stick in his hand and his hat on his head, with his mouth just a little bit wider open than usual, and his eyes widening too, for the sake of keeping his mouth company? And though his mouth and eyes were thus wider open than usual, how happened it that he did not see the way to any answer to a very simple question, nor, if he did, get the answer to go out of his open mouth?

It must be recorded, whether to Mr Anderson's credit or not will be a matter of opinion, that there he stood, and in addition to this, that he stood there without saying anything, or replying to the interrogative addressed to him; and it must be added also, all that has been narrated respecting his politeness notwithstanding, that Mr Anderson positively stared.

Well, if he stared and stood silent awhile, it was not likely that the sight of anything would strike him dumb for life, whatever it might take away, for a short time, his power of uttering words and forming audible sentences; and so it happened at last, when he had stood silent and speechless as long as he well could, and a great deal longer than he ever did in like circumstances, or rather any circumstances, for he never was in like circumstances before. It happened that, having his mouth wide enough open for a considerable time past to do such a thing, he thought it was time to make an attempt to use it, and, therefore, looking steadily all the while at the odd, nondescript sort of bundle in the door, and becoming strengthened in his first impression that there was nothing very astonishing in it, and that it was only an old woman—he spoke.

Now, it would be quite natural to suppose that, after all the silence so unusual with him, and all the staring still more un-

usual, that he would have gone straight to the question, as was his custom, for he hated circumlocutions; and having gone to the question, that he would have given a very simple and explicit answer to it, which nobody in all the world would be as well able to do as himself. You would have expected this, of course; but he would have disappointed you, for he did not do anything so like himself at all; on the contrary, he did something that he had been heard many times to say was a foolish habit, a tiresome habit, and one that he did not see how any polite person could practise; he asked the old woman another question, and that question was—

‘And pray who are you?’

Now, it is all very well to ask a gentleman, if he is Mr So-and-So, or a lady, if she is Mrs So-and-So; but it is by no means the same thing to present to a person the question that Mr Anderson presented to the old bundle of odds-and-ends in Mr Connell’s office.

Very few people, especially strangers, who may not know one bit more about the questioner than the questioner does about them, like to be asked to enter into all particulars, genealogical and categorical, at a moment’s notice. Nobody keeps his whole pedigree in his pocket, ready to be unrolled and descanted on; and if he did, nobody would just like to unroll and descant on his pedigree to anybody that chose to ask him. In fact, it is a sort of insult to a person to ask him such a question at all. It is just as much as to say, in other words—

‘Sir, you are nobody; if you were, I should know something about you; but I do n’t know anything about you, and therefore you are n’t anybody, and so I find it necessary to ask you this question.’

Whether or not the old woman viewed the question in this light it is impossible to say, but, at any rate, it was unsatisfactory in one point of view, for it was not an answer to her question. It has been said that old ladies and young gentlemen are very similar in one thing, and that is, that when they ask a question they like to have it answered satisfactorily, and if they do not get it answered satisfactorily, that they go off at once, and leave the offending party to his or her own cogitations. There may be truth in this, or there may not; but it is certain that the old woman thus interrogated by Mr Anderson when he should have answered her question, did not seem by any means pleased, and was about to turn out of the office, leaving Mr Anderson, Mr Connell, and the bluebottles to discuss the matter of the sudden apparition of so strange a creature, and its equally sudden disappearance.

John Connell’s presence of mind prevented this catastrophe. As she was trudging out of the doorway, as well as she was able, Mr Anderson looking on in astonishment, and certainly not himself for once at any rate, John Connell left his desk, and going forward, his pen still in its accustomed place, laid his hand on the shoulder of the curiosity, and said—

'Come in, my good woman, come in; take a seat, my good woman, take a seat; well, my good woman, well?'

The old woman came back at John Connell's bidding, nobody would have dreamt of doing anything else, and he placed a chair for her, and she sat down upon the chair and looked at him, looked at Mr Anderson, and then at John Connell again, and asked—

'Is he Mr Anderson?'

John Connell said it was Mr Anderson, but he did not say anything more, for he was a matter-of-fact man, and waited to see what would come next. He did not ask her why she wanted to know, or what she would do now that she did know, or anything at all of that sort. He just went back to his desk and stood there with his pen behind his ear, and looked at her. Whether John Connell had any suspicion that anything was going to happen or not, it would be difficult for anybody but himself to say; but it is certain that he did not bring down his hand now with a bang upon the desk, and he did not astonish the bluebottles, and he did not send the motes whisking round and round in the sunbeam from the rapid and unexpected motion of his active little right arm.

It is also certain that, though he did none of these things, and though he might have found it difficult to tell why, yet his face brightened into a smile.

If the old woman had been looking at him that time, perhaps she might have taken offence again, and started up to get off out of the office as quickly as she possibly could; but she was not looking at him, and therefore did not see him, and therefore did not take offence, and therefore did not start up to get out of the office; yet the question remained to be settled, at what was John Connell smiling?

Was he smiling at the odd old face of the odd old woman? Was he smiling at the funny old bonnet on the funny old head? Was he smiling at the queer old clothes on the queer old creature? Do you think John Connell was smiling at these?

Not at all; by no means; would not have done it on any account, not he.

The best of it was that John Connell himself could not have told you what he was smiling at; he could not have given you any idea if you had asked him ever so earnestly; and for the best of all possible reasons, that he did not know. The fact of the matter was, that John Connell did not know he was smiling at all. Some idea came into his mind as he looked at the old woman, and wondered where in the world she had come from, that she had come there upon some important business. Now he had not any very definite idea of any important business except one case, and that case was always before him and seemed very important; both in itself, and because he had something to do with it. And when he thought of the old woman coming upon important business, of course he thought of this case, and he thought that it might, per-

haps, go on better now than it had been doing lately, for it had not been going on at all to his satisfaction of late.

Whether John Connell's idea was strengthened by what happened next, it cannot for certain be known, but it may reasonably be supposed it was.

When the old woman had taken a sufficient time to think over Mr Connell's answer to her question, she rose off the chair and stood up; then she walked over to the door, and when she had got to the door she turned round and looked at Mr Anderson; having done this, she took a bundle of papers out of her pocket, which were tied up with a piece of faded brown ribbon. She looked at the papers and at Mr Anderson, and then seemed to take a tighter hold of the papers than ever, as if she meant to keep them always. She did not mean to do that; perhaps she was taking a farewell of them; for when she had pressed them tighter she stretched out her arm and held them over to Mr Anderson, and said—

‘I will come back again. Here!’

And then she went out of the office and left the papers with Mr Anderson.

Just then the sun was shining brightly in through the window, and the motes were dancing away. A ray of the sun slanted off into a corner and shone through a spider's web. In the web was a poor moth that had wandered in somehow; it was fastened tight, and the spider was stealing, stealing down to it. A big bluebottle was making a row in the window, and John Connell went over to stop it, half minding to put down the blind then, and go out with Mr Anderson for a walk.

The fly went buzzing over to the corner where the spider's web was, and John Connell saw the web then and the moth in it. The sun was shining through the net, and the moth was struggling wearily, nearly tired, and would soon be dead. John Connell took the pen from behind his ear and swept the web out of the corner, by the light of the sunbeam, and then, he said ‘Hish,’ and the moth fluttered away.

---

## CHAPTER XIX.

BEWILDERED, puzzled, and perplexed, Mr Anderson sat that evening in his little study.

He had a bundle of manuscript before him, and such manuscript as he had not seen for many a long day. Some of it was fairly written, but written very small, so that it was hardly legible

to his old eyes. Some of it was so blotted and blurred that only a few words in each line could be deciphered, and the rest had to be guessed at as well as the reader was able. Some of it would have been tolerably plain if it had not been crossed; but crossed it was, and that would have rendered the reading of it a very troublesome thing to the best-sighted and most patient of persons.

And Mr Anderson was not the best-sighted, nor, on the present occasion, the most patient individual into whose hands this bundle could have fallen. He was not, either, very much accustomed to read any sort of manuscript except his own, and he was not particularly fond of reading that, except his sermons in the pulpit on Sunday.

Nevertheless, page after page was perused by that gentleman as he sat in his little study; and the manuscript seemed to be interesting, because the tall black snuff of the candle shaped itself gradually into the form of a fungus, rendering the manuscript still more difficult to get through than it was before, while the reader never once thought of raising his head to see what was the matter with the candle; though the fact that he knew something was the matter was very evident from the circumstance of his absently taking off his spectacles, and rubbing away energetically at them, all the while that he tried to continue reading the paper before him, entirely forgetting that his spectacles were no longer bestriding the bridge of his nose. The manuscript seemed to be interesting also, because he would occasionally utter exclamations that were very unusual for him, and that proved that there was something in it that was a little more wonderful than the everyday experiences of his village parsonage.

Not that the exclamations he uttered were of such a nature as did not befit his office and character; but they were certainly exclamations of unbounded astonishment and unfeigned surprise.

And late at night, when he had completed the perusal of the manuscript; when it was long past his usual hour for retiring to rest, and when his servant wondered what could be the matter with her master,

A knock came to the door.

The door was not immediately opened; the servant seemed to be consulting with herself as to the advisability of opening the door at all, at that hour of the night; and, when at last she came tardily into the hall, her master called out—

‘You had better see who is at the door, Betsy; perhaps some one is dying.’

‘Well, sir, they might have waited till the morning.’

Whether Betsy was disturbed in a slumber, as she sat nodding in her chair over the kitchen fire, or whether she was very much concerned at the idea of a probable sick-call taking her master away at that hour of the night—for he never sent a message to say he was busy then, and could not come just at that time—it is as certain as anything can be that Betsy was not in the best

humour imaginable when she at length stood in the hall. Perhaps if she had been, she might have recollected that people could not stay, as long as they pleased in, and could not help going when they did not please out of, this world, in which it was Betsy's lot to pass a pretty comfortable time, especially in the evenings, when the steam found its way out of the spout of the tin teapot, as it sat by the side of the red fire in the kitchen, preparatory to being placed on the well-cleaned deal table where Betsy, for herself, was preparing the tea. But as Betsy was not in a very good humour to-night, she disburdened herself of that sad charge against humanity, that they need not have been in such a hurry getting out of this world, which, be sure, they would not if they could have helped it.

But at last Betsy went to the door and opened it; and, as nobody came straight in when she did so, she shaded her eyes and peered out into the darkness, and as she did so, she saw something moving. Now, Betsy was by no means the most courageous of females, and especially that night she had made up her mind that no good could come of opening that door.

She was just about to shut it again, retreating backwards with her eyes fixed on the moving thing, when the thing moved to the door, and began to come in. Then the eyesight of Betsy was sufficiently good to enable her to see, without any aid from respectable opticians, that a very extraordinary figure was making its way into the house.

Now Betsy had no idea of this at all; but she was quite unable to decide on a trial of strength with the intruder; and therefore, instead of rushing forward to push out the incomer, she only let fall the candlestick in the hall passage, thereby leaving the hall in darkness, and she called out, in not the most musical key—

‘Oh! Lord, what’s this?’

Mr Anderson, from the room where he was sitting, heard the exclamation, and rising from his seat, took a candle out into the hall, and saw a figure covered up in all imaginable, or rather, in all unimaginable sorts of protection against the night air; of which figure he could neither see hands, face, nor any other part. Mr Anderson, however, had added to his stock of experience that day, and knew that there could be only one figure covered up in that way, within any reasonable distance of his parsonage-house; and therefore, to Betsy's very great surprise, Mr Anderson, without asking the figure who it was, or what it wanted, went over to it, tried to find a hand under what might have been a cloak, found the hand, took it, led the figure by the hand into the hall, and on towards the room where the papers were all spread out upon the table, and said in the kindest tone—

‘Pray come in, good woman, it is very cold; there is a fire, and a cup of tea inside.’

‘Well, I am tired; I will,’ she said, and came into the room, and sat down in a chair near the fire, and got a cup of tea; Betsy

wondering with all the small stock of brains in her head, what it all meant, or what in the world was coming over her master.

And the old clergyman sat opposite and looked at her, and seemed particularly interested in her; and after she had taken her cup of tea she seemed inclined to talk as well as she was able, and he let her talk on, which she did sometimes very clearly, and at other times talking about things in a way that might have been very sensible, only that Mr Anderson knew nothing about what she was talking of, and did not, therefore, know whether it was sensible or not.

Whether he would have known anything at all of what she was saying, if he had not just perused the bundle of manuscript, is a very doubtful matter. The manuscript, however, threw some light on what the old woman said, and what she said threw some light on the manuscript; and by-and-by Mr Anderson was beginning to find out a tolerably connected and a very interesting story, that he thought, though he might be wrong in thinking, ought to be made known as soon as possible to his friend John Connell in the morning.

As it would be a very troublesome and tedious affair to follow Mr Anderson in all his discoveries in that bundle of manuscript, tied with the faded ribbon; and still more troublesome and tedious to sit listening far on into the night, to the talk of that old woman, sitting comfortably in the chair by the fire, it might be perhaps as well to throw in a few copulative conjunctions and other necessary parts of speech, and make out a connected, and, if possible, an interesting narrative from the blotted, blurred, and crossed writing, and the hesitating, broken, and disconnected sentences of the old woman who seemed to have dropped from the clouds, or come that day from some place where they keep old women as curiosities, to astonish Mr Anderson and his friend John Connell.

Here, then, is the story:—

There went, years ago, across the water and the land to Italy, a lady and gentleman and their little son. The gentleman was not long to be of the living, and they went there that the balmy air of Italy might enable him to live out his little day as free as might be from trouble and from pain. They lived awhile in Florence, and it was the joy of the son to accompany the father to see the rich treasures of art in that famed city, and to listen with sparkling eye and beaming face to the story of the great painters that had made Italy their home.

‘Oh! that I might be an artist!’ he said, as he looked on some painting that had immortalized its author’s name, and made him take a front rank in the list of the world’s bright dreamers, till the world and its dreams and dreamers had set for ever behind the clouds of the eternal eve.

And then when they went on to Rome, and wandered among its ruins, he peopled them with kings and emperors and a race of heroes that were the men that kings should be made of. As he

supported his father's frail steps, and listened to the tale of every column, every pillar, every mound, he dreamt as he walked along, and the image of Rome came up before him, a white figure with a glory wreath, riding in a car of triumph round the circle that rimmed the earth.

And when, at last, his father could go out no more, he got him to tell over and over the tale of Roman glory; and to the very last the father loved to clothe in poetry the story of Rome, that his son might be inspired to do some great deed that would make the name they bore famous for ever, among the men who shone with unborrowed glory in the heaven of immortal genius.

And one night that his son never forgot, when he had been uttering plaintively a lament over the tomb of Rome, and casting on it the last flowers of poesy that he was able to gather and leave there, his voice dropped into a whispering sound, and the diamond light shone no more in his eye. He stopped short in that story of Rome, and left the last flowers ungathered, and bitterly the widow and orphan wept at the setting of that sun that went down, on such a glorious evening, the richest colours of cloudland gathering to do honour to its departure.

But the mother could not supply to the son the place of the father he had lost, and the boy used to dream and dream, all the long day and through the night, rich dreams of art and Italy. Alas! that they were only dreams, that his whole life was to be but a dream, and that he was to dream on to the end.

He was scarce a man when his mother, too, left him.

He reproached himself when she was gone that he had seen and thought so little of her; he looked back mournfully on the days he had neglected to care for her, and wandered about, or sat still, dreaming. And he missed all her kind attentions now; all her watchfulness and tender carings, and little things that none but a mother would have thought about; perhaps, too, even a mother would only thus have watched and tended such a very child-like son.

They had brought an old servant from England that had spent her girlhood tending the dead mother when she was a baby; and when the mother was passing over the great sea, she whispered to this servant thus left behind to be very careful of, and a mother to, her son.

And the old servant did what she could to fulfil her charge. She knew a little of the language of Italy, and did his bidding in the streets and the shops; but in truth, if she had only done his bidding, he would not long have required her care. In common matters she had to think for him and act for him, and carefully guard the small store of gold that had been left for him in that land by those who had a life-interest only in their fortune, and had now left, far off from their home, among Italian ruins, their loved and lonely son.

He had wandered long among the old paintings; stood looking

at them and dreaming; and she had wondered what they would do when they were left without money in that land. While the money lasted she could not think of asking him to write to the friends of his mother; she was too proud to sue, as a beggar, for her mistress's son.

And one day he said he would be a great painter, too, and brought home brushes and colours and canvas, and sat down to work. And from that time he wandered about far less than before; and would sit long, long hours with his brush in his hand, and the canvas spread upon the easel.

And then he would paint and paint on, at something he had sketched on the canvas, and rise with the sun to be at it again in the morning. He would scarcely leave the painting, even to eat, and would only take some bread from her hand, or a mouthful off a plate, at dinner hour. She dreaded, now, this working of his as much as the former idleness, but still she said nothing to him, but watched and tended him more carefully than ever.

He seemed to live, now, in a world of his own, an ideal world, where bright things were floating airily—things of beauty that he sought to transfer to his canvas, but sought, as every genius must, in vain, to realize in portraying by his hand the bright, formless visions that rose in his dreams.

And then he would rise from his painting, in a breathless passion of despair, and take a great brush, with some colour that was grey and dead, and dash it over the work of days and weeks and months; and then he would fling away brushes and palette and throw down the easel with the canvas; and, flinging himself on a couch in the room, would clench his hands and close his eyes, and lie there, white and motionless, as if he had tried to breathe his life into the canvas before him, and not only failed to do that, but, in trying, even lost his own.

By-and-by he would gradually return to life, as if he had been in a trance, and as if it was a pain and sorrow to come back to the cold, hard realities that he would have shunned.

He would eat a little from the hands of his kind attendant, and then he would sit, sorrowfully, on a chair, leaning his head droopingly forward, and resting it on both his hands. He would try to rouse himself after awhile, and speak a few words of kindness to the faithful creature who watched him; words of kindness she mourned to hear, for she knew he was only reviving to die over again the same death.

And then he would wander out among the old ruins, and stand beside them, looking lovingly up at them, as if every one of them was part of himself, a shadow of some brother-mind, that still strangely lasted when the mind and sun were gone. And he would loiter in the palaces, and be seen flitting about their galleries of paintings; and he was sometimes met in the churches, and nobody hindered him, for everybody had heard his story, and some pitied the poor English dreamer.

And at night he would come home, passing shudderingly by the room where the unrealized images of his brain had been his torment and cause of distraction. He would steal to his room, and scarcely see the faithful being that watched him and tended him, as the tenderest nurse in the world would have tended the slightest child.

He lay down, and would have said he slept, but was ever talking on in the night-time ; talking of the pictures and the marbles and the broken fragments of glory that he had seen in his waking and more silent hours. He lay restless, and talked on and on, sometimes of the things he had seen by day, and sometimes of other visions that seemed to come to him and stay with him, in all-glorious colours and beauteous forms, when there was no light in his room but the pale moon.

Nobody minded him, except one, besides his faithful servant, and that one, she thought, was very attentive, very thoughtful, and very kind. He would watch her poor master and follow him home, sometimes, and then quietly tell her that she ought to get him soon to his rest. And he would sit down, too, when her master was away, and talk feelingly of his lonely life, and wonder if nothing could be done ; and then she would speak of her master and his family, and tell of his mother and father.

She wondered sometimes that a stranger was so very kind, but she wondered only to think the more of the kindness, because it came from a stranger. And the stranger would talk to her of England and praise it, and say how great a pity it was that her master was not at home. At last the face of the stranger was strange to her no longer, and she seemed to think of him as some relative who was watching, with kind eye, her master.

It was odd that her master never seemed to notice this kind stranger at all. She would make an attempt, at times, if she thought she might venture, to try and direct his attention to the friendly visitant ; but the young wanderer never seemed to heed her, nor to know that the stranger came there.

In one of his wanderings, he found his way into the Barberini Palace, and stood before Guido's picture of Beatrice Cenci.

He saw that picture of marvellous beauty and grace and purity, and gazed and gazed on it, till the white drapery round her head seemed the robe of an angel ; and till he felt thrilling through him all that that girl there seems to feel. He had never heard the story of this young girl ; he knew not if she had ever lived ; it mattered not to him that she had spent her seventeen sorrowful summers in the old city that he ever dreamt in ; it mattered not to him that she had been cruelly and brutally tortured by order of the eighth Clement, till at last, to save others, she confessed a crime that she had never perpetrated ; it mattered not to him that there was a sad and fearful history for that face—he saw the sweet face to love it for ever.

And he came again the next day, and gazed on that thing of

beauty and grace most exquisite. He stayed there, till the keeper of the gallery got weary, and at last some one whispered that this was the poor artist of England. Then the keeper drew near, and asked him if he should like to hear the story of that face; and when he saw there was no one near he told the whole dark and mournful tale. He told it out of pity for the poor dreamer; if he had only known, out of pity he would never have told it at all.

For, from that hour, for the dreamer there was no rest. He would come, day after day, to drink in the love that seemed to beam out from that face; to sympathize with the untold sorrow of that girl; to mourn with her in her long hours of suffering, to weep with her in her bitter grief; and to feel that, oh! she was too lovely and beauteous by far to be the vile thing that papal infallibility had declared her.

He looked, and he seemed to feel her weeping, and then he wept as if his heart would break. He looked, and he seemed to feel her mourning, and then he spoke to her and told her to be comforted. He looked, and he seemed to feel her gushing tenderness, and then he rushed forward as if to clasp her to his heart.

He listened, and he seemed to hear her screaming, for the agony and torture that papal mercy inflicted on her; and then he shivered and shuddered, as if he felt it all in every muscle and fibre of his form. He listened, and he seemed to hear from the scaffold her dying agony; and he clasped his hands, as if he had borne, himself, from the axe its fatal blow.

And this life he lived, not one day, but every day. He came each day, as early as he could, and never went home as long as he might stay. He loved, and pitied, and mourned, and wept, each day as he looked on that face; and then he shuddered as if he knew well what it was to suffer, and he seemed each day to die as if in agony untold.

Much and bitterly his faithful attendant lamented the strange passion of her master. She would have given worlds then to see him at his old place, by the easel, and thought how happy after all were those speechless days.

But he never now took up brush or pencil; he never now seemed to remember that his mind had been filled with airy and beautiful creations, that had been struggling ineffectually to get out to the light of day. He never seemed to think that these flowers of that gorgeous tropic-land might one day have come forth to live on this earth of ours, where, if they had come, they would have been what men call immortal.

He had dreamt of many things in other days. In his father's day he had thought of Rome and glory; and grand as was that city of the emperors, she was grander still in the dreams he dreamt of her. Her own Rienzi, in his pride of thought, never looked on the Rome that our poor dreamer saw.

In the days that followed he had visions of wonder. Rich and resplendent figures passed before him in a long procession; bright

and beauteous beings trod the earth lightly, gently touching on the tops of flowers ; and picture-music floated on, along with them, music that he saw, and that seemed as lovely to the eye, as sweet to the listening dreamer.

And he had tried to paint the forms that he had dreamt of. He had taken the pencil, and tried to make them come ; but nothing would come, though his trembling hand worked earnestly, and his aching head was weary. Nothing would come but figures that the world he cared not for would have said were glorious things ; but that he thought were forms of odious and unparalleled ugliness, compared to the things of airy loveliness, or of gorgeous grandeur, that were to him realities, though but the children of the dreams of genius.

But now these dreams were gone.

That face was ever before him. He did not worship it, but he loved it. Daily he looked on it, never loving it less, nor thinking where it all would end. Nay, every day he went home loving it more than ever ; loving that sweet, innocent face, that never was worthy of death.

And in the night hours, when the pale moon would look in at him, he would start up, and cry out, ' Beatrice ; ' and would look up tearfully at the pale moon, as if that was her pale suffering face up yonder.

And in the night hours he would sometimes hear a cry, and he would rush forward, and cry out, ' Beatrice,' as if that cry he heard was the voice of her dying agony, as she went from sunlight to the tomb.

Thus dreamt on the dreamer.

He was sadly wasting away with that awful dream of his ; for the love of that pale face in the Barberini Palace.

People looked at him and shook their heads, for they saw that the dream would soon be ended and the dreamer dead. The little boys and girls in the street would check their merry laugh as he passed, for they knew, every one, that he was dying for the love of that pale, sad face.

And his poor, faithful nurse had no comfort now ; she almost broke her heart when she looked at him, and would have been utterly wretched and forlorn, had it not been for the kindness of the nameless stranger.

He never ceased his visits through it all, but did everything to soothe and comfort her ; and, if she liked, would examine and arrange his papers, or write whatever she wished him to say to the friends of the dreamer in the English land.

She did not wish the papers disturbed, she said, but she would be very glad if he would write, for she would never forgive herself if she remained silent now, when her master was passing away.

And the stranger wrote, he told her—indeed she saw the letter written. She told in it all the history of the past, the death of

the father and mother, and now the loneliness and weary love of the son. She asked for aid, as she could not bear to see him wanting, she said; and she feared that all the doctors in the world could do nothing for her young master.

She waited, and hoped, but no answer to the letter ever came. The stranger said it was very odd; he feared that the poor man's English friends were heartless and cruel.

And then came the time when her master could no more visit his Beatrice in the Barberini Palace. When his pale face was laid on his lonely pillow, and his thin hands seemed to be stretched out to somebody that never came, she would sit by him all through the long day, and leave him not through the weary night; the night that was weary to him, calling plaintively and feebly now, 'Beatrice, Beatrice;' the night that was weary to her, listening to his sad and eerie call—a call that could never be answered, the echo of which made him suffer more as if some one else was calling Beatrice away.

And the small hoard of coin was failing; it could not last more than a day or two now; it was kind of the stranger to write home to England, yet why did she call it 'home,' when the stranger was kinder than her master's own kith and kin? Oh! if that letter would only come! If some aid would be sent to relieve her master's dying hours! If she could only know that, lone and far off from home as he was, he was not neglected, despised, abandoned, she would be willing to do anything, bear anything, in that hour of her great, heart-rending sorrow!

But no answer came to the letter; her trust was fast failing, that trust she had in England: no wonder that it was failing, when he was dying, and they did not even write to ask if he were dead. And one September night she was watching by his bedside. She heard him talk to himself, and it seemed he was counting the days. At last he finished; and then she heard him say—

'It was on this day that Beatrice died.'

And then there was an end of his visions of glory and grandeur; there was an end of his airy processions of figures, like the perfume of flowers, so lovely and light they were; there was an end of his last sad dream—that dream-love of his that was faithful, even to the end, faithful as death, to that pale, sad, mournful Beatrice.

The rich visions of immortal things that his genius dreamt of would be seen by him never more. The song-figures and the music-life that he alone discerned, would be light and lovely life never more. The face in that palace that he looked at till it drew his life away would be looked at, pitied, wept for, mourned for on this poor earth of ours never, never more.

For the last dream was over, and the dreamer was dead.

## CHAPTER XX.

'THOSE apple-blossoms, see them fall and fall; their pretty pink petals are soon to wither now,' said May Wilmington, as she strolled along a pretty lane in Devonshire with Lord Oxborough, and drew down a shower of blossoms with a touch of her light parasol.

'Oh! Miss Wilmington, be merry and gay, as you used to be in Oxford; pray don't talk of falling blossoms and all that sort of thing.'

'And is it a sign of sadness then to mark the fall of the apple-flowers? If it be, I am afraid I am often sad, Lord Oxborough.'

'Ah! you should never be sad in such a lovely place as this, like the garden of Eden, with all these apples in it.'

'I am afraid you are not fortunate in your simile; you forget: but, pardon me, I must not sermonize.'

'Oh, no! pray botanize; that is far better employment for you.'

'And have I not been talking of apple-blossoms and pink petals until you are almost tired of my botanical lecture?' said May Wilmington, smiling.

'Tired, Miss Wilmington!' exclaimed Lord Oxborough.

'Yes: it must be terribly stupid down here for you, with nothing but orchards and woods—you, who have been so much accustomed to the town, too. By the way, why did you not go to Italy with Lord Castleford?'

'Guess.'

'I cannot, I am sure,' said May Wilmington, looking attentively at the tit in the hedge across the way, as it tried to trail along a great feather, in the hopes of getting it into its nest somehow, by-and-by.

'Cannot?'

'No, really.'

'Pray try, Miss Wilmington; I should like to hear you guessing at the reason I preferred England to Italy.'

'The St Leger?'

'No.'

'The Regatta?'

'No.'

'The election for Shamshire?'

'No.'

'Mr Annandale?'

'No: I like Annandale better than any of the other things, but I did not remain behind on his account.'

'Some London beauty, perhaps, then?' said the lady, with a laugh. 'Oh! do look at that little tit, how it is tugging away at the feather; it cannot manage it at all with the branches.'

‘That bird seems to interest you.

‘I am very fond of birds. Do look at it, Lord Oxborough,’ said Miss Wilmington, with her apple-bloom cheek turned away from her companion, and her eye resting on the little bird in the hedge.

‘It seems to interest you more than the reason of my staying in England,’ added Lord Oxborough, with a slight shade of pettishness in his tone.

May Wilmington let the bird go on with its building operations unnoticed now, and turned her face towards Lord Oxborough. Then she gently let her eyes fall, and said softly—

‘No, Lord Oxborough; you are unjust now.’

‘Pardon me, pray pardon me, Miss Wilmington,’ said Lord Oxborough; ‘I have been thoughtless, rude; will you pardon me?’

‘Oh, certainly!’

‘I am afraid I have annoyed you, Miss Wilmington—May—let me call you May: it is May now, I like May, I always liked May, I like it now better than ever,’ said the young nobleman.

‘There are many sweet days in May-time; how sweet that breath of hawthorn was.’

‘And you don’t know why I remained in England, May?’ persisted her questioner: ‘was it not to enjoy the company of merry, merry May?’

‘They have no May like ours in Italy, I believe.’

‘I should think not,’ said the young lord, energetically.

‘And that is why you remained; I am glad, then, that this May is such a lovely one.’

‘So am I,’ roguishly replied Miss Wilmington’s companion.

‘Sometimes May is very cold and cheerless.’

‘I have never found that to be the case.’

‘You have been fortunate, then.’

‘Particularly so, I think.’

‘Oh! you cannot forget that dreadfully cold May in Oxford: surely that was not deserving of your very flattering and unqualified eulogium on my month,’ said Miss Wilmington, looking up into Lord Oxborough’s face, in which a very funny expression made her blush and look at the hedge, to see if she could find the little blue tomtit; but she could not, though she saw the feather swimming through the air, and heard the bird twittering among the trees.

‘I did not mean all the praise for your month: I meant—I intended—I thought that—’

Just then the tassel of the parasol got caught in a branch of hawthorn, and it held fast by the tassel, and May Wilmington did not hold fast by the parasol, and so it hung dangling from the white starry bough. And Lord Oxborough caught the parasol, and down on his arm, and over his shoulders, and in under the light waistcoat he wore, fell a shower of the sweetest blooms of that sweet, sweet May

And May Wilmington saw that white shower falling, and she watched the blossoms loosening from the tree as Lord Oxborough shook it, and twirling and twisting over and over as they came down. And then, when the parasol was released, she went forward to brush off the blossoms, and her light hand fell almost as lightly as the blossoms on Lord Oxborough's shoulder, as she tried to sweep off the white petals of those flowers of the hawthorn-tree.

And that was more than Lord Oxborough could stand just then.

He bore tolerably well the first May flowers falling on his shoulder, for they were light and airy, and sweet as the incarnate perfume of the month of flowers. But he flushed and breathed faster as the last light touch rested there—for that was far the sweetest May.

And as the light touch was being withdrawn from his shoulder he could stand this no longer, but took in both his own the little hand that was shyly stealing away, as if it had been already too bold in seeking to rival that other May. And then he said—

‘May!’

And May did not answer him, but looked down at the fallen flowers. She did not seem angry though, nor did she take away her hand.

And then he said—

‘Dear May!’

And still May did not answer him, though her little heart went tap, tap, tap, as if it would have answered him if it could only have got out, which it seemed almost determined on trying, it went tap, tap, tap, so loud.

And then he said—

‘My own May!’

And now May looked up shyly from the white carpet, and saw Lord Oxborough's beaming face, and the blushes and smiles came crowding together on her cheeks and by her mouth, and all over her face; and then she hung down her head again, as Lord Oxborough drew her closer to his side, and something fell upon his shoulder that might have been a blossom of the hawthorn, but was certainly a sweet May-flower. And then there came a breezy gust that blew a shower of blossoms over them both — white blossoms that came, that fair May-day, as Nature's offering at the shrine of beautiful May. And then a blackbird flew up to the top of a tall fir above their heads, and sang a love-song to his listening mate—a sweet and plaintive song, that told of love and trust and happiness, all through the bright hours of the brightest month that ever looked on happy lovers, wreathing for them chaplets of violets and primroses, and placing them on the brows of love, amid the sweetest music that the sweet birds sing.

And now they sat down on a rich, green bank, where the velvety grass was starred with primroses. May pulled a few primrose-blossoms carelessly and held them in her hand, and Lord

Oxborough playfully tried to take them, and May would not give them, and then he took the hand and the primroses too. And somehow or other, though it seemed to have been likely to be a troublesome matter to get the primroses without the hand, it did not seem to be a very troublesome matter to get the hand with the primroses: and Lord Oxborough seemed never to mind the primroses now that he had got the little hand, and he looked very much delighted that the matter had been so pleasantly arranged.

And above their heads was a fine large hawthorn—May, Lord Oxborough called it—and down came the blossoms over them in showers now, and May Wilmington's hand was too busy with the primroses, or something, to mind the white blooms on his shoulder. And in the hawthorn there was a dreamy song sung by the bees, and the sunbeams wove themselves in through the flowers; and so there was an awning above them of silver and green and gold.

The air around them was all primroses and hawthorn, and fresh, fresh grass, and Lord Oxborough thought there never was such a lovely place in all the world as that sweet primrose-bank in Devonshire.

And the primroses in May Wilmington's hand got crushed then somehow, for neither she nor Algernon remembered that they were there at all, that time he thought that was a lovely May, and said—

‘Dear May, I wonder if you love me!’

And a gentle pressure made the sweetest perfume rise to go out upon the May air, and there came a soft, sweet voice, and all it said was—

‘Dearest Algernon.

And among the hawthorn-blooms the bees sung that dreamy song of theirs, and went on hum—m—m—ming. And into the hawthorn there came a little merry, laughing bird, with its thrilling, quivering song, and it hopped about through the branches and sang on; and May Wilmington looked up to see where it was, and said it was a willow-warbler.

And when she looked up among the branches for that little fairy bird, her bonnet fell lightly back on her shoulder; and just as she thought she saw the little warbler, and just as she was raising her finger and turning round to say ‘See!’ something came between her and the little bird; and whatever it was it made her raise her head so quickly that the little bird was frightened away, and went singing its twee—twee—twee—twee—twi away in an apple-tree behind the hawthorn.

And whatever it was that came between May Wilmington and the little bird, it left a flush on her face brighter than the apple-blossoms, and sent a warmth into her cheeks that the sun might have been jealous of, because, though he had done his best that day, he had not been able to warm them as that had done.

‘We had better go home now,’ she said, ‘mamma will wonder where we have been all this long time.’

And then they rose from that velvet couch, and the pressed-down primroses got up, one after another, to see them departing ; and the hawthorn sent down another shower of blossoms ; and the warbler came back with a farewell twee—twee—twee—twee—twi, and the bees went on with their gentle song, hum—m—m—ming.

As they went on, May laid her hand on Lord Oxborough's arm, and they passed homewards through the shady lane.

By-and-by there came in sight a pretty little cottage, all covered with May roses, and a small orchard of apples beside the cottage ; and high up in the topmost branch of the tallest tree was a dark, round cluster of bees, and the people were trying to gather them in, that they might have a home and rest when winter came.

Lord Oxborough and May stopped on the other side of the hedge to look at them, and then they went on to Laurence Vale. After a little there came a little pat, pat, patting sound along the lane, and May looked round to see what it was.

It was a little blue-eyed girlie, with a white pinafore, running after them ; and when they stopped she stopped, till May called her softly, and then she came timidly forward, hanging down her head, and keeping the forefinger of her left hand in her mouth.

May touched her gently on her fair head with her fingers, and asked her what she wanted, and then little girlie mustered courage to say—

‘Please, miss, take this.

And May Wilmington saw then in her hand two bunches of spring flowers, primroses and violets and hyacinths, and among them a great bunch of lilac ; and, almost hid, was a little blue nemophila. She bent down towards the child, and girlie took her little fat hand out of her mouth, and held one of the bunches towards May Wilmington, which she took, and then she patted the little girl, and thanked her, and was going on.

They moved forward a little, but they did not hear pat, pat, pat, going back to the cottage ; and so they both turned round to see the reason, and there they saw the child standing still in the place where they had left her.

When they stopped and looked back she raised her head slightly, and looked up at them timidly, and then, seeing they smiled and encouraged her to go to them, she went forward, and said—

‘Please, miss, may I give it ?’

And May Wilmington knew then whom the other bunch of flowers was for, and she blushed and looked round at Lord Oxborough, and he seemed quite ready to take the offered flowers, but, waited till May had answered the little girl : and she did answer by-and-by, and said—

‘Yes, if the—gentleman likes.’

And he did seem to like it very much, and be wonderfully pleased to find that twin bunches of flowers were prepared for them

so soon after that fortunate catching of the parasol in the hawthorn, and that white shower of May-flowers that came falling down from the tree.

And he thanked the little girl and took the flowers, and then May thanked her again, and the child seemed quite bright and happy, and ran away back to the cottage of roses.

And when they got home May ran up-stairs to find mamma, and finding her, threw her arms round her neck, and told her that—that—that Lord Oxborough and she had gone for a walk, and—and that the parasol got stuck in the tree, and then—that—he—Algernon—Lord Oxborough called her his ‘own May,’ and that she—she did not tell him not, that was all. Mrs Wilmington knew what she meant, and she kissed her daughter and told her it would be a good match, and she was glad of it; and then May stopped her and cried, ‘Oh, mamma!’ and begged her not to talk that way, for that she never thought what sort of match it was, but she did think that Lord Oxborough had been very kind to Arthur, so *very* kind, she said.

And was it because he had been so kind to Arthur that she liked Lord Oxborough, do you suppose? She had not any idea, when she said that—that he had been kind to Arthur because he liked her? Not a bit of it, the little witch!

And yet, somehow or other, she seemed very conscious that she had not given the most correct version of the story, when she hinted that she liked Lord Oxborough just because he liked Arthur; and so, not knowing well how to get out of the matter, she pulled away at the bunch of flowers, and down went primrose petals and lilac flowers and hyacinth bells all over the carpet, and four or five little blue leaves showed that there had been a *nemophila* among the flowers.

Ah, May! why is it that you take that sprig of hawthorn out of the glass and fasten it among your rich hair? Of course you are very fond of hawthorn, and like to have its light fragrance stealing gently over you, and to gather the first spray of blossom when some of the little, white, round buds are keeping out of sight behind the starry shields of the first in flower; but there are many sprays of the hawthorn now, the hedges are white and the bloom is fading; why do you choose the simple hawthorn for your hair to-night?

Does Algernon know when you go down-stairs to the drawing-room, and he sees you coming in as he stands before the mirror, and does not turn round for a little, and when he does turn, smiles?

Perhaps he does, for he asks—

‘Are you fond of hawthorn, May?’

And perhaps May knows what he means, for she smiles, and blushes, and looks into his face and says—

‘Yes, very.’

And then they smiled and looked very happy, and a blue

butterfly flew in through the window, round and round the room, twitting its wings together, and seeming to say, 'This is the time for being happy and gay with people, and why in the world may I not be sportive and merry in this merry, merry May?'

And they stood watching the butterfly in its light and airy motions as it whirled round and round; and they smiled as they watched it, for their hearts were as light as that airy wing—they were filled with that light emanation that alone keeps this world of ours from sinking down out of sight with its great weight of sin: they were light and airy with love. The butterfly flew round and round once more, and just touched the spray of hawthorn in May Wilmington's hair, and then it went lightly over to the open window and took a short flight up and down across it, and went out—away—away.

'Is not May sometimes very cold and cheerless?' asked Lord Oxborough, roguishly.

And May Wilmington began to laugh, and answered merrily—

'Oh, yes!'

And then she added, after a little—

'But this is not a very cold and cheerless May.'

And Lord Oxborough added—

What he added does not signify; it was something not very original and not very new, and therefore it would not be of the slightest use to say anything more about it.

They went to the window, and looked out at the flowers, and listened to the merry song of the birds. And Lord Oxborough drew May Wilmington to his side, and pointed to a willow-warbler that was singing in a favourite rose-tree belonging to his May. And she seemed to listen to the warbler's little song, as it came in to them through the open window, and she watched it after it had done singing, as it left her rose-tree and then came back again; and she gave a very little sigh, why she did not know. Lord Oxborough heard it, and drew her closer to his side, and said—

'My own May!'

And she looked fondly up at him, and then laid her head against his shoulder. She was thinking of the hawthorn-tree, and of the bank of primroses, and of the warbler and its little twee—twee—twee—twi, and of the gentle sound of the bees, as they went on hum—m—m—ming.

Hawthorn and primroses, warbler and bees, were sights and sounds of that merry month of May; and flowers and birds and bees seemed all to tell the same story, and to rejoice in telling it; and this story, that they wove with flowers and song, was the flower-song story of love.

## CHAPTER XXI.

A COUPLE of young men were riding side by side, down the venue of Castleford Park. The sun was bright, the air was warm, and yet there came a soft breeze in their faces, cooled as it came floating on under the leafy trees.

They were riding leisurely; the reins were dangling on the arched necks of the blood-horses they rode, and you would have said they were not so much riding as going along on horseback.

Flies were lighting teasingly on the necks and the tops of the ears of the horses, and they tried to dislodge the flies by a shake of the head or a blow from their long tails.

Great shady trees stood in regimented order on the green surface of the park, and here and there a deer would look at the riders with its large lustrous eyes, and then quietly stoop down its head and graze.

And among the trees the swallows skimmed merrily, up and down, and over and under; and the flies and the swallows sported in the air on that fine summer day.

And, breaking through the thick barrier of leafy trees came, wandering over the Park, the cuckoo's song. It came away from the far corner of the Park, in among the twittering swallows, and in among the frightened flies, pleasantly, sweetly, cheerily, like the voice of early summer, wandering on, over tree and tower, to tell that it was surely summer now, for the cuckoo had come.

And from a rich clover-field, that the breeze brought the honey perfume of in among the swallows and the deer—though the clover was beyond the Park a long way—came a merry sound, mellowed by the distance and the rich air of the summer; it was the landrail's voice, as it told that it, too, had come; and from its nest, as the cuckoo voice passed over, raising its little head, cried, 'crake, crake; crake, crake.'

And to keep up that summer concert came, from a distant corner of the clover-field, the voice of the quail. It did not see why it should be voiceless, when the cuckoo and the rail were calling, and it added to the summer sounds its own little contribution, and answered the rail and cuckoo, 'wheet—tweet—tweet, wheet—tweet—tweet, wheet—tweet—tweet.' One of the young men reined in his horse and listened to the summer sounds, and raised his hat a little, that the summer air might come gently round his brow.

Had he been quite alone, he might have remained listening for a long time, but his companion did not care for the sounds as he did, and it would have been inconsiderate to detain him long. Had he been on foot, he would have liked nothing better, then, than to throw himself on the grass under the elm tree yonder, and watch the deer creeping gently along, and the swallows

skimming round and round them. He could have lain there and listened to that summer concert all the day long, for he loved to hear the voices of the birds of summer——‘crake—crake; wheet—tweet—tweet; cuc—koo.’

They rode on down the avenue and out of the Park gate, and then one of them said—

‘Let us have a good ride, Annandale; come.’

‘As you please,’ said Annandale; and away they started at a brisk trot, till the horses began to show that the ride had been a tolerably smart one, for that warm summer day.

At last Lord Oxborough pulled up, and, turning round to his companion, exclaimed—

‘I say, Annandale?’

‘Well?’

‘What’s the matter with you, old fellow? you were looking as grave as a judge, just now.’

‘I was thinking all about this trial, Oxborough.’

‘Oh! come, nonsense; do n’t puzzle your head about it; it wo n’t do any good, you know.’

‘You do n’t trouble yourself much about anything.’

‘Me? not I; I am all right now, you know,’ said Lord Oxborough, laughing.

‘And I?’

‘Why, is there a lady in the case? that alters the matter entirely.’

‘I did not say there was.’

‘No matter; I am sure there is though; tell me all about it.’

‘Why, Oxborough, you are a capital hand at constructing a romance out of very slight materials. But, indeed, I am very anxious about the trial.’

‘Are you really? Then, my dear fellow, I hope you will win, that’s all.’

‘Here, again, you are mistaken. I have only the interest of a friend, in the result of the action.’

‘A lady’s friend? A young lady? Oh! I understand perfectly,’ said Lord Oxborough, mischievously.

‘You would feel interested, I am sure, Lord Oxborough, if you knew all the story as well as I do; no one would believe that the Jesuits were such villains as they are.’

‘Do you think the Jesuits have anything to do with the affair?’

‘Think? there has been a deep-laid plot, I am satisfied; and I fear much that the Jesuits have secured their victim.’

‘How?’

‘I have no doubt they have confined one of the sisters.’

‘Sisters? what sisters?’

‘Is it possible you do n’t know? The Walpoles—one of the Walpoles, in a convent in Paris.’

‘Do you believe that this is likely?’

‘Nothing more so.’

'Were there many sisters?'

'Two.'

'Is their father alive?'

'They are doubly orphaned.'

Have they no relatives at all?'

One aunt in Scotland, and this—this Jesuit.'

'Is their uncle a Jesuit?'

'I am certain of it.'

'How did you find this out?'

'In a variety of ways—I could not tell you all the things that convinced me of it.'

'If he is a Jesuit he'll outwit you.'

'I hope not.'

'Perhaps he is not their uncle at all.'

'That is my opinion.'

'Shall you be able to prove this?'

'There lies the difficulty.'

'And there is another sister?'

'Yes.'

'Where is she?'

'In Scotland, with her aunt.'

'Have you seen her?'

'Several times.'

'Is she young?'

'Yes.'

'Pretty?'

'Yes, I think so,' said Annandale, slightly blushing, as he said for the first time to another, what he had often said to himself.

'Oh! I see I am right then, Annandale; why did you not tell me all about this?'

'You forget that I have not seen you since I knew much about it myself.'

'True; but tell me all now.'

'Positively I have nothing to tell, only surmises; that's all.'

'Tell me all about this Scotch one; she must be a wonderful girl to have taken your fancy, Annandale.'

'Excuse me, I am not a good person to give a description of a lady.'

'You used to be a pretty fair hand.'

'You must mean Edwards.'

'By the way, where is Edwards now?'

'He is ordained, and has got a living somewhere in the diocese of Exeter.'

'Edwards was a good fellow; you and he were great friends.'

'We got on very well together: I hear from him sometimes.'

'Has he gone to his living?'

'Not yet; he has only just got it, and goes there in a month.'

'I wonder if it is near——' said Lord Oxborough, stopping short.

'Near Laurence Vale? I believe it is not very far from Mrs Wilmington's.'

'Phew! I suppose he'll be going to see them.'

'Of course.'

'Do you think that—that he liked May—Miss Wilmington, Annandale?'

'Not more than I did.'

'Did you like her?'

'Of course I did: everybody liked her, so merry and so sensible—a rare combination.'

'I wonder——' said Lord Oxborough, breaking off again in the middle of a sentence. He was going to tell Annandale that he wondered he had not fallen in love with her, but he did not do so, and rode on for some time in silence.

Annandale wondered, too, about many things. He wondered how Anna was, and where Emily was, and whether John Connell was getting on with his case, which had been so long delayed in consequence of the want of important evidence. He wondered, then, how the trial would go, and whether Mr M'Intosh or Mr De Vere would win. And then, when he contemplated the bare possibility of the success of the latter, he sighed deeply, as he felt fully conscious that such a result would place an impassable barrier between him and Anna Walpole.

Lord Oxborough and Annandale, riding on thus occupied with their thoughts, allowed the horses to take very much their own way in the matter of the road, and the pace at which they would go along it. And therefore they did not see, lying in the road, a man that might have been either asleep or drunk or dead, but certainly was one of these three things.

They did not see him—Lord Oxborough's horse did; and his master riding along thus carelessly, and seeming to say—'Do as you like, go as you like,' the horse took advantage of this, and on coming up to the place where the man lay, first made a quick jump to the one side of the road, and then rapidly darted across to the other.

This motion, rapid and unexpected, took the young lord entirely by surprise. He never dreamt of anything of the sort, and the result was that the horse, starting, placed him in such a position that he was not likely ever to dream of anything any more.

A large sharp stone protruded from the ditch by the road-side. Why, nobody could have told, except that it ought not to have been there, and that was the very reason, apparently, that it was there. Next this sharp stone the horse jumped the first time, and went close up to it, and Lord Oxborough was by the motion nearly thrown on the other side from the stone. And then the horse made a spring sideways from the sharp stone, and by this means

down came Lord Oxborough, and part of the edge of the stone coming under his head, cut it sorely, and made a red fountain of blood start up from the wounded head.

It was all over in a moment or two, ere Annandale had time to do anything; and the horse, without its master, sprang forward and away. It was a dreadful sight to see the terrible gash made in the head, and to see the blood flowing from the wound. Almost like that terrible Thursday night in Ireland was the sight that Annandale saw, and for a moment he was completely stunned, and stood dolefully over the prostrate and bleeding form that had come by such a very sudden catastrophe into grievous peril, almost, if not altogether, to the loss of that life that, being lost, would have darkened dreadfully the days of May.

And the drunken man lying on the road—for it was a drunken man, and not a sleeping or a dead man—hearing the noise about him, and half dreaming of the rattling of pewter pots or the jingling of glasses, rolled over on his other side, and, in his state of brutal intoxication, gave a grunt and a semi-idiotic laugh, and then called out, in a thick and husky voice—

‘More gin!’

While Annandale stood over the bleeding and senseless form of his friend, and wondered whether it would be possible to leave him, or, if he left him, whether he should return to the Park, or go on and try and find some cottage near at hand; and while he was in an agony of hesitation, made worse that he knew every moment's delay might be fatal, the man that had spent his week's earnings in the alehouse, and had some gin while his children were crying with hunger, raised himself an inch or two, and called out—

‘More gin, I say; more gin!’

Therefore Annandale, in a dreadful puzzle between doubt as to doing anything, and fear of doing nothing, yet conscious that all this horrid state of perplexity and momentary agony was brought on, solely and entirely as it seemed, and as everybody would have without fail declared, by this same drunken sot, lying log-like there on the road, called out, after that last demand for the alcoholic poison, which, in some shape or other, is the ruin of thousands of our own country brother men, and thousands of men of every country; Annandale, as we have said, in the perplexed, pained, angry, dreadful state he was in, seeing in the drunken man an unconscious murderer, perhaps, or at any rate, at the very least, a probable homicide, and that, too, of one before whom a bright career was opening, and who, without doubt, was, as regards Annandale, a friend, and, as regards another, something more, called out, with a loud, angry, loathing voice—‘Brute.’

That, under most circumstances, Annandale would not have permitted himself to use such a word to any specimen of humanity however degraded, is a certain and undoubted fact; that, under the present circumstances, he did use this word, is scarcely to be

wondered at. And perhaps, after all, to humanity falling under every other vice, and stained by every other crime, the word would be inapplicable; while to the being that calls himself a man, and then throws away voluntarily that reason which makes him a man, that he may, unchecked by reason, let his brute nature run riot, the word he used was the proper and appropriate one, and, being so, Annandale was justified in saying 'brute.'

The riderless horse went back, with the stirrups dangling at its sides and the loose reins hanging down over its neck; and it just happened that a groom was at the gate, holding converse with a cap and ribbons in the gate-house, when the horse that he knew Lord Oxborough had ridden out a short time ago came galloping up without its master.

'Lor, the young lord be's killed, I'm thinking,' he exclaimed, excitedly.

'Fast, Tom; ride fast: they went this way,' said Sarah, from the door of the lodge.

And, sure enough, Tom, having a fresh horse and a willing mind, astonished everything that saw him, if anything did see him, by the thundering rate at which he went along the road till he came to the place where Lord Oxborough lay senseless on the ground.

'Oh! Mr Annandale, what's this? Is he killed?'

'Not killed, I hope; but badly hurt.'

'What's to be done?'

'Ride back for the light carriage; be quick; and send some one for the doctor.'

'Yes, yes, sir.'

'I shall remain here with your lord. Be quick; time may be life to him.'

'All right, sir; I'll be back like anything.'

Away he went for the carriage and the doctor, and Annandale was left alone with his poor suffering friend.

For he was suffering now.

He made a slight motion with his lips, and his mouth twitched; a dart of pain passed over his face; and then he uttered a low and scarcely-audible groan. After this he groaned several times; and every groan made Annandale almost feel as if he himself had got hurt, in that dreadful way, by that sharp stone, in the head.

And when the carriage came, and they lifted him carefully into it, and Annandale took his poor bleeding head on his knee, Lord Oxborough half opened his eyes, and closed them again, with a senseless, unrecognising expression, or an expression as if he was sensible only of the pain.

The doctor was in the house when they got back; and when they got Lord Oxborough up to bed the doctor called Annandale aside, and shook his head, and said that it was a pity all the family were away, and that perhaps it would be better to write

to Lord Castleford, but at any rate that he would let him know in the morning.

All that night Annandale and the doctor sat by the bedside. The doctor felt bound not to leave his patient because he was his patient, and Annandale felt bound not to leave him because he was his friend.

The doctor took the candle over very often and looked at him, but could do nothing more at present than what he had done; and then he nodded at the candle, as it sat on a little table, and he sat in an arm-chair opposite.

Annandale sat on the other side of the bed, and did n't nod all that night, for he was very wakeful and watchful; and every change of breathing, every motion of the bedclothes, made him start to his feet, and lean over the bed, and look, with affectionate solicitude, at the prostrate form of that manly young nobleman, who had in him a friend.

When the doctor looked at his patient in the morning he still shook his head, and said it would be better to write to Lord Castleford; which Annandale did, detailing, truly and yet without exaggeration, the cause of his writing and the state of Lord Castleford's son.

A week made little change in the patient.

A couple of neat little letters had come from Devonshire during the week, and Annandale was puzzled what to do. He did not like to write, lest May Wilmington—he knew the letters were from her—should be very much alarmed, as he was sure her fears would make the matter seem the worst it could possibly be; and yet he did n't like not to write, lest she might be taking all sorts of notions into her head, away in the country, removed from active life, and with plenty of time to think and to dream.

And so he wrote, after the arrival of the second letter, a few kind lines, telling her that Lord Oxborough had met with an accident which prevented his being able to write; but that she need not be at all alarmed, as the doctor hoped all would go on well; and he intended to aid the doctor in nursing one dear to all who knew him.

The doctor did hope, now, that all would go on well.

He did not permit Lord Oxborough to talk, and insisted on absolute silence as being indispensable. Once, when Lord Oxborough seemed very anxious to say something and called out in a whisper,

‘Annandale;’

The doctor heard him, and went over to the bedside, and put his forefinger on his mouth, and said, ‘Hush.’

But doctors are not infallible any more than popes; and therefore, when Annandale had been daily indulging in the hope that his friend would soon be himself again, he was startled as well as grieved to hear the doctor say, one day, ‘I fear he is going into fever; this may be very dangerous in his present weak state.’

The fever came on, and lasted long. The doctor was not wrong this time.

Annandale, all through that weary time, could scarcely be persuaded to take the necessary rest, or to go a little into the fresh air and breathe the scents of summer. The very sounds that were so sweet the day they rode down the avenue, became all changed now to the listener once delighted by them.

In the long summer mornings, when his friend lay tossing on that sick bed, the merry sounds of summer seemed a mockery, and he never thought he could have been so tired of any summer sound as he was of the cuckoo, when it came, in the early morning, into an ash tree near the window of the room, and startled, in his troubled slumbers, his fevered friend, with its 'cuckoo, cuckoo.'

His friend, in his slumbers, was ever talking on of 'May,' and 'merry May,' and 'sweet May;' and the sound of the cuckoo's voice from the ash tree through the window often set him talking on, and on, about summer, and primroses, and apple blossoms, and some little girlie, and a cottage with bees, and a warbling bird, and lilacs, and hyacinths, and violets.

Annandale never heard him talking of these things when he was strong and well, and much wondered to hear him, in his troubled and feverish dreams, wandering away to summer birds and summer flowers, to apple blossoms, and bees, and primroses.

But by-and-by he learned that this was a May dream of his; and that, whenever he began about the flowers and the birds, he always smiled, and said,

'Dear May!'

And so Annandale knew that if one away in England's fair garden was thinking of her suffering lover, and longing to be with him, and soothe him, and bathe his feverish brow, the patient was worthy of her thought, and would have been worthy of her care, for, of all the dreams of his fevered brain, the only ones that wreathed his face in smiles were dreams of summer time and May.

It was a pleasant thing when the fever went away, and he was able to get down to a snug chair in the drawing-room; it was pleasanter still when Annandale and he went out together again to the garden, and Annandale made him take his arm, for he was weak yet, though so much better.

It was pleasant to see him smiling as he read a letter one morning, and then told Annandale that he had half a mind to be jealous with him, for he found that he had been writing to—somebody, and that she was half in love with him.

It was pleasant to get a quiet drive in the carriage among the trees and the deer, and out into the open country, where the air was so fresh after that long confinement for both of them; so long that the cuckoo had ceased its song.

It was pleasant, now, to hear the swallows twittering, as they

flew round and round, and then away, away; it was pleasant to listen to the landrail's voice, 'crake, crake; crake, crake;' and it was pleasant to hear the little quail from the clover field, 'wheet—tweet—tweet; wheet—tweet—tweet;—wheet—tweet—tweet.'

Lord Oxborough was getting on famously, and Annandale was thinking that he might leave him soon, as the time for the trial was coming on.

'I wish I could remain till you were quite yourself,' he said one day, when they had been driving for a couple of hours.

'It is a pity you will be quite alone, Oxborough,' said Annandale, leading his friend into the house; when across the hall came to meet them, the Marquis of Castleford and Lord Frederick St Just.

---

## CHAPTER XXII.

THE day at last arrived that was to decide the fate of the orphan sisters. Once, long ago, their lives seemed bound up together, and they themselves united inseparably, like two white violets of the spring time bound together by a thread of silver.

Once, again, their lives seemed likely to run on in one dark and troubled course, as a river that would have been pure as crystal had poison plants not leant over it and cast on it their baleful shade.

And once again, after their courses seemed to have been parted for ever—the one stream to flow over highland hills, and down into the clear, bright loch, and the other to be lost among the dark dismalities of a poisoned city—the day had come when the fate of the one seemed bound up in the fate of the other; and it was to be decided by human laws whether the dark troubled stream was to return to its source, and flow on with the bright one in sisterly twinings, or whether the bright stream was to lose all its brightness and sunlight, and be carried away, till it was dried up or lost in the filthy *cloacæ* of yon town.

Neither of the orphan sisters knew that that day was so important to them.

The one sat on a stool of Berlin work, in the window of the parlour at Strathearn, wondering what took Mr M'Intosh, for the second time, away; and the other sat in her lonely cell pining away, wondering whether anybody ever thought of her, and why nobody ever came to try and get her home.

Anna thought that surely something must be going on, when so many letters came to Mr M'Intosh, and when he asked her, as he was going away, if she had any message for Mr Annandale; and Emily was thinking of the time when Mr Annandale heard her

scream at Lodore, and came to save Anna from that dreadful doom ; and she felt sorely tempted to try and scream again, in the vain hope that he would hear her now ; for she felt sure if he did hear her, that, as he had tried to save Anna from an awful death, he would come and save her too.

That day was to decide other things also.

It was to try whether the orphan daughters of England were to become the prey of plotting Jesuits.

Prowling about deathbeds, and stealing in and out of sick chambers, peering into corners, and among papers, it was well known that the Jesuits were famous for villany, all scented with the odour of sanctity. But many believed that stories like this were of the past ages and of other lands. They pictured to themselves the Jesuit in a robe of the olden time, with an old musty document carried under a cloak stealthily ; and following after that stealthy Jesuit they saw a dark fate for many—for the Jesuit Order, riches, money, lands ; and for the victims, want, beggary, starvation, death.

They saw heartburning and disunion in families ; schisms and secessions in churches ; seditions and treasons in states ; and they confessed that these things were the work of the Jesuits.

They said that the Jesuits were very bad, very treacherous, and so forth ; that they did n't wonder that the people in old times hated and feared them ; that if they had lived in the days of Elizabeth or James they would have been uncompromising foes of the Jesuits. But then, they added, that this was all very well in those days ; that things were entirely changed now ; that everybody was far too smart, far too clever, far too well instructed, to be taken in by the Jesuits now-a-days ; that, for their part, when they had finished that last powerful book on the subject of the Jesuits, they looked out for a long time to try and see one, but they found that they were wasting their time, for not a Jesuit could they see at all ; and therefore they had come to the conclusion, they said, that whatever the Jesuits might have been or done in other days, they were not *being* or *doing* now, and that it was folly to make such a fuss about them, for they never saw a Jesuit at all.

There was great excitement among the people of the assize town that day. Rumour had gone forth as usual, and been busy with her many tongues ; and twenty versions of the story of the sisters were already in circulation in the town.

At last all these stories were to be put an end to, and the true one to become known to all England.

A buzz ran through the court when the case of *M<sup>c</sup>Intosh v. De Vere* was called on.

It was the last case at that assizes. The judge had postponed it till all the other cases were disposed of, and now that it was called on he prepared to give his undivided attention to this most important case.

The judge sat on the bench in his robes, and settling them round him, and pulling his wig into judicial order, he put himself in an attitude of perfect attention, and prepared to listen to the statement of the plaintiff's case.

The court was as full as it could hold—an Irishman would perhaps have said that it was a little fuller. Many ladies had come to hear the case, for they were deeply interested in the story of the orphans; and as hints had got abroad that mysterious plots had been carried on and were to be unravelled through the instrumentality of some gentleman, whose name did not appear, the ladies were all curiosity, not less to find out all about this gentleman without a name than to hear the details of the plot that had been concocted to entrap the Walpoles.

Of course when all the people that could get into the court-house were there John Connell was not absent. He sat in the seat behind the plaintiff's counsel with his blue bag and a lot of papers arranged in the most business-like manner. He had got on a new coat, and a very tolerable hat lay beside him. Though he had not been much in court for a long time, and had n't got a case for many years at the assizes, he was quite cool and collected as he arranged his papers, took out those he thought would be important, and whispered a word or two to the counsel who was to open the case.

Mr Anderson was there also, in a corner by himself, and a number of other parties whose names will appear by-and-by.

At last the jury was sworn, and the counsel opened the case.

'Gentlemen of the jury,' he said, 'many cases of great importance it has fallen to my lot to take charge of, but I believe I never had the honour to lay before a jury of my countrymen a more important case than that which I submit to you for your consideration.'

'My client, Mr M'Intosh, is uncle by marriage to two orphan sisters named Walpole, one of whom at present enjoys the comforts of a happy home under his hospitable roof.'

'At the early age of fifteen these girls were left orphans, the last of their parents having died ere they had reached their fifteenth birthday; and at that critical period of their existence they had to mourn the loss of the tenderest of mothers.'

'She had scarcely been a month dead—at any rate very little more than a month—when a gentleman arrived at the Park and announced himself to be Mr Aubrey De Vere, the half-brother of the late Mr Walpole, Mr Walpole's mother having contracted a second marriage with a gentleman of that name. After this marriage, Mr and Mrs De Vere went to Italy, and from that time there was little, if any, intercourse between Mr Walpole and the De Veres.'

'Not long, however, after the death of Mrs Walpole, this gentleman, purporting to be Mr Aubrey De Vere, made his appearance, and declared himself to be sole guardian of the persons

and trustee of the property of the young ladies, nieces or my client.

‘By the death of their parents these young ladies became entitled to a considerable property, part of it in the funds and part of it in the shire in which we are at present assembled. Of this property Mr Aubrey De Vere assumed the entire direction, receiving the rents, and in every respect acting as executor—which he claimed to be—of the late Mr Walpole.

‘I need not detain you by detailing all the circumstances which led my client to come to the conclusion that this gentleman was not the person he represented himself to be; in other words, that he was not really Mr Aubrey De Vere, and therefore not entitled to act as manager of the estate or guardian of the persons of the daughters of the late Mr Walpole.

‘Evidence will be adduced which, if I have been rightly instructed, will satisfactorily prove that the real Mr Aubrey De Vere died in Rome prior to the death of Mr Walpole; and therefore, gentlemen of the jury, I think you will come to the conclusion that this is one of the most disgraceful and discreditable cases that has ever been brought before an English jury.

‘We have here an attempt made by an able and accomplished individual—for you will, when he appears before you, at once see that the defendant in this case is both accomplished and able—we have here an attempt made to obtain possession of the persons and property of two young English ladies, the present residence of one of whom, I grieve to say, cannot now be discovered. And for what purpose was the attempt made?

‘At this point a difficulty arises which I hope we may be able satisfactorily to clear up during the progress of our case. In my mind, there cannot be a doubt that this *soi-disant* Mr Aubrey De Vere is a member of the Jesuit Order; and that an effort was made to obtain possession, by improper means, of the property of the Misses Walpole, in order that, by defrauding them of their patrimony, money and lands might come into the possession, nominally of Mr Aubrey De Vere, but in reality of the grasping and greedy system that it has been the glory of England to resist, even unto blood, as a tyranny which neither our fathers nor we were able to bear.

‘By a will of the late Mr Walpole, discovered recently, and since the assumed guardianship of this pretended uncle, the entire control of the property and persons of the young ladies is committed to Mr M’Intosh. The existence of this will was unknown during the lifetime of the excellent lady who was their mother, and she consequently administered to the effects of her late husband, and took care, as was natural and proper, of her daughters during her life.

‘This will was executed by Mr Walpole three years before his death, and is properly attested, and perfectly legal in every respect. It will be attempted, in defence, to prove that this pretended Mr

Aubrey De Vere is appointed guardian by another and more recent will ; and therefore you are to be asked to set aside the will which appoints my client as guardian, and to endorse the will appointing Mr Aubrey De Vere.

‘ Do you think it probable, gentlemen, that the late Mr Walpole, a shrewd man, and one highly respected in this county—known and remembered, I have no doubt, by many of those whom I have the honour of addressing—would have set aside the guardianship of Mr M’Intosh, a gentleman and a minister, the husband of his wife’s sister, and one known to him, for a person—I refer now to the real Aubrey De Vere—of whose character he was in utter ignorance, or, if he did know anything, the little that he knew was of such a nature as must have convinced him of the utter unfitness of his half-brother to fulfil such a responsible and important trust ? Do you think that when he was choosing a guardian for his daughters, to stand in the place of their father, when he himself was no more, he would have been likely to wander away to the ruins of Rome, and fix upon a person whom he had not seen since he was a boy, merely because he happened to be related to him by the accident of birth ? If Mr Walpole had wished to pass by Mr M’Intosh and choose a guardian for his daughters, I put it to you as gentlemen acquainted with these matters, would he not have been more likely to select any one of yourselves, resident in the county, and many of you, no doubt, his friends, to fulfil this trust, which I have no doubt you would gladly and honourably have done for the sake of your departed friend ?

‘ But I am happy to say we have not mere probabilities to deal with.

‘ We shall be able to prove, if my instructions are correct, that the real Mr Aubrey De Vere died in Rome one year before Mr Walpole ; and therefore this gentleman—must I call him a gentleman, shall I not rather say this scheming Jesuit ?—is not Mr Aubrey De Vere at all, but is an impostor, a swindler, and a forger.

‘ Yes, gentlemen, I hesitate not to say that the means by which two innocent and lovely young girls were to be deprived of their property, of their liberty, and perhaps of their lives, would have disgraced the vilest forger in the land.

‘ And what shall I say when all this is done under a vow of entire devotion to the cause of Almighty God ? What terms would suffice to denounce this infamous conspiracy, that, under the garb of religion, perpetrates such deeds as this ?

‘ Picture to yourselves, gentlemen, the misery that this one act might cause—perhaps has caused. Who knows but at this hour the missing sister may be pining away in some foreign convent, praying for the time when death will put an end to the weary life that this monster has made a burden, when it might have been a blessing and a joy ? Who knows but a like fate awaits the other

sister, at present happy in her Highland home? Will you, gentlemen, by your verdict to-day, aid in this infamous plot of this base member of that vile and nefarious fraternity calling itself the Society of Jesus? This man dares to defend his actions, thereby acting even more basely than before. He dares to justify his dark deeds, his forgeries; and no doubt rejoices that he has been so far successful as to wrest from the daughters of a Protestant Englishman the means of carrying on plots and schemes to entrap other victims; of supporting in their villanies his precious fraternity; and perhaps of purchasing for himself unlimited pardon for—not such deeds as this, for that, he thinks, requires not pardon, but—every failure to victimise the innocent, every detected and baffled plot.

‘And now, gentlemen of the jury, I call upon you to find a verdict for my client; to vindicate the majesty of the law of England, and to let the oppressed go free.

‘A notion has got abroad that the law of Rome is paramount to the law of England; an effort is being made to filch from you your properties, and to seduce into convents your daughters; Jesuits are seen plotting and planning, hesitating not to resort to forgery, and no doubt prepared to add perjury, in order to build up their horrid Order, on the ruins of liberty, of law, of justice, of rights, human and divine. In this case there has been forgery of the worst and most infamous sort; and wronged and betrayed innocence demands justice at your hands. In this case there has been base and villainous treachery; and the traitor stands here to-day, and asks you to do justice, too.

‘Let justice be done then, gentlemen, to the guilty and to the innocent; let wrongs be righted, and the right be wronged no longer; remember, that you are freemen and Britons born. I appeal with confidence to you, as upright and honest Englishmen, to baffle this conspiracy, to disappoint these plotters, and to vindicate the supremacy of right, and the majesty of the law, in free and happy England.’

When Mr Martin, the counsel for the plaintiff, resumed his seat, a thrill of indignant feeling ran through the assembled throng.

Every one in that assembly felt that the case was one of the most intense interest, and nearly all of those present sympathized with the plaintiff, or rather with the innocent and injured victims of that vile Jesuit plot.

Much anxiety was felt as to whether the case would be well sustained by the evidence, and whether the testimony of the witnesses would bear out the statements of counsel.

Everybody wondered how the plot was discovered, and whether the evidence would throw any light on the subject. Everybody had to wait a little, before they got their wonderings solved, for after Mr Martin's speech the judge for a short time left the court.

On the court resuming, the will, discovered by John Connell in

a secret drawer of an old *escritoire*, on the day when he and Mr Anderson met Mr M'Intosh and Charles Annandale in the Park, was produced and proved.

It was attested by two gentlemen, magistrates of the county, and there was not the slightest doubt as to its authenticity. It was written in a plain, bold hand, which was sworn to as the handwriting of the late Mr Walpole himself, and was signed, sealed, published, and delivered, in regular legal form.

The aged attendant on the late Mr Aubrey De Vere was next produced, and sworn.

Her appearance had undergone a considerable change since we met her last in Mr Anderson's parlour. She had been induced to adapt her costume a little to the tastes and habits of the people of her country, and took her seat on a chair before the judge, looking quite respectable, if a little homely.

It appeared, on her examination, that she had suffered great hardships in Rome on the death of her master ; that the stranger, who came so often when he was alive, never visited her after his death ; that she got some employment sometimes, to do washing, and other small things, for the English visitors ; that she had stinted herself, and saved and saved, in the hopes of getting back to die in England ; and that at last, after years of patient endurance, she had been able to reach her native village, and make herself known to the clergyman, who had but recently got the living at the time that her master and mistress went away to Italy. It seemed a marvellous tale she told, and the defendant's counsel were seen to whisper, and then one of them rubbed his hands, threw up his eyebrows, and laughed a low, mocking laugh, as he glanced over at the poor old woman.

He then tried to shake her testimony on cross-examination, but entirely failed to make her contradict herself, though at last she got terribly distressed, and began to cry, poor old thing.

The defendant's counsel then opened his case.

He said that his client was there to-day, confident in the justice of his cause, and calculating on that love of justice which would not permit Englishmen to take mere allegations as evidence, nor find a verdict on such testimony as that of an old woman in her dotage, which would have the effect of irreparably damaging his client, an upright and honourable gentleman.

He asked them to look at his client—pointing to him as he sat in a seat behind his counsel, dressed in a plain suit of black—and say whether they thought it likely that he had designed and carried out that vile and infamous plot, of which the counsel for the plaintiff had sought to make it appear he was the base contriver.

If he had resided in Rome since he was a boy, and only returned to fulfil that responsible position which the will of his step-brother imposed upon him, he nevertheless appealed as confidently to the well-known justice of his fellow-countrymen, as did

the plaintiff, who had never been, he supposed, out of Great Britain.

Mr Aubrey De Vere had long ago received a letter from the late Mr Walpole, requesting him to return home as soon as he should hear of his death, and directing him to a certain gentleman, with whom he said he had deposited a will appointing Mr Aubrey De Vere guardian of his daughters.

His client might perhaps be accused of neglect of duty that he did not return to England on Mr Walpole's death; but he hoped they would give him credit for being unwilling to hurt the feelings of the mother of his wards by depriving her of that trust which she might naturally have supposed would have been committed to her. He intended, however, in course of time, to make known to her the fact that he was the legal guardian of her daughters, and had made preparations to come to England for that purpose when he heard of her death.

He called on the jury as Englishmen to be jealous of this sacred right of trial by jury, and to disregard such trumped-up evidence as that on which the plaintiff rested his case, and bring in a verdict for his client, the defendant.

It was not denied that Mr Walpole might have made the will produced by the plaintiff, but the will appointing his client the sole executor and the guardian of his daughters was executed subsequent to the former one, and only six months before Mr Walpole's death. This will was his last will and testament. It was perfectly regular and legal. Neither of the witnesses, unfortunately, was present, but they should be able to prove their signatures, as well as that of Mr Walpole.

He could not sufficiently stigmatize the base imputations cast upon his client by plaintiff's counsel; but he knew he might with confidence submit his case to an honest English jury, who would not fail to do justice to his respectable client.

Mr Aubrey De Vere was then called and sworn.

He told the story of his departure from England, and narrated very circumstantially the history of his residence in Rome. He regretted that he had not the letter alluded to by his counsel: he could have produced it if he had supposed it would have been required: he was the person appointed executor and guardian under the will: he positively swore he was the real Aubrey De Vere.

At this point the judge, jury, and court were considerably astonished to hear a voice calling out—

‘He is not: it is false!’

It soon appeared that it proceeded from the old woman, who was trying to get forward to the witness-table. When she got up on it, which she could not be prevented from doing, and which, indeed, Annandale—for he, of course, was there—assisted her to do, she made her way over to the witness, and peered up into his face, and then exclaimed—

‘Yes; you are the man.’

‘Now, gentlemen of the jury, you hear that,’ said the defendant’s counsel, triumphantly, and then told her she might go down.

‘Stop a minute,’ said Mr Martin; ‘what man do you mean?’

‘The one that used to come to see my master.’

‘Will you swear this?’

‘Yes, sure.’

‘You think you are not mistaken?’

‘No, no; he came too often for that.’

The counsel for the defendant was completely taken aback by this evidence: at last he said—

‘That was several years ago?’

‘Aye, was it.’

‘He cannot be the same gentleman whom you say you saw in Rome, for he would be quite changed in that time.’

‘Changed? Not a bit; he is the very one; he came so often and was too kind then for me to forget his face.’

This scene made a great sensation in the court.

The sensation had scarcely subsided when the Most Noble the Marquis of Castleford came upon the witness-table, and testified to the fact that the gentleman purporting to be Mr Aubrey De Vere conducted him and his son through the library of the Jesuit College in Rome on the occasion of his visit to that establishment.

Lord Frederick St Just gave evidence to the same effect in a bold tone, and looked with undaunted eye on the whitest of all white faces and the blackest of all black hair, as the late confident and audacious impostor sat biting his under lip in vain and impotent rage.

The counsel for the defendant saw it was all up now, and closed the case hurriedly.

The judge charged the jury briefly, and in a few minutes the jury returned with a verdict for the plaintiff.

The ladies were all smiling and talking; the honest faces in the court seemed longing to cheer loudly and heartily. Lord Oxborough, weak as he was, was as joyous and happy as any of them, and he and his brother Lord Frederick shook Annandale heartily by the hand.

‘That’s for these infernal Jesuits!’ said Lord Frederick, snapping his fingers; ‘I wonder what Mr Wilmington would say now.’

He saw not, as he said this, a flush of pain pass across his brother’s face; but it did, though it soon was gone.

Annandale saw it, and only said—

‘Thank God that England’s daughters not yet shall be the slaves of Rome!’

As he said this, some one passed behind them, touching Annandale’s coat; and as he passed a hissing whisper came forth from his lips. Like a serpent he hissed, though he only said one word, and that one word was—‘Wait!’

## CHAPTER XXIII.

‘Paris, Monday — —.

‘MY OWN DARLING SISTER,

‘It seems a long, long time since we met—since we were together at Strathearn; and a longer time since we were at home. I often think of you, indeed I always think of you. During my lesson hours I think of you; during my play time I think of you; during the night I dream of you.

‘They are kind to me here, but they are not *you*. They talk to me, but not as you would.

‘When I came here first I missed you very, very much; I miss you very much still. I wish you were with me here, and then I should be quite happy.

‘Perhaps you would not like Paris quite so well as home, but I think you would like it; I am sure you would like it with me. It is a pretty place, and a gay place; the houses are very fine, and the people very kind.

‘I used to wish to get home very much, to see you; I don’t wish so very much to get home now, but I wish as much as ever to be with you, or you to be with me, and that is just the same thing.

‘Why were we parted, sister? Why did you stay behind? Do you love me now? Do you think of me? Do you wish to see me? Do you remember Emily? or, do you not care about your poor sister? Do aunt and uncle take up all your thoughts? Would you rather stay at home to see—you know who I mean, sometimes?

‘If I were at home and you in Paris, I would not always stay away from my sister Anna.

‘*Thursday*.—Since I wrote the first part of this letter I have been ill, frightfully ill. I asked if you might come and see me, and they said you might if you liked, but perhaps you would n’t care to come now, when you were so comfortable and happy.

‘I cried bitterly, and said I knew you would come, if you could; that you never would leave your sister alone when she was very ill, and in great pain.

‘They said, Well, perhaps I was right, they did n’t know; but I might try if I liked.

‘*Friday*.—I was dreadfully ill again, last night. I fear I shall die, and not see my own Anna. Oh! Anna, come!’

Anna was sitting in the window, looking out at her little robin, when a man, plainly but respectably dressed, like a messenger from an inn, brought the above letter to the manse at Strathearn. Mrs M’Intosh was out visiting a sick parishioner, left in her special charge by her husband when he went away to the south.

She had not been long gone, and would not be back till evening ; and Anna had worked a little, and read a little, and was now looking out at the bird.

Anna went to the door when the messenger came, and took the letter, and was about to lay it aside till Mrs M'Intosh came, without looking at the address at all, when the messenger said—

‘It’s for you, miss. I was to wait for an answer.’

By his accent the man seemed to be an Englishman, and Anna wondered a little how he happened to be there in Strathearn.

Anna then looked at the handwriting, and started as she saw it was a well-known one. She hurried into the house, and read it with eager haste. Her heart beat wildly, and her face flushed, as she perused her sister’s pathetic appeal. She accused herself of heartlessness and neglect, and exclaimed, in bitter sorrow—

‘What *can* I do?’

Just then her eye caught a few lines on the back of the letter, which, in her hurry to take the letter out of the envelope, she had not noticed. The lines were these:—

‘Emily, I fear, is dying. If you would see her alive, lose no time in following the bearer. Bring with you a few things for the journey, and alarm not your uncle and aunt by imparting to them the sad news. The bearer will conduct you to a gentleman who will bring you to

‘Your affectionate uncle,  
AUBREY DE VERE.’

A rushing tide of thoughts ran through the brain of poor Anna, thus startled from her quiet dream at the parlour window.

There was Emily’s well-known writing once more, a little more formal, perhaps, than it used to be, but still her own.

And it told such sad tidings, too, of her longing to see Anna in that sad hour, and of Anna being far away. It spoke of illness, of pain, and of death, and called Anna to come.

‘Yes, I will come, darling Emily,’ she said ; ‘they will not blame me for leaving them, when they know what you have suffered, and when they know that you have called for me in, perhaps, your dying hour.’

And so she was not long in hurrying on her things, that loving sister, and placing in a small bag a few articles to use on the way ; and then she came down-stairs quietly, and wrote a note to her aunt, enclosing the one she had got from her sister ; and when she had written it, she gave the bag to the messenger in waiting, who silently took it, as if he quite expected to have to carry something of the sort, and then she followed the messenger.

He led the way, not to the nearest inn, nor, indeed, to an inn at all, but to a retired spot, not very far from the manse, where a carriage stood waiting, in which a gentleman was seated ; and as Anna came up to the carriage, and the man with the carpet bag

opened the door to hand her in, she saw, to her astonishment, that the gentleman who waited to convey her to her uncle De Vere was none other than the one who had been left with her uncle, by Emily and herself, the day they went up to the waterfall; he remaining with her uncle when her story was nearly ended, in the dark, brown, cold waters of the grave among the rocks of Lodore.

It was strange now, she thought, that he should be with them again, when death seemed determined on removing her sister. Had she been superstitious, she might have shuddered to see him, as some people do to see a raven flying overhead, or a single magpie hopping along on the road before them.

But she was not superstitious at all; she did not shudder; only she thought that it was very odd.

'Is she dying, sir?' she asked, as the tears came forth like winter rain, or rivers in the thaw of snow.

'I do not know,' the stranger answered quietly.

'Shall we get there soon?'

'I think we will.'

'When shall we meet uncle De Vere?'

'When we reach the English border.'

'Is he in England?'

'I believe so.'

'Was he in Paris?'

'I believe so.'

'Did he see her?'

'I believe so.'

'May I see her?'

'I suppose so.'

'Did you see her?'

'Not lately.'

'Will Aunt M'Intosh come?'

'I think not.'

'Why?'

'You ask so many questions, young lady, I shall be out of breath soon—indeed, I am quite out of breath already.'

'I am so anxious about Emily, sir.'

'Well, you will see her as soon as possible, I imagine.'

'I hope uncle De Vere will hurry on.'

'I hope so.'

'Do you think he will?'

'Very likely.'

'I will thank him so much for that.'

The gentleman glanced slightly at Anna when she said, earnestly, 'I will thank him so much for that,' and for a moment you might have imagined that pity for somebody or other was going to exhibit itself in his countenance.

You might have imagined this if he had been anybody at all you knew, even the stoniest and most selfish villain of your acquaint-

ance, who rubs his hands with fierce delight if he has any new-made slander to retail, or any dark night rascality to perpetrate, and deny, with an oath, in the morning.

You might have imagined that a look of pity would come by-and-by into that face, as he looked on one so young, so lovely, and so innocent; but there was no pity, not a grain of it, in the remotest corner of his—heart, you would say, but he had none, or he would have pitied sometimes the innocent, the lovely, and the young.

But he glanced slightly at Anna, and there came over his face a strangely compounded smile, one half sardonic and sneering, and the other half a breaking-out consciousness of having before him a good reward.

This smile of his was brief, but it sufficed for his purpose. He was doing a work that made him able to sneer at the taken-in, and to rejoice in the reward that awaited him, in some place or other, be very certain, whether in heaven, or earth, or that other place.

And, for the gentle Anna, it was a pity she saw not that smile.

Now, when the quick, hurried action that brought her there was over, and she had nothing to do but sit still and think, that smile, had she seen it, might have set her thinking in a way that Mr De Vere would have little cared for; and done so, too, while she was free to act, being in John Knox's land, that land of the sturdy, the free, and the brave.

But she did not see it.

And so they hurried on till the carriage reached the train, and then they went faster than ever, away to the English border.

Anna was nearing again the dear birth-land of her and Emily. She would have been glad, if Emily had been with her then, and they were both going back to the Park, with Mr M'Intosh, and—and Mr Annandale.

But she was going to England, though not to the Park, and she was going alone, on a sad errand, as a passenger dove, from that land, away; to see her dear, deserted Emily, ill, suffering, alas! perhaps dead.

Many a time Anna had been sad lately, but since her mother's death she never had felt so sad and lonely as she did when they were nearing home.

She could not have told why. She could not have analyzed her feelings of bitterness and pain; but they were there, and she knew it; and wept on, from an unutterable sense of desertedness, and homelessness, and loss. When she was leaving the manse she thought of nothing but Emily. Her letter and its story made all else fade away.

Now that she was far from the manse she thought of everything; of her aunt, of her old home, of old Thompson, of Mr Annandale; and everything she thought of made her sadder than before, for they were her only comforts, and she was leaving them.

There was not comfort in the thought of seeing her sister in that strange dreadful illness, perhaps not even the poor comfort of seeing her barely alive: it seemed now more than likely that that illness would indeed be ended, but in a way that made poor Anna shudder, and feel cold, cold, cold.

Anna was silent now, as the train went on.

She was too busy with her own thoughts, to permit her to talk of trifles to her companion, and to talk of them in a trifling way.

And he was too busy with his.

While they were alone in the carriage he seemed inclined to try, in the hurry of the lightning motion, to get glances at houses and hills, towers and trees, men and mountains; but when, by-and-by, a plain-looking, intelligent, and bright-faced man got into the carriage with them, Anna's travelling companion moved over nearer to her, and seemed unconscious of the long bright lines of green, when they were passing the fields, and of the long dark lines of shade when they were passing woods of fir.

He was very thoughtful and silent, and Anna thought asleep, till Mr, whatever his name was, politely handed to her the *Times* of that morning, with a slight inclination of the head, and an intimation that there was a trial in it, in which young ladies might be supposed to be interested.

Did Anna think for a moment, as he said this, that the trial was that fateful one we have recorded? Did she dream that a window had been opened in heaven to let down the bright light, and that now, again, it was closing?

She blushed as he handed her the paper, and a shade of a dream passed before her, but it took not form nor figure, for she knew of no trial,—they had never told her; and therefore she carelessly resigned the paper to the polite but somewhat imperative request of her companion from the highland hills.

With a start that proved how light his slumber had been, he became very attentive when the trial was named; and with eager and yet well-dissembled haste, he took the paper, just as it touched her hand, and for a long time he was very busy reading. Line after line he read, till the owner of the paper got uncommonly fidgetty, not seeming to have had any design of thus furnishing reading material to one who had previously seemed quite unconscious of anything attractive enough in heaven or on the earth to cause him to withdraw his introspective gaze, and to remember that there was really something else existing than the individual who had seemed completely wrapped up in self.

Now, indeed, he seemed to have plenty to interest him.

Never had been sent from Printing-house Square such a wonderful number of the *National Mirror* as that of which column after column was read, and re-read, by the temporary guardian of Anna Walpole.

She had imagined that by-and-by he would be done with the paper, at least that he would be done sometime; but he did n't

seem at all in a hurry to complete the perusal; and Anna, not the least interested, at first, began to get curious from the very delay.

The gentleman, too, who had purchased the paper at the station as he got in, and who had n't read it all, only the trial, but who wished to do a polite thing, because he was a gentleman, and therefore handed it to the young traveller in the carriage going south, began to wonder if the reader would begin to read it backwards, now that he had apparently read it twice over, in the regular way; and it was full time, he thought, that the paper should be finding its way back to its owner, especially as he was to leave the train at the station they were coming up to.

He therefore, as the train was stopping, requested the interested individual to be kind enough to let him have the paper now, as he was sorry he was obliged to get out at the station they were at.

As the train was starting again the gentleman came forward to the window and, addressing Anna, asked her if she should like to see the paper, for that he had quite done with it now, and would be most happy to leave it with her, as the trial was really interesting, and it might help her to pass the time, when they were not going through any country particularly interesting.

The gentleman's kind intention was defeated by the individual who seemed to have found a mine of wealth there, for he politely handed back the paper, and said that he could not think of taking it away; that the lady never read papers; and a parcel more sentiments that were very polite and very good English, and only wanted one qualification, and that was, of being true.

As the train was starting again another one came into the station.

The train for the south had taken in its passengers, and let some leave it for their homes. Portmanteaus, trunks, bags, baskets, and boxes lay piled in a heap on the platform, and another pile of just the same sort had been stowed away in the luggage van.

And now the train was rolling slowly out, following the panting engine, as the other was rolling slowly in, and stopping at the station.

Some of the passengers in each train looked out of the windows, but every looker saw strange faces—faces that they had seen that day, at that station of their life journey, and were to see no more again till all had reached the grand terminus.

As the train was rolling slowly southwards, Anna was watching that matter of the paper, and thinking more and more of the trial, and wishing she had been able to read the account of it.

Then she rested back against the cushions, and looked out at the trunks and portmanteaus till the train passed out of the station, away.

Resting back against the cushions, and silent, were two travellers in the train for the north.

One of the travellers was asleep; the other was thinking of Anna. He was thinking of her pleasant surprise, and a happy meeting;

of a cheerful welcome, and a blushing smile; and then of rides over highland roads, and up impossible hills, in bonnie Perth; and of wandering by lochs and fern paths with some one that he hoped soon to see.

He was thinking that now her troubles were over, and how happy they would be; at least when he had brought Emily back to the Park from Paris. He was thinking what a long life of misery he had saved her from, and what a happy thing it was that there were sometimes cold and windy nights in March, and that people had sometimes to face the wind and the weather. He was thinking how very much the happiness of his life depended upon Anna, and he wondered what she thought of him: he would soon find out, he thought, at any rate, for he would tell her to-morrow that he loved her.

The train rolled into the station; back against the cushions he rested, and thought of Anna and love.

And Anna was thinking of him, as the train for the south moved on.

They never looked out, with the rest, at that station on the journey of life.

And so—

The train for the south rolled on, away, away.

And the train for the north rolled away, and on, and on.

And Charles and Anna were parted: shall they ever meet again?

At the next station Anna did look out, and not at the side where passengers and luggage were crowded together.

She looked out, and was trying to read a green and white advertisement on the other side, when the window next her companion was darkened by a figure standing before it.

The handle of the door turned softly; the figure entered quietly; and Anna was still looking out as the train got in motion again.

With a start, as she turned, at last, and a timid, half-shrinking step forward, she held out her hand, and took that of one whom she at least still knew as her uncle Aubrey De Vere.

‘Oh! uncle,’ she said, ‘how is Emily?’

‘Better, Anna, a little.’

‘I am so happy.’

‘Yes, she is better now.’

‘Shall we see her soon?’

‘We shall go on straight to Paris.’

‘When shall we reach it?’

‘In a couple of days.’

‘And she is better?’

‘Certainly; I said so.’

After a slight pause, Anna ventured timidly to ask,

‘Uncle, did you see uncle M’Intosh lately, and Mr Annandale?’

‘Why do you ask?’

'Because they went away somewhere, lately, and I thought that perhaps you might have met them.'

'And if I did?'

'Oh! nothing, only—'

'Only what?'

'Did they see the Park?'

'Not with me.'

'Then you did n't see them?'

'Did I say so?'

'No; but I thought—'

'I wish, Anna, you would n't pester me with your thoughts. I wonder you can think about anything or anybody, except Emily, just now.'

'Oh! uncle, do n't be angry.'

'There now, that will do; here we are at our resting-place for the night.'

Again the train stopped, and passengers left the station.

It may go on where it pleases now, for its fiery, snorting engine, carry it what load it likes, has left behind it those whom we have followed on life's journey thus far.

For the night the travellers stopped at the hotel—at least Anna and Aubrey De Vere; for we shall sometimes call him so, when we find him in good society.

As Anna touched with her fair cheek the white pillow that night, Charles Annandale and Mr M'Intosh drove up to the manse.

A moment more and they had heard the tale, and with half-blinded eyes Annandale read the letter.

'She is lost,' he exclaimed, 'those infernal Jesuits!—and this is what that viper meant when he whispered me to wait!'

Back to the railway went the horses, wearily, and just reached the station as the night mail came up.

Annandale jumped in, and got a ticket from the guard, and on it might be read the word 'London.'

Night had come creeping up over the earth, and it was all black and dark now, as the train moved away from the station. It was all black and dark, except the red glare of the engine fires, as they flared, luridly, on the night.

At a station far off from the starting-place a loud screaming shriek from the signal whistle woke a fair sleeper in the night; she did not sleep again till the train had passed on.

In the train was one who was sleepless, too, at that station; sleepless, and thinking of her.

But the train passed on and on; away into the dark, black night.

## CHAPTER XXIV

IN her convent-cell Emily was pining away.

Her spirit revolted against the tyranny of the cruel system that had first deceived and was then destroying her. They had tried to tame her by forced penances, by compelled scourgings, by confinement, by starvation. They were killing her, but they would tame her—never!

On that night, when the train passed on away into the dark, black night, she lay in troubled slumber in her convent cell.

In the night, as she lay there, the door opened silently, and a figure glided softly in, like the white soul of the night stealing away and leaving the dark body behind, as the soul went on next heaven, towards the stars and the angels. It came in and stood by Emily, and fanaticism would have said that an angel visitant had come with comfort to that lonely cell. But neither was it an angel, nor come with comfort, for it was of the earth, even of that convent, and therefore it was lonely and cold. It stood by Emily and clasped its hands silently, and bent over her and wept. The falling tears on the face of Emily wakened her from her troubled slumber: she saw a glimmer of whiteness in form before her, and in that dark night she did not scream. For she was so very lonely that she thought there was comfort in the companionship of anything.

The figure moved as she wakened, and gently touched her cheek with its long, thin fingers, and then softly bent over her and asked her to 'come home.'

It was a mocking request in that prison to talk of home to Emily, and she buried her face in the pillow, and felt almost going wild.

Yet the figure bent down again and said, 'Come home,' and tried to take Emily's hand to lead her away through galleries and by cells to some place of happiness and peace.

'Who are you that talks of home?' asked Emily, wildly; and she shuddered as the voice answered—

'Sister Anna.'

Could it be that in that dreary hour, and in that dreary place, Anna, her sister, had come to take her home? Could it be that she had left all the joys of home, and the land of liberty, to stand by the side of the poor nun? Could it be that all the dreams of the dreadful hours spent in sadness and loneliness were to come true to Emily at the last? Could it be that there was deliverance for her after all, and that the days of her misery were ended? One flash of hope passed across her mind in the midnight darkness of that convent cell: it proved bright as lightning, but to pass as quickly away, and leave all behind as black as when Night puts on her mourning garments, bewailing her daughter the moon.

For she remembered that there was in that convent a 'Sister Anna,' whose name was sometimes mentioned in whispers by the nuns. She knew not why it was so, yet there seemed to be some mystery about her story : it seemed to be a sad one, perhaps one of temptation and fall.

That she had been basely tempted Emily could believe, for she, too, had been, till she thought of death. The tempter was a most sacred personage, and talked glibly of all the glories of 'Mother Church,' and the joys and pleasures she offered to her children. He practised carefully 'the Church's' ritual and had Liguori almost by heart.

That holy writer, made a Roman saint of, was his favourite when he went to the confessional ; and he studied Liguori as carefully as Liguori had studied under a personage that has been head master of the school where most of Rome's saints have learned.

And it was this Sister Anna that stood by her side and made Emily weep anew as she talked of home.

She shut the door and sat down beside Emily, and talked on wildly ; and then Emily knew why she had never seen her before, and why the 'sisters' shook their heads if her name happened to be mentioned in a whisper.

That white form was not the home of Reason ; Reason had been there once, but now was dead. And with wild utterance she poured forth the story of her wrongs, and laid them all on the head of Rome.

'They enticed me in,' she said, 'and told me I should be the bride of Christ ; that was a lie : I am not—oh, no, no, no !

'I had a quarrel with Louis, and they told me he loved me not, and they got me here, and now I know why they deceived me.

'They told me lies about him, and said he loved me not : it was false, he did.

'But I believed them, and came, came here, into this hell—oh, fool, fool, fool !

'They wanted my gold, and they got that ; and they wanted more, and they got that too ; and then they put me in a damp place and bade me die. Ha ! ha ! ha !

'I am a holy nun ! Ha ! ha ! ha ! They know better, and they want me to die now, but I won't—I won't die ; I'll torment them. I'll plague them. They would like to stifle my voice—I'll scream out that they have murdered me, body and soul.

'Heaven will hear me if there is a heaven. Is there ? for they say there is ; but all the things they told me were lies, and I do n't know if that is n't a lie, too. But I think there is a heaven. Is n't there ? I wonder who lives in it : I wonder if they know there what goes on in these nunneries. I wonder, if there is a heaven, who will get there, and what will become of—of *him*.

'And then they tell me to fast and pray. Fast and pray ! Are n't they always at that ? Do they ever do anything else ?

Is n't *he* always fasting and praying and reading over the Breviary? And that's all they do, and that's holy work!

'Will fasting take away the burning here, and here, and here? If there is a heaven, I'm sure that will do no good, for *they*'ll not get in; and if there is n't, what's the use of fasting, and all that stuff?'

'I told the mother this, and she beat me, and called me mad! Mad! Well, if I am, what wonder? Have I not had enough to make me mad? Would n't it make any one mad—their cruelties, and their lies, and their horrid, horrid villanies? Mad! Are n't they all mad to go on as they do, and go praying and talking about heaven and the saints and all that, and then make me go down on my knees, and lash, lash, lash my bare shoulders till they are covered with sores and blood?'

'Mad, indeed! It would be a comfort to be mad, and not be like them all, so meek and holy! Ha! ha! ha!'

'What am I saying? Come here: I saw you once, and I liked you, and I found out where you were, and I have come to you to-night. I stole away to you, for I like you. You look sorry: what did they do to you? Do they try to—well, no, never mind!'

'Are you sorry? Do you like me? No, you can't; but do you pity me? Let me see you crying, and I will know you do! That's right! That's a good thing! I like you better now; I wish they'd let me stay with you, but they wo n't; they'll be coming here soon to take me away and shut me up—they will.'

'Do n't let me go; I'll stay with you; I'll tell them so; I'll strike them; I'll stay here always, for I like you.'

'Will you stay here? Why do you shudder? Did I hurt you? "No!" Will you come home? That's it; come home, do.'

'I used to be happy at home. Had you ever a sister? I had one; I loved her; but she died; perhaps she did n't die, but they said she did; perhaps that was a lie, too.'

'I will go home and see. Will you come? Do; I like you; come! We'll both go away from this place; I hate it; do n't you? That's right. We'll go home, then; we'll tell them all what a horrid place this is; I wanted to get out often and often; I did n't want to die here.'

'I wanted to get out, and waited and waited, but nobody came for me. Why did n't they? Did they think I liked to stay here? Did they think I would n't go out if I could?'

'Perhaps they were afraid of the cursings, the cowards! Nobody here minds the rest of the humbug—not they; but outside they mind the cursings just because they are cowards; that's it, and I'll tell them so.'

'I tried to get out once, but they brought me back and shut me up. I saw somebody outside when I got out, and I called to him to help me and take me away; but he was just a coward like the rest of them. He ran and ran till he got away, and then they

came and took me back and shut me up and flogged me. Why did he run? Why would nobody help me? Why are they all such fools? Do they think the devil, if there is a devil, will take them for helping poor prisoners? or that God, if there is a God, will like them better for shutting us up here, always, always, and giving the key to the mother abbess, and such as *him*?

'They call me mad; perhaps I am. I may be mad, but I am not that mad that I do n't know better; God won't do all the bad work and the devil all the good work, that I know, whatever they say.'

'And there was worse than that, for they murdered it, they did; and then they shut me up and tried to kill me; and when I lay senseless on the floor, as they thought, I heard them whispering that I should soon die, and that nobody would know, and that all would be right then. But that was a lie, too, like the rest; everything they say here is a lie; do n't believe anybody: I'll believe you if you speak, but not them—no, not them.'

'You are crying. Are you cold? are you ill? are *you* mad?

'Come, come away. Have you a home? You have. We'll go there, fast. I hear them coming. We have time yet; let us escape; I know the way; let us leave this horrid place of villany, of lies, of death.'

And the poor thing cowered down on the bed and caught Emily's hand, and tried to raise her up, and get her to come away.

There were footsteps in the passage, and they were coming towards Emily's cell. The prisoner had been missed, even in that night hour, and they were coming for her to bear her away. As she heard them coming she clung to Emily, and held, with convulsive clasp, the arms scarcely less wasted than her own.

When the door opened, and they came in with lights and saw her there, as she sat on Emily's bed, she threw her arms round poor trembling Emily, and called out, in wild and piteous shrieks, 'They will murder me; do n't leave me, do n't!'

The abbess was there with her rosary and her crucifix and her scissors; and she looked stern, cruel, and bloodless as she came up to the poor demented 'sister,' and then she caught her arm tight in her grasp—so tight that a dart of pain was reflected in the pale, wan face; and dragging her off the couch of the pitying English nun, called out, in a hard, icy voice, as she held the arm tightly and drew her towards the door—

'Come!'

'Come?' shrieked Sister Anna, 'where to? home?'

'Silence, and come away!'

'Silence? Ha! ha! ha! Where is it? is it dead? is it murdered? who did it? you?'

'Stop her mouth, will you?' said the abbess to some dark figures behind, who came up to try and obey.

'Not you; ha! ha! I will speak, I *will* tell your villanies, your lies, your——'

Not a word more could she say as they bore her from the cell with gagged mouth and hands fastened tightly. They carried her away with them, and Emily strained her ears to listen, but she only heard the footsteps dying away.

When she thought they were gone she came to the door of the cell and listened for any sound that might tell where they were going, and what they had done with the poor injured and outraged creature, that a couple of years ago they had called the Spouse of Christ, and made one of Rome's most holy nuns.

For the first time since she entered there she thought more of the sufferings of another than of her own sad lot; and forgot, in the bitter fate of Sister Anna, her trials, her sorrows, her griefs, and her wrongs.

After a while a door opened, away below, and there was a struggling sound of some one being forced in; and then there came a shriek, sounding all along those galleries and into every cell, and with wild, unearthly wail,

'No! no! no! no! no!'

came rising up in all the keys of agony, till the power of that agonised wail might have waked the bright battalions of the sky.

'No! no! no! no! no!'

Was it a greater wrong than all the rest that was being done, as that sound of sorrow came piercing through the thick dark night?

'No! no! no! no! no!'

Was the child of sorrow and of sin putting in her last plea for mercy, in that wild wail of midnight madness that came, cold and clammy, on the night?

'No! no! no! no! no!'

Was it a death voice issuing from the tomb that was closing on a warm and breathing form, beating heart, and panting breast?

'No! no! no! no! no!'

Was the accusing spirit floating away into the ocean of æther, and was that wild scream to float on, wave after wave, for ever?

'No! no! no! no! no!'

Was that pale wan creature uttering her last protest to a weary earth, that there was, after all, an Eternal Ear that could listen to the wail even of her; and an Eye that could see deep down into the dungeon, and into the deeper hell that was for *them* in more than dreams?

HE knows.

But the wild-sounding wail was soon over, and the weird, unearthly shriek never came again. It had done its purpose, and was past now for ever; and there came nothing after it breaking the stillness of that night, but the heavy, creaking sound of the closing of an iron door.

That was all.

## CHAPTER XXV

THE joy-bells are ringing, dingle, dangle, dong.

Crowds of men, women, and children in holiday dress, are pacing up and down the street of the village of F——. Honest, sturdy, round-faced men, with big, burly forms, that had done ample justice to the plentiful, if sometimes homely, fare of the old England that they lived in and loved. Clean and trim women with their Sunday gowns on, and everything, that was white and washable, washed and ironed with double care. And little girls, with faultless pinafores, some of them, and others with white tip-pets and pink ribbons, very neat and tidy.

The joy-bells are ringing, dingle, dangle, dong.

And now they are forming in gay procession, and leaving behind the pretty village, with its snug little inn, covered with fuchsias, hanging their scarlet and purple drapery all over the inn front; and the old, homely church, that, with its tall spire, is ever standing there and pointing upwards, a silent witness for God.

They are gay and merry as they go along, and talk and laugh cheerily. The little boys and girls make a merry day of it, and they laugh, and then the women ask them what they are laughing at, and laugh too. They have got little flags in their hands, of blue, and pink, and yellow; and if they do n't carry them in regular order, at any rate they wave them about in every direction, and the wind comes after them and helps them, and they laugh merrily at gay little streamers flying every way on that merry procession-day.

At last they have left the village a good way behind, and come on, under shady elms, and leafy beech arms, and arches of old ash and green oak; and they are slightly checking their merriment, for decorum's sake, though they smile and seem as joyous as ever, as they come within sight of the gate of the Park, and see Mr Anderson and Mr Connell standing there.

Under the arched shade of the elms, and beech, and ash, and oak, comes the sound of the bells from the village, mellowed and sweet,

'Dingle, dangle, dong; dingle, dangle, dong.'

Old Thompson was busy in the house, and had been busy for days before. All the withered laurels and shrubs had been taken away, and fresh, smiling, glossy branches had been put in their place. He had gone to the garden, which was nearly wild now, yet had roses and lilies and fuchsias, and other flowers, growing thickly and richly in it; and such an armful of flowers had not been carried into the house by anybody for a long, long time, as old Thompson brought in and laid down in the hall; and then he took them up and trimmed them, and put bunches of them in the drawing-room, and parlour, and library, and the neatest and nicest

bunch of all in the room where his young mistresses used to sleep when they were at the Park, it seemed now so long a time ago, before the coming of that Mr De Vere.

And when all this was done he went round and looked at the solitary dove, and at all the birds, to see that they wanted nothing, and had reason to be as merry and cheerful as everybody was on that day of merriment and joy.

When he had spoken to the dove, and chirped to the birds, he stood out on the steps of the door, and put his left hand in his pocket while he shaded his eyes with his right hand, and looked away down the avenue in the direction of the gate, to see if he could discover anybody coming, for he expected some one that day.

He had been at the famous trial, and could hardly restrain himself when the jury brought in the verdict. He felt very much inclined to thank them, and cry out that they were good honest gentlemen.

And when it was over he had seen Mr M'Intosh and Mr Anandale and asked them what day they would bring the young lady home to the Park, for everybody would like to give her a hearty welcome, and hoped that she would soon come home.

And they had talked a little together, and then they had named a day for the coming home of Miss Walpole; and old Thompson shed tears as they told him that he would soon see his young mistress again. He would have been happier far, if he could have seen the two young ladies, but the other was in Paris, and he thought that she would soon follow her sister, and then they would have another joyful day.

And now the day had come that Mr M'Intosh said he would bring back the dear young lady; and he was waiting for her coming home, and for the young gentleman that she wrote him had saved her from drowning once; and that now had found out all about that rascally impostor, that he knew very well was not the man he pretended to be the very first day he saw him at the Park, for if he had had a drop of his master's blood in him at all he would never have spoken so stiffly to an old servant for being fond of his master's children.

She was coming back, at last, he said, and this was the day; he would soon see again her fair face, and hear her kind voice once more.

He knew he should certainly do so, for were not the bells ringing joyfully away in the village beyond; and were they not saying that she was coming home, she was coming home, when they rang out so merrily.

'Dingle, dangle, dong; dingle, dangle, dong.'

Mr Connell and Mr Anderson stood at the gate together, where they had been for some time talking, when the procession came up.

John Connell was quite merry and joyous like the rest, and frisked about, and rubbed his hands, and smiled with downright

absolute delight. For he knew what he was smiling at this time ; and he was positively determined to enjoy himself. All the little bits of the poetic that were stowed away, anywhere at all, in undiscovered and unexplored corners of his brain, were brought forth to the light of day, and came out fresh and bright as a young laurel leaf just unfolding in the early days of spring. And as for Mr Anderson, all the quiet happiness of his benevolent heart was in danger of being entirely turned out of house and home that day, to make way for a bursting joyousness that seemed to delight in making the most of that kind quiet heart, now that it had got in there, and was determined, since it had got possession, to turn that heart every way it liked, and make it like to do all sorts of things, that it soon set the hands and head accomplishing, such as making violent gesticulations, indicative of joyousness ; and uttering sundry loud sounds that astonished the assembled villagers, as they, with open mouths, heard their staid and respected minister actually holloing away, when the thought came into his head that Anna was coming home.

And the villagers were louder than ever in their demonstrations of joy, and John Connell rubbed his hands and said 'he! he! he!' and Mr Anderson thought his church bells had never been put to a better use than when they rang out cheerily,

'Dingle, dangle, dong.'

At twelve o'clock the expected parties should have arrived at the Park, but there was no sign of them ; no sound of rumbling wheels, no noise of an approaching carriage, no trampling of horses' feet.

For half-an-hour or so the crowd of people kept up the merriment ; and every bird that fluttered through the trees, every sound that came on the wind, was a cause of a momentary pause, especially among the children, in the hope that the sound was but the prelude to the sight of a carriage, with the long-expected one coming home.

Then the children began to get tired, and strolled inside the gate and sat down upon the grass under the trees. The fluttering streamers waved less energetically, and one by one fell down among the dust of the road, first falling those that were borne by the smallest hands. One or two little fat, rosy children doubled themselves up, on a soft tuft of grass, and put down their heads on their little fat arms, and let their eyelids come tumbling lazily down over their eyes, till their mothers said they were asleep.

Afterwards the women got weary, but being sensible, tried to keep up as long as possible, and to grumble as little as possible, lest the men should hear them and grumble at them for grumbling. But by-and-by they began to think that the fires would go out at home, and that the delayed dinner would have a good chance of being spoiled altogether ; and not having reached that point of philosophical self-denial whereat dinner could be gone without entirely, they got uneasy decidedly, and assembled in twos

and threes and pulled away at their apron strings, and bent down their heads while they discussed together the dreadful household calamity of a fire entirely out, and a dinner gone to the dogs, with a houseful of children calling 'Mammy,' and a husband standing by with his hands leaning on the table, and looking as hungry as you please.

The men stood it out for a long time, being determined to teach philosophy to the women and children; but at last, when the day was fast growing old, and there was not the slightest indication of the arrival of a carriage from the north, or indeed from any place at all; and when the man at the bells got quite tired ringing away, and their merry sound ceased, the men could stand it no longer, and began to talk about going home.

And now poor John Connell was fast getting as dull as the rest.

When the hour had passed away that they were expected, and another hour had followed it, he and Mr Anderson went away up to the house; and when they got there, they found old Thompson on the steps for the twentieth time, no one having been able to induce him to go to the gate; for he said his young mistresses left him on the steps when they were going away, and they would find him in the old place doing his duty, whenever they came back to the Park.

'Are they coming, sir?' he asked Mr Anderson, as he saw him and John Connell coming forward.

'I hope so, Thompson.'

'Any sign of them, sir?'

'Not yet.'

'Perhaps they ain't a-coming to-day, sir?'

'Why not?'

'Oh! I do n't know, sir; only I wish they may be.'

'It is past the time now, at any rate!'

'Tis, sir.'

'But not much.'

'No, sir, only a little; but then—'

'Well, Thompson?'

'I'm thinking they won't be here, Mr Anderson!'

'Oh! of course they will; of course, Thompson,' said John Connell.

'I dunno that, Mr Connell.'

'You're gloomy, Thompson; you're gloomy to-day; cheer up, man.'

'I will, sir, when I see the carriage coming!'

'All right, then; you'll soon be cheerful enough.'

'Thank you, sir; I hope so,' said the old man, shaking his head, and looking by no means disposed to believe John Connell's prediction, though he had a great faith in our friend's opinions when they regarded facts of which he was in possession, and did not intrude upon the prophetic.

And in truth, John Connell was by no means very sanguine

himself as to the result of his prediction; he was beginning to take a gloomy view of the matter, and to doubt if indeed the carriage would turn up that day, and if he should have the honour of welcoming Miss Walpole to her father's halls. As for smiling and rubbing his hands now, that was quite out of the question; it would have looked so ridiculously absurd, when everybody else was beginning to despair of the expected arrivals. It was quite as much as he could do to keep in sundry exclamations, which were nearly finding their way out once or twice; but he did manage to preserve an outward semblance of complete composure, as he thought it was well to teach people what they ought to do, when they were placed in very trying circumstances.

Poor Mr Anderson had by no means the same power of concealing his feelings. He was first vexed, and he showed that; then he was half angry, and he showed that; but by-and-by he began to get alarmed, and there was not a doubt that he thought something bad had happened, for he looked the very picture of distress.

'I think we had better send these people home now,' said John Connell, when the people, to do them justice, had patiently enough borne a very long and more than reasonable delay.

'I think so, indeed; oh! my!' said Mr Anderson.

'Will you tell them so?'

'Had you not better do it, Mr Connell?'

'No, sir; they will like better to hear you speak.'

'Well, I will try.'

'Good people,' said Mr Anderson, after sundry clearings of the throat, and 'ahems,' 'I am sorry you have been disappointed in seeing your friends. I know very well how much you wanted to see the dear young lady coming back to the Park. I know very well how much you wished to be here when the carriage brought her up to the old place again. I am sure you would have liked to tell her how glad you were to see her coming home, and how much you hoped she would never go away again.'

'Little boys and girls, I think you would have been glad too; indeed, I know you would, for she was always very kind to little children, especially to little girls; and her own little Sunday-school girls came here to-day to tell her how glad they were to see her among them once more.'

'I do not know how it has happened that the carriage with the young lady has not come. I do not know what has occurred to keep her away to-day, when we would have been all so glad to see her, and are now so sorry,'—here Mr Anderson was almost ready to break down, and could not get on for awhile. At last he continued, 'so sorry that she has not come back to us, to gladden our hearts by a sight of her pleasant face, after having been away from us so long.'

'Good people, and little boys and girls, I think you had now

etter go home; I think you need not wait any longer; I am afraid something unpleasant must have happened to prevent her coming among us to-day. Now God bless you all; and bring her soon home to us again.'

With doleful looks the men departed; many of the women began to cry, and when the children saw their mothers crying they began to cry too. Most disappointed of all the party were the little girls of Anna's class; they had hoped to give her bunches of summer flowers, and especially summer roses, as the rose of summer came back to the garden again.

All the streamers of blue and pink and yellow fell listlessly among the dust; and one little fellow, in the fierce energy of his disappointment, chucked the white wand and the streamer quite over the hedge into the wood.

With slow and melancholy steps the clergyman and the attorney went again up to the house; and each shook his head sadly, as he saw poor old Thompson standing on the steps before the door.

'Well, sir?' said the old man, dolefully.

'I fear they wo n't be here to-night.'

'No, sir?'

'I fear not; they must have been here now, if they had been coming to-day.'

'Something 's wrong, sir.'

'How?'

'That man! he's the very —— well, I wo n't say what I think before you, sir.'

'You mean De Vere?'

'The impostor, sir; I mean him.'

'Do you think he has anything to do with the delay?'

'I 'm afraid so, sir.'

'Well,' said Mr Anderson, musingly, 'I cannot account for it; this is the day they named; and I wrote to Mr M'Intosh to tell him that all the people about here wanted to welcome the young lady home; and I told him not to mind answering the letter, unless they had made some change in their plans. I got no letter from Scotland, and I thought that all was right.'

'It's that villain's doings, I 'm certain of it,' said old Thompson.

'How could he prevent her coming now?'

'I do n't know, but I 'm sure it's him.'

'Can he have carried her off, Connell?,' said Mr Anderson, turning round to his companion.

'How could he? I think not; he's not able to do everything. He could hardly take her away from her uncle's house; he would n't dare!'

'Do you think not?'

'No, he would n't dare; he's in England now, and he's a convicted scoundrel; he is bad enough to do anything, but he would n't dare to do that.'

'But he is a Jesuit!'

'Jesuit? Well, he is; but he's a detected one, and that makes all the difference; he wo'n't play his pranks twice here, I promise you; that he wo'n't.'

'I suppose they told her about the trial?'

'Of course they did; it would have been folly not to do it; why should they keep it secret from her? besides, if they did n't tell her, he might do mischief yet.'

'How?'

'Why, do n't you see that—bless me, I hope they told the poor thing; I hope they did; why did you say that, Mr Anderson?'

'Say what?'

'Say that you supposed they told her; I'll be miserable now, when I think of it; I'll suppose they did n't tell her; and that mischief came of it; I will.'

'Tut, you are not like yourself, Connell!'

'Ain't I? But I do n't see how mischief could come of it; the villain has missed the property, and that's all he cared about; he would n't care to take the girl away now; not he.'

'You are right, John Connell, let us hope the best; perhaps we shall have a letter to-morrow.'

'I shan't; I never get a letter; hardly ever; you may, and then you'll tell me all the news.'

'I wish she had come to-day though.'

'So do I; the poor people looked so much disappointed; they were so happy in the morning, when the joy-bells were ringing.'

'That they were, poor people! Well, she's to be pitied if that villain gets her into his power again.'

'If there's law in England he ought to suffer for it.'

'These Jesuits never mind the law.'

'I do n't know much about the Jesuits; I have heard something about them in fusty old books; but if they're all like him, they're a precious set of scoundrels.'

'I fear there are too many of them in England.'

'Is n't there a law against Jesuits? I think there is; I think I heard something of it; I wonder what it is?'

'How could you reach them with the law?'

'I don't know; I wish she may be safe; I feel very queer about it, now that you have begun to talk about these Jesuits.'

'I am glad she is in Scotland, at any rate; I do n't think there are many Jesuits there.'

'Is she in Scotland? I hope so, I'm sure. Next to being here to-day, I would rather she was in Scotland than any place; I would.'

'Let us hope she is then?'

'Plague it, Mr Anderson, I cannot stand this; there must be something wrong; I feel there is. John Connell does n't often feel, but when he does, he feels more than most people.'

'Come, my friend, this is unreasonable,' said Mr Anderson, mildly, with difficulty bringing his Christian philosophy to bear

upon John Connell. 'Remember, we have only been disappointed in the expected arrival to-day; perhaps our travellers will come to-morrow.'

'Perhaps so; but if there is n't a letter of some sort or other, in the morning, I'll be off to Scotland, that's all; for I can't stand this now, Mr Anderson, that I can't. John Connell says it, and he never happens to say more than he means, does he?'

John Connell was dressed in his best clothes when the postman came round in the morning. He had his bag packed with a few things; it was an old bag and so were the things, and so was John Connell. But the bag and things were stout and strong, and did their duty well, like their master; and they did not seem inclined to give in, as long as they were in that master's service.

There was no letter for him, and then he went to Mr Anderson's, and there was no letter for Mr Anderson neither, and John, seeing this, took his bag in his hand, and went trudging off to the inn.

There was a horse and gig ready, by anticipation, for John had ordered it over-night, reckoning certainly on having a journey in the morning. He had not been often mistaken in his calculation, everybody said that; and even under all the sorrow that he felt at the probable cause of his having to take that journey, there was a certain sense of satisfaction that, at least, John Connell was as sensible and shrewd as ever; and was not likely to be mistaken when he took an idea in his head.

So John got to the train in time, and then he got on to Scotland; and he left the train at a certain town, in which it sadly jarred upon his mind to hear the joy-bells ringing.

It will ever be that joy will be hateful to some, and the very orange flowers on the brow of the bride seem less fit to the mood than the black, waving plume. John Connell now hated the joy-bells, as he heard them ringing away,

'Dingle, dangle, dong; dingle, dangle, dong.'

---

## CHAPTER XXVI.

NEVER wish to be a stranger in London on a wet Sunday.

If you have come to London for a short time, and do n't know anybody, or any place in it, never arrive there on Saturday night if the barometer is falling.

For, coming out of your room in the hotel next morning, and seeing the great rain-drops coming plashing down on the house-roofs, and getting inky as they roll into the spouts, or off upon the footpath, you go to the window, say of the coffee-room, and ask whether they have had such a thing as a fine day in London for some time, and whether it is likely to return soon again.

And then you sit down to your coffee, and a small white roll, and anything else you like ; and the waiter in the white waistcoat answers you,

‘ Yezzir, fine last Sunday, sir ; wery vet this morning, sir.’

And you wish it had been your fortune to find a sunshiny Sunday on your arrival in London ; but, as it was n’t, try and console yourself as best you can, and wonder what in the world you are to do, and where in the world you are to go.

You are not likely to get any very satisfactory information from the waiter about churches and clergymen ; and therefore, when church time comes, if you don’t happen to know any particular church to which you wish to direct the cabman, you take your umbrella, if you have one, and walk away to the nearest church, where you may find a seat, if the pew-opener is civil, and this all the more readily that it is a wet Sunday.

And so it happened that, on a certain wet Sunday, a gentleman left a hotel in London, and, following the sound of a bell, soon found himself among people going church-wards, and walking on, on ascertaining that the church was in connection with the Church of England, entered it with the thickening stream, and soon found his way to a seat.

He had been harassed through the week by many things. She whom he loved had been searched for in vain, at every packet station, whence she would have been likely to have left for France.

He had watched the trains coming in, and the steamers leaving, and had several times been almost sure that the object of his search was before his eyes, till a nearer inspection undeceived him.

Passing through the crowded streets, he had looked earnestly into every omnibus and cab, as if among all the many vehicles passing in that continuous stream, some of them must have contained the fair girl that had disappeared so suddenly from that home where she had been as happy as she could be while Emily was away.

He had looked into every cab and omnibus in vain, and had been disappointed sadly, to find that London was that wilderness of people, where you could find no particular person, because it was inhabited by everybody.

And now Sunday had come round, and it was wet. Restless and troubled as his spirit was, he hoped to find refreshment in the services of that day, for he knew how often he had been calmed and soothed by the sacred story or the sacred song.

When he entered the church, the service had not commenced.

At another time he might have looked round to see what the inside of the church was like, to read the inscriptions on the monuments, or to examine the architectural details ; but he was too weary now, and sad, to care for these things ; and, as he took his seat on the crimson cloth cushion, he bent his head upon his hand, and thought that if man did not believe in a Providence, there was little to prevent him becoming insane, when such a

trial had suddenly befallen him as that which had happened to him, when the one he loved was lost.

When the service commenced, he tried to collect his scattered thoughts.

Several clergymen took part in the service, and the prayers of the beautiful Liturgy were not prayed but intoned.

At the communion table, the genuflexions of the clergymen officiating made Annandale think that he had mistaken the directions he had received, as he was on his way to church, or at any rate, if he had not done that, the officiating ministers had forgotten that they were taking part in the service of a Protestant Church, and not of the Church of Rome. A gorgeous 'altar-cloth' decorated the communion-table. The letters 'I. H. S.' were encircled by a crown of thorns.

On the table, or 'altar,' were placed two massive candlesticks, the candles of which were not, indeed, lighted, but seemed ready to be, as soon as the preparatory steps were got over, and the people gradually initiated in the doctrines and practices of that system, to which it seemed to be the pride of the clergyman of the place to assimilate as nearly as possible, while preserving his honours and emoluments in a Church entirely antagonistic.

A new and beautiful window had recently been placed behind the 'altar.' A number of figures, said to represent scriptural scenes, were very prominent in it. One of these, Annandale saw, was a figure of the Saviour bearing his cross, and another, of the Virgin and child.

There was a large stone cross on the 'altar,' too, and Annandale fancied that the eyes of the 'priests' sought this when, in the repetition of the Creed, they bowed at the name of Jesus.

Many other things struck Annandale as an assimilation of the ritual of the Church of England, to that of a Church which stained with martyr-blood the soil of England, and sought to beguile men from a pure and spiritual worship to one of sight and sense.

With this exhibition Annandale felt much pained. His education at Oxford had not given him a taste for these things, and his recent experience of the working of the subtle system of the Jesuits had made him hate, with a cordial hatred, every approach to Popery, whether made by the Church or the State.

If he had known that, in addition to the things which he saw, there was also a confessional in connection with the church, in which, after the abominable system of the Church of Rome, the secrets of the hearts were probed, and things told which should only be told to God, he would perhaps have risen from his seat, and left a place which had no claim to the name of Protestant, as, indeed, the clergyman would not have denied, but was without question entirely Popish, wanting only the name. When the clergyman, in his surplice, entered the pulpit, Annandale wondered what sort of sermon he should hear in that place that pro-

fessed to be connected with the Church of England, and the clergyman to teach nothing that was contrary to the Thirty-nine Articles. In the sermon, Annandale was startled to hear the Church of Rome spoken of as a sister branch of the Church Catholic, and to find from the pulpit an earnest commendation of certain 'holy truths and practices, which in our recent carelessness are too often disregarded or neglected ;' amongst these things were prayers for departed relatives, which were highly commended, and also a proper veneration for relics and pictures.

Nor did the preacher stop here.

He set forth the intercession of the Virgin Mary as a thing to be sought for; and wished that, for those in the Anglican communion who were wearied and disgusted with the world, there was the sacred rest and retirement that monastic institutions afforded.

Those who differed from the 'Church Catholic' were denounced as schismatics, and recommended to seek the communion of the Catholic and Apostolic Church, which could trace an unbroken succession of ministers up to the Apostles.

The sermon closed with an invitation to the 'altar ;' and of the communion, the preacher said emphatically that he invited the congregation to partake of 'the very body and very blood of our Lord.'

Annandale thought he had seen the preacher's face before; he could not at first tell when or where. A dim and confused idea of a meeting somewhat was floating through his mind while he sat opposite to him and listened to the sermon.

He tried to recollect if it was at Oxford, but he made up his mind, at last, that it was not; and he could not think of any other place where he was likely to have met this reverend apologist for Romanism, and all its unscriptural doctrines and practices.

Grieved and distressed beyond measure, and feeling especially indignant and almost insulted by all these approaches to that system which had hitherto been his bitter enemy and constant bane, Annandale went home to his hotel, more pained and annoyed than he had ever been before on that sacred day of rest and peace.

He felt pained that he had been compelled to listen to such downright and unmitigated Popery, and felt aggrieved also, as a man must do who is conscious of having been taken in; for he had certainly been so, he repeated, since he had imagined he was about to worship in the house of God, and found that he was sitting and listening to unscriptural and un-Protestant teaching in a building after Rome's own heart.

'What are the Archbishops and Bishops doing,' he said, 'when they permit such teaching, and such a departure from the scriptural ritual of our Church? Are they satisfied with their palaces and their thousands a-year, and care not how they oversee the Church of God? Do they think that they will strengthen the

Church of England in the hearts of the people, by the toleration of such mummeries as these? Do they connive at the practice of such a Popish ceremonial, and the preaching of such downright Popery? Or are they asleep at their posts in the palatial arm-chairs, when the enemy is within the Church, and opening its doors to Rome? Do the chief pastors of our beloved Church know of these things? If not, why are they ignorant? If they do, why are they silent? Do they fulfil their duty to the Church of God when they pass by such traitors as these?’

The rain had ceased now, and the sun came struggling out through the mist and the clouds of smoke; and Annandale went down to the river and took a boat to Nine Elms.

A quiet walk along the Wandsworth road, he thought, would be preferable to such another service, though he hoped to find a Protestant church somewhere, when the evening hour came on.

He wondered where, at that time, was Anna, and felt as if he should start off and run at his utmost speed, he did not know nor care where; anywhere from himself, half wild as he was now, as he thought of her, entrapped by those Jesuits; anywhere from such an unresting service as that wretched mimicry of Rome; anywhere, where there was even the very slightest chance that he might in the end, no matter how far off, meet dearest Anna again.

And now Annandale's previous experience of the treacherous and deadly system of the papacy, while it made him, the next day redouble his exertions to find the object of his search, made him also miserably unhappy, when he thought of the weakness of his own powers and capabilities, in comparison with the well-organized system against which he had to contend.

He felt, too, as he passed along the Strand, and saw the crowds hurrying on, each person busy with his own affairs, as if the whole people of England were very careless and apathetic, when such a system was at work among them, stealing away the hearts of the people from the religion of their martyr fathers, and enticing into endless slavery the fairest of the daughters of England.

He felt as if his sorrow should be every one's sorrow, and imagined that he would only have to tell the people the wrong that had been done, to find a way into the great heart of England, and enlist every one of her noble sons as a champion of the orphan girl.

But he felt that his sorrow was too great for utterance, and that he could not proclaim there his love and her wrongs. The people might be ready, if he did so, to aid him in rescuing her from her oppressors; but if they did not, he felt that he would lose faith in England, and in man.

It was better, after all, to try what he himself could do; and he, in youth and health, believed that he had limitless powers of doing; especially now that he had an object so powerful to enlist his utmost sympathies and exertions, and that he was sure of the blessing of the orphan's Father and the aid of the orphan's Friend.

And then he thought of that rescue at Lodore; of the deep, dark water, and of the deliverance; and he hoped that he might yet be spared to save Anna from another deeper, darker, drearier grave.

The week that he had spent in a vain search had impressed on his mind the hopelessness of trying to find Anna Walpole in that great world of London; yet he could not make up his mind to leave it.

Everybody has felt as if one was almost certain that the object of search would pass by in some moment when one was less watchful and was away; and so Annandale, although he began to despair of finding Anna there, felt as if she would be sure to come and go again, just at the very time when he had left off searching for her in the busy streets, at the crowded stations, and among the many passengers hurrying away to the sunny south.

And yet the time had come when he felt that he ought to return to Scotland, and consult Mr M'Intosh as to what he should do. He was ready to do anything, or go anywhere, but he had hitherto failed in accomplishing anything; and he thought that the cooler judgment of her uncle might aid him, perhaps, in prosecuting his search for Anna.

So he prepared to leave London behind, and went off to the Euston Square station, to take the first train for the north.

Entering the station in a dreamy, abstracted state, he was startled by some one almost knocking him down, and then calling out in a very excited tone,

'I beg your pardon, sir; good gracious! it's Mr Annandale!'

His departure for the north was now postponed, and a hearty welcome given to his friend. Then he learned that there were no tidings of Anna at the manse, and he almost wept as John Connell told him all about the gathering at the Park, and the sad hearts that went sorrowfully home, when they found that Anna was not coming.

'But cheer up, Mr Annandale,' he said, 'cheer up; it will come all right yet; not a doubt of it.'

'I do n't know, Mr Connell; I fear that this man will lay his plans too surely for the life-imprisonment of—of Miss Walpole.'

'He? He thought he was certain of her person and property once. He laid his plans well; plenty of forgery and perjury, and all that sort of thing; but it did n't do, that it did n't.'

'Ah! but we had English law to back us.'

'Very well; we had, no doubt; but is there any law, anywhere, that would back such rascally doings as his; tell me that?'

'You do n't know how those Jesuits work.'

'No matter how they work; there must be law and justice in the countries that call themselves civilized and Christian; and is it law or justice to tell lies to a girl, and get her away and shut her up, and never let her out all her days; that's what I want to know?'

‘But you forget that we do n’t know where she is.’

‘I forget nothing; I know all that, Mr Annandale; I know all that. But I mean to try and find out where she is, and I mean to try and find out if there is any law, or any Christianity, or any civilization, in those foreign countries; and I mean to go and try what a clever head or two can do to discover her, and then what can be done to get her out; and I know who will go with me, too; do n’t you, Mr Annandale?’

‘I am ready to go anywhere, or do anything, to try and save this young lady, if we could only have any idea where or how she may be found.’

‘Well, first of all there is that letter.’

‘True, but that was a forgery, like all the rest.’

‘The most part of it may have been, but some of it was true, likely; at least the letter would not have answered its purpose if it had not purported to come from Paris.’

‘Her sister may not be in Paris at all, Mr Connell.’

‘I think she is; at any rate Miss Walpole thinks so, and that will compel this villain to go there; for if he did n’t, she would suspect something.’

‘I believe you are right.’

‘Not a doubt of it. She would suspect something, if he did n’t go to Paris, and he must take her there first at any rate; or at least, he must take her out of England; and he is just as likely to take her there as any place else.’

‘And what then?’

‘Why, he may let her see her sister, or he may not; but no doubt he will shut her up somewhere, when he gets her to Paris. What’s to be done then? Why, to find out where she is, I suppose.’

‘How do you mean to do that?’

‘To ask, of course,’ said John Connell, in such a plain, straightforward manner that Annandale felt himself smiling at the honest simplicity of the man.

‘Do you think that any one will tell you, even if they know?’

‘Well, my plan is this. I’ve got some of the letters that Miss Emily wrote, they have got an address to them, and that is the name of a convent, of *Sacre* something or other. Now I mean to go and ask at that convent if they got a new inmate lately.’

‘I have it,’ said Charles Annandale, listening to about the first sentence of the foregoing piece of news, and suddenly recollecting that he himself had still the letter that was inscribed ‘Aubrey De Vere,’ which would be certain to afford a clue to Emily’s residence, whom he had always intended to try and find as soon as the trial was over, and she was released from the control of her pretended uncle, and placed under the guardianship of her uncle M’Intosh. He supposed that a fictitious address would be given in the fictitious letter; but he rightly thought that in the letter, discovered in so strange a manner, he would be certain to have the true one.

'We shall try and find Emily first, Mr Connell; I have the address of the convent in Paris. She may not be there now, but she certainly was, at one time; and if we find out where she is, we may be able to watch De Vere, and get some clue to Anna's place of residence.'

'What a capital hand you are, I declare, Mr Annandale! You should have been a detective officer, or an attorney, you should.'

'Complimentary to your profession!' said Annandale, beginning to get in better spirits, as he found himself likely to be engaged in a feasible plan for the recovery of Anna Walpole, and one which he hoped would end in the restoration of the two sisters to happiness and home.

'Oh! I'm not an attorney now, you know; I gave it up after the trial; John Connell's a knight-errant, henceforth; at any rate till those young ladies are rescued from that Jesuit scoundrel.'

'Well done, Mr Connell! I never thought you had so much pluck in you.'

'Did n't you? no matter; we'll see; that's all; I never boast—I never talk; but I hold myself ready to follow Nelson's watchword at any moment, and always say to myself, and now especially, "England expects John Connell to do his duty."'

Thus they talked as they went to the hotel, and, as they talked, things looked brighter than before. The cheery, hopeful spirit of John Connell had its effect on Charles Annandale; and he was almost as full of hope now, as in the morning he had been inclined to give way to despondency. At dinner they talked cheerfully, and then went out for a walk, taking an omnibus which dropped them near the Regent's Park.

When they came back in the evening, the lamps were lighted, and London by lamplight would have showed them many things, but they were still engaged in discussing their plans, as they had settled to start for Paris in the morning.

In returning to the hotel, they passed the church where Annandale had been so uncomfortable for a couple of hours on Sunday; and he was about to draw a contrast between the service there and that of the simple village church under the care of their friend, Mr Anderson.

He was about to describe the decorations of the building, and to speak of the Popery of the teaching, when his eyes were attracted by two figures entering the vestry door.

There was a lamp at the door, and the light fell brightly on the red sandstone flags, and full in the light stood the two figures which he saw.

They were in earnest conversation, and one of them had his face turned next Annandale. Annandale now recognised in this one the preacher of Sunday morning, and the companion of Aubrey de Vere, at Lodore.

The key turned in the door, and he entered; and then the other looked round for a moment ere he followed him; but that

moment sufficed to show to the startled and amazed Annandale the well-known face of one with whom he had associated in other days; and he hesitated whether or not to go forward and address him, when he followed the other into the vestry, and the vestry door separated Charles Annandale from Arthur Wilmington.

---

## CHAPTER XXVII.

AWAY went the steamer on her short passage from the shores of England to the shores of France.

There came on a storm, blowing gustily along the sea, and making a dance of the waves, to the wild music of the wind.

The wind whistled in among the cordage, and made an organ-pipe of the great funnel, and called to the waves to come out, in green and white, and dance to the music of the storm. And the waves heard the call, and came forth; and with them came the sea-mews, screaming half-affectedly, as if they dreaded the storm that had cradled them from the nest. They flew, screaming round the panting vessel, as if they thought it would not dare follow where they flew; like as the lapwing flies away, in the nesting-time, to draw on the wanderer in its wake.

But the vessel danced bravely that storm-dance; sometimes with a partner in sea-green, away among the dancing waves, and sometimes with a bird of the sea, half up above the water.

And the storm made music for the waves, and the waves danced on to the storm, and the vessel joined the music and the dance, and went skipping away over the sea. Splashing up over the dancing vessel went the spray. Like maidens bathing were the waves, and they splashed the spray over their sea partner, as they tumbled about, in sportiveness, while the winds made boisterous merriment.

And away up among the watery clouds came peeping out the pale sun, half astonished at the work that was going on, and struggling to get out, to shame nature into quietness by a glance from his fiery eye.

On among the sea-birds and the dancing waves went the vessel, and a ray of faint light came slanting down on it from the sun; and the ray seemed to fall upon the vessel with a silvery light, to cheer it on among the wild waves and the whistling winds.

The sailors stood bravely on the deck, and one passenger was not below, and he looked up at the silvery sun, and thought it was Hope returning.

The waves got wearied of the dance, and sank down on their couch of sea-flowers to rest, and the winds sang a low lullaby, and the sea-birds sought the bosom of the ocean. The passenger

standing on the deck looked up at the shining-out sun, and hoped that the sun would shine again soon, and that she might find a rest from the storm. The vessel went on lightly over the water, and the land was very near, as he stood at the side of the steamer, and watched the sea-birds floating gently by.

Then the paddles ceased their motion, and the steamer went on gently as the sea-birds: the harbour was nearly gained, and the sunny shores of France.

Annandale felt strangely as he looked on them. He longed to touch the shore that he might be in the same land as Anna; and he wondered whether she had stood on the deck of that vessel, and whether he had missed her notwithstanding all his careful watching.

As he stood looking on, while the steamer was made fast, he was joined by his friend Mr Connell, who made a heavy complaint against the storm, and produced a bill of damages, which, indeed, he said he supposed everybody had to pay that was foolish enough to leave the shores of England.

They went on to Paris by the train, and of course could do nothing that night, though Annandale was very impatient to make an immediate commencement of the search.

In the morning they met pretty early, and John Connell was carefully attired, and seemed very eager to be at work, as he took Charles Annandale by the hand.

'Well,' he said, 'what's to be done, Mr Annandale?'

'Why, to try and find the two sisters, to be sure.'

'Of course that's to be done; I know that very well; but how is it to be done? I do n't know that so well.'

'Can't you think of some plan? I am sure you can; I think you must have some plan in your head; will my plan not do?'

'What is that?'

'To find out the convent where Emily is, and watch De Vere.'

'It might.'

'Only might?'

'Only might. They will be sure to give this rascal notice, and with these infernal police here you can't do anything without being watched and your design found out.'

'Have we come then to Paris in vain?'

'Come now, Mr Annandale; have you gone off from one extreme to the other? I won't give up so easily; old John Connell will see the end of it at any rate.'

'I do n't mean to give up, neither.'

'Hardly. John Connell is not worth much, and he is not young; but he has more spirit than to leave a young creature in the hands of these villains, if there is ever so little chance of getting her safe home to honest, true old England.'

'I will save her or die!' said Annandale, energetically.

'You shall save her, and live, I hope,' said his companion; 'but here I must come back to the question with which I started.

John Connell's practical, and there's no time to waste in talking; and now, Mr Annandale, here we are in Paris; what's to be done?'

'Let us call at the Embassy.

'Humph!'

'Is n't that a good plan?'

'Well, I suppose it's just as good as another; we must do something.'

'The ambassador will certainly aid us, I think; we have a strong case for his interference.'

'We have a strong case, certainly, but he may not credit us; and, besides, are you sure that he will help us?'

'He must; he is an Englishman.'

'Good; but some Englishmen lose their English feelings and sympathies, they say, when they have been awhile in foreign lands, and especially about foreign courts.'

'Come, Mr Connell, I can't stand this; do n't say another word now; let us go and try, and then we shall know whether or not a residence in Paris makes a man cease to feel and act like an Englishman.'

And away they went to the British embassy. They found the noble ambassador of Great Britain ready to receive them, when they represented the urgency of the case upon which they were come, and entreated an audience that they might explain the object of their coming.

With bland and courteous demeanour he listened to their story: he had seen a report of the case in the *Times*, and finding Lord Castleford's name, who was a distant relative of his own, he read the account of the trial. But had the young lady been forcibly carried away, or did she leave England freely? And were the gentlemen authorized to interfere in the matter? In fact, had they a regular legal authority to take any part in recovering her from the alleged abductor? It was very important, in his position, that he should do nothing hastily, nor without mature consideration; and he hoped they would not consider him negligent if he said that he must have a few days to make inquiries, and consider what steps it was proper for him to take.

Mr Connell told his lordship that he was Mr Mcintosh's legal adviser. John did not think of abjuring the attorneyship now. And Mr Mcintosh was the young lady's uncle and guardian, as, perhaps, his lordship might remember.

Annandale would have found it quite impossible to remain inactive while awaiting the decision of the ambassador, and therefore, as soon as he and his friend had left that courtly presence he impatiently exclaimed—

'This is just the way with them, they are always so slow; let us try what *we* can do.'

'What can we do?' asked his friend.

'He said that he would make inquiries; *we* can do that, at

least. And I think we ought to try and find out the convent where Emily is or was.'

'We might do that; it is better than doing nothing.'

'Well let me see; I declare this is the street: how strange! I wonder which is the convent.'

'There it is, I suppose: do you think that can be it? do you, Mr Annandale?'

'I think it is.'

'I do n't know; I never saw a convent; I think that's a gaol; let us ask.'

And they did ask, and found that the large building with high walls and close iron bars across the windows, and dismal, silent front, was a convent of the Sisters of ——. And Annandale looked up at the front of the building wistfully, as if he imagined that he might possibly see the object of his search somewhere there. How long he would have continued looking it is impossible to say if John Connell had not taken him by the arm and drawn him on, as the people were beginning to have their curiosity attracted to the silent gazer at those convent windows.

'Here we are,' said John Connell, when they had walked on a little and then turned to retrace their steps; 'here we are, and now what next? What's to be done now that we are here?'

'There's no use trying force, I suppose,' said Annandale, musingly.

'Force? What an idea! Why, you would have all these infernal machines—that's the police—at your heels in a twinkling; that you would.'

'If I could be sure she was here—'

'But that's exactly what you can't be sure of: if I were sure of that I do n't know what I might do myself; something ridiculous, I dare say; I would n't be answerable for John Connell at all—not I.'

'How shall we find out?'

'You laughed at me once—come, you know you did; you thought I did n't see you—you laughed at me when I said we should "ask;" but I do n't see any other way; we shall certainly not find out without asking, that's one thing.'

'Asking can do no harm, at any rate.'

Everything can do harm, but I do n't think it can do more harm than another thing. We may as well try; here we are.'

'Here we are: may we prosper in our mission!'

'Amen!' said John Connell, and then added, 'I'm clerk sometimes for Mr Anderson, and now I'm clerk for you, you see: this is not like our village, though; and a nunnery is not a village church, I imagine.'

'Hush!' said Annandale, as he raised the knocker and startled the portress at her prayers.

'Can we see the lady superior?' asked Annandale, as a little

opening in the door was filled by an eye, and he knew that somebody stood inside

‘Your names?’

‘No matter about our names, we are strangers; we want to speak a few words to the lady superior.’

‘She is engaged, I think.’

‘Be good enough to inquire; we are very anxious to make a communication to her.’

The sister retired, and after a little returned with the message that the superioress was particularly engaged and could not see any one just then.

‘Will she be disengaged soon?’

‘I do not know.’

‘To-day?’

I do not know.’

‘Pray find out when we can see her; at any hour which she may appoint we shall be happy to wait upon her.’

Away went the nun again, and Annandale felt very anxious to learn when the abbess would give him an audience, as every hour seemed to diminish his prospect of recovering Anna at least, if not Emily.

The nun at last came back and told Annandale that if he returned to the convent at the same hour to-morrow the abbess would give him an audience and receive his communication. With this Annandale was compelled to be satisfied, and he and John Connell went their way.

At that moment, when a particular engagement prevented the abbess from talking to Annandale, it did not prevent her from seeing him; nor did it prevent her from being accompanied, when she saw him, by the reverend brother of the Order of Jesuits, who was closeted with her when Annandale’s knock was heard at the door. The convent was in especial favour with the Jesuits, belonging, as it did, to a sister order that did the work of the Jesuits in the female educational line. And on this occasion an influential brother was receiving important disclosures respecting the manner in which the religious belief of some high-born young English ladies had been tampered with, and the probable speedy reception of the perverts into the sisterhood of the convent.

He and the abbess watched Annandale’s retreating form, and a sardonic smile played on the cold face of the Jesuit. Annandale went home thinking of the morrow and hoping, not knowing that upon him at that instant were the eyes of him known as Aubrey De Vere.

The abbess received them next day with politeness: she did not forget her rosary, her crucifix, and her scissors. She was meek and quiet, with just a shade of sternness, as might have been expected in one who was the absolute mistress of so many slaves.

‘You have come, sir, on business, I think you said?’

Yes, on important business,' replied Annandale, not very well knowing how to begin the story he had to tell, and losing, or rather retaining with difficulty, coolness and composure of manner.

'May I ask what the business is?' said the abbess, after a pause, finding that Annandale was slow in commencing.

'We want to know something about a young lady who was educated in this convent.'

'Well, sir?'

'We want to know if she is still here; whether she is well and happy, and whether she remains here of her own free will.'

'All very proper, sir.'

'We would like to see the young lady and ascertain from her own lips the facts of the case.'

'May I ask if you are a near relative—her brother, sir: or this gentleman, is he her father?'

'I—I am not her brother,' replied Annandale, his thoughts being occupied with Anna's case, and almost for a few moments forgetting that it was not Anna he came to inquire about, but Emily.

'This gentleman is her father, then, I presume,' added the abbess, piously engaged in fingering her rosary, and perhaps saying an *Ave Maria*.

'He is not her father, but he comes as the representative of her uncle.'

'Very well,' replied the abbess, blandly; 'and now perhaps you will tell me the name of this young lady in whose case you seem so much interested.'

'Oh! Miss Walpole—Miss Emily Walpole, who resided here some time ago, we know, and we believe with the object of completing her education, after the Parisian manner of making perfect young ladies.'

The abbess, taking this observation of Annandale as a compliment, slightly bowed in acknowledgment, not detecting the sly irony conveyed in Annandale's observation. Then she added, in a quiet, mild tone, trying to look saint-like,

'Miss Emily Walpole is now a professed nun; we know her as Sister Lucilla.'

'A nun!' cried Annandale, starting from his seat and losing all presence of mind; 'then she has been deceived—betrayed!'

'Pardon me, sir, I cannot listen to such statements as these; and now I must bid you good morning.'

'Stay!' cried Annandale, in a tone that startled the meek lady superior and made her let fall the scissors and the crucifix.

'Have you anything more to say?' she asked.

'I must see this—this Sister Lucilla!'

'Must,' sir! No one says "must" here but I.'

'Well, can I see her? can I see her now?'

'No, sir.'

‘Why not?’

‘I do not give reasons, I only state facts.’

‘Can I see her to-morrow?’

‘No, sir.’

‘The next day or the day after?’

‘No, sir.’

‘At all?’

‘No, sir.’

‘This is infamous, this is villanous : I will proclaim this treachery wherever I go,’ said Annandale, in a voice husky with passion.

‘You had better leave now, I think, gentlemen ; I have told you that you cannot see this sister.’

‘Let me see her, that I may learn from herself whether she remains here willingly,’ begged Annandale, humbling himself to ask as a favour what he before sought as a right.

‘You cannot see her ; it would do no good, at any rate. All the sisters are contented and happy here, and among the rest Sister Lucilla.’

‘I do not believe it.’

‘You slander our sisterhood, sir ; I can hold no further intercourse with you,’ said the abbess, taking again in her hand the crucifix and scissors, and walking indignantly out of the room.

‘We may go, Mr Annandale,’ said John Connell, in a low but firm voice, when the abbess had retired, and the door closed after her.

‘This is infernal work, Connell, I declare it is,’ replied Charles Annandale, not caring to remember that he stood within a nunnery, one of the protected and cherished institutions of that very Christian land.

‘It is, Mr Annandale, it is,’ replied John Connell, more cautiously ; ‘but let us say no more about it here ; come away.’

‘Infernal work !’ said Annandale, following the retreating figure of his friend, and repeating the same words, if possible, in a more emphatic tone when he and John Connell stood in the street outside the convent.

When they got back to the hotel at which they were stopping, Annandale threw himself on a couch and repeated the words—

‘This is infernal work !’

The door opened as he said this, and a letter was handed to him from the British embassy, which he opened hurriedly and read, calling John Connell to his side to read it with him, which John Connell could not do, not having on his famous spectacles. This was not of much matter, at any rate, as the letter merely requested Mr Annandale to call at the embassy at a certain hour, as the ambassador had to communicate some information on the subject of the conversation which he had the honour of holding the other day with Mr Annandale and Mr Connell.

Annandale took out his watch, and found that there would just

be time to dress, and proceed to the embassy; and this he communicated to Mr Connell, who went to his room to prepare for the audience.

His Excellency received them most politely.

'My friend the Archbishop of Paris,' he said, 'to whom I communicated the purport of your mission, assures me that it is quite impossible that any member of a religious order would carry off a young lady in the manner in which you described. A member of the Society of Jesus happened to be with the excellent prelate when I called; he seemed a most gentlemanly man; and he assured me that the Archbishop's statement was perfectly correct, as it was quite out of the question to suppose that such an outrage could be perpetrated by a member of the brotherhood to which he belonged.'

'That gentleman, was he pale, with black hair, my lord?'

'Precisely.'

'And spoke English fluently, like a native?'

'He did, certainly.'

'The villain! Pardon me, my lord; do not credit his statement; this must be the very Jesuit who carried off Miss Walpole from her uncle M'Intosh, and, by some means or other, enticed her sister to become a nun.'

'Oh! I think you must be mistaken.'

'Let me see him; let me meet him; the Archbishop must know where he lives.'

'Pray do n't get excited, Mr Annandale; I shall write to the Archbishop in the morning.'

'My lord, he may have left Paris by that time; I would earnestly entreat your Excellency not to delay an hour.'

'Do not entertain these unjust suspicions; I have full confidence in the integrity of my friend the Archbishop of Paris.'

This friend of the British ambassador perfectly recollected having officiated at the reception into the convent of the little English girl. He remembered her gentle looks, and her face that was a silent prayer. He had heard her story afterwards, and known that she was not thinking of altars, and crucifixes, and Madonnas, but of primrose banks, of Anna, and of home.

And he had been listening with interest to the Jesuit's tale, and commending him to 'Our Lady,' as the ambassador came in. But he knew nothing whatever about it, when speaking to his Excellency, and heard mention made of such a thing with a protesting look of pious horror.

And his Excellency shook hands on parting with his friend the Archbishop, profoundly impressed with the truth of that prelate's statement; and the Archbishop and the Jesuit exchanged, after he left, a few words of congratulation on the ease with which an Englishman might be gulled, when brought under the influence of the odour of sanctity.

Next day, by direction, Annandale called again at the embassy,

and had a final interview with the ambassador of England. His Excellency held out to him a perfumed note, and, with a smile, asked him to read it. He would see there an emphatic denial of the identity of the Archbishop's visitor with the personator of Aubrey De Vere; and the Archbishop, he would find, deeply regretted that the gentleman could not satisfy himself by an interview, as he might have done one day sooner, for the Brother of the Order of Jesus had left on a foreign mission that morning.

---

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

THERE came in autumn a visitor to the south of England.

He came while the swallows were lingering round the old homesteads, ere they winged their way to the regions of the sun.

He came when the larks were gathering in social companies, and coming down from their flights in the blue upper ocean; when the black rooks were darkening the empty cornfields, and gleaned the furrows of stray ears of corn.

He came when the summer butterflies had passed away, all except a stray white one that came out on sunny days, thinking that summer had returned; and when the hum of the bees had ceased among the flowers, and a solitary wanderer fell heavily down at the hive entrance, a sceptic, till that time, of the death of the heather-bell and the eglantine.

He came when little infants wandered out to the green banks, to try and gather some of the flowers of May, but wandered on and searched in vain, only coming back with a handful of green primrose leaves, and red hawthorn berries. When the hedges that were all rich with white blossoms and fresh leaves in merry May, were now turning crisp and hard, and showing the bright coral haws, that were there for the robins at Christmas time.

It was a still autumn day when he walked alone among the lanes of Devonshire. The sun was mild and genial in its warmth, not fierce and fiery red. The air was pleasant and cool, and nature was quietly entering her twilight, and preparing to take her rest.

The sunlight fell upon the forest leaves, and they borrowed the sun colour, and shone out bright and yellow. The tall larches were nearest the sun-colour; their brother firs, sturdy and stout, scorned to borrow any colour, and stood rich and fresh as in spring-time. The maple was shining out brightest in the dying hour of its leaves, as if it would go off, in gentle gracefulness, into a golden grave.

The ash, late in living and early in dying, was dropping its leaves out of sight, having lived out its little summer among the

whispers of the summer winds. The oak would not bend to the storm, but its notched leaves were preparing to fall, and were loosening from their hold to the brave old English tree, that, when the storm came for them, they might drop lightly to the ground.

Great moving arms of beech hung overhead and dropped their nuts and their leaves on the path; and wood-pigeons, startled, flew away as the footsteps fell upon the curled brown leaves, which crackled and rustled under foot.

And yet with all this autumnal glory the visitor felt that the year's evening had come, and that the forest was but brilliantly lighted up and decked in its richest dress, that it might meet its lord, the sun, and then pass away into darkness.

And he looked on all that scene with sadness.

He might not have done so, had the tints of autumn touched his vision only, but there was an autumn shade over his heart. He felt assimilated to that autumn scene, and imagined himself like the ash leaves, falling early, and like the beech, crushed and broken on the ground.

He longed to go away with the swallows, and envied the rooks their busy obliviousness as they flew over his head, in the air—'caw, caw,'—the dismal voice found by autumn to sing the falling of the leaves of summer-life.

He was wearied and autumn-like as he went along, and looked down at the beech leaves dying, thinking dead leaves were fit covering for a dead heart and dead hopes; when the body, like the trees around, was parting, or had parted, with all that was living and bright.

Annandale was on the way to the parsonage house of his friend Edwards, where he hoped to find rest for his weary spirit in the quiet and retirement of that peaceful rural locality; after the fatigues and weariness of a long but vain search for the sister of the poor nun that he had been compelled to leave behind in Paris.

A walk from the inn would afford him, he thought, a peaceful, quiet hour; and leaving his portmanteau to be brought after him in the evening, he sauntered along towards the parsonage.

Edwards met him at the door, and bade him welcome.

They had not met since the old college times, and they had a long story to tell; Edwards of the quiet life of a rural pastor, and Annandale of hope deferred and heart made sick.

'Welcome to Devonshire, Annandale, my friend,' said Edwards; 'I have longed to show you my parsonage, and my church, and my schools.'

'Thanks for your kind welcome, doubly pleasant this melancholy autumnal evening.'

'Come now, Annandale, cheer up, man; be yourself again.'

'It is easy to say "Cheer up!" I do n't think I shall be able to do so for some time, though.'

'Is your case such a dreadful one?'

'Not mine; but is it not enough to madden one, to think of one's dearest friend in the clutches of the priests and nuns?'

'You hinted something of this in your last; you must tell me all about it.'

'Not now.'

'Well, never mind; by-and-by. By the way, don't you remember May Wilmington?'

'Certainly.'

'Laurence Vale is quite near this.'

'So you wrote me once.'

'Did I? I forgot.'

'Is Miss Wilmington here just now?'

'Yes, and they say she is engaged to our old friend Lord Oxborough. I heard he was expected to pay this locality a visit, and asked him to come to me.'

'Is he coming?'

'Yes, in a week.'

'I shall be glad to see Oxborough: he is an honest, true-hearted fellow.'

'That he is. He will be glad to see you too; he knows that I expected you.'

'Do the Wilmingtons know he is coming?' asked Annandale.

'They do.'

'Has Oxborough been here since the accident he met with, that had so nearly proved fatal? Poor Oxborough!'

'No, he has not.'

'I wonder at that.'

'I suppose he has been well nursed by his mother and sister; he returned from Italy as soon as possible after Lord Castleford.'

'Did they? Yes, to be sure they must,' said Annandale, thoughtfully; 'tell me, Edwards, have you seen or heard anything lately of Arthur Wilmington?'

'Not much; he was here for a short time, at least at Laurence Vale, but I saw little of him.'

'Has he left the Castleford family?'

'Oh! dear, yes; he only condescended to go to Italy with Lord Frederick St Just.'

'What is he doing now?'

'He is to be ordained shortly; coming to this diocese too.'

'I don't think you and he will be likely to get on well together.'

'Why not, Annandale?'

'Do you forget the sort of man he was at Oxford?'

'By no means; and I am afraid he has not changed since then.'

'Not for the better, at any rate, I am afraid, Edwards.'

'Have you seen Wilmington lately? I think you must have seen the way that you speak about him,' said Edwards.

'I *have* seen him, not very long since, and in rather doubtful company.'

'Mr Tractate?'

'Not Mr Tractate.'

'Who then?'

'One of Mr Tractate's masters.'

'What do you mean?'

'I have seen Arthur Wilmington in close conference with a Jesuit.'

'You astonish me.'

'Too true, nevertheless, Edwards; and he is now about to enter the sacred ministry, you say.'

'Should he be permitted to do so under these circumstances, Annandale?'

'How could he be prevented?'

'Tell the bishop.'

'Would the bishop believe me? I could not prove that the man was a Jesuit; but I have no doubt, in my own mind, that he is such.'

'I am puzzled to know what should be done.'

'I fear we can do just nothing. If Wilmington has got among these Jesuits, of course he will deny it, and I should find it impossible to prove the fact by legal evidence. He will not hesitate, I have no doubt, to subscribe the Thirty-nine Articles, all the while interpreting them in a non-natural sense, or after the manner of Alphonsus Liguori.'

'I think Wilmington is expected at Laurence Vale about the same time that Lord Oxborough comes to me; would you speak to him on the subject?'

'It will not be any use, I know; still, perhaps I ought to do so for the sake of his mother and sister; he may, after all, be yet accessible to friendly advice.'

'I think you ought to do so, Annandale; and whatever Arthur thinks of it, I know Mrs Wilmington and May would be obliged to you.'

'Do they know of Arthur's predilection for the semi-papistical school of Pusey and Newman, and the rest?'

'They do now. For a long time he was silent on the subject; but I heard him praising this school enthusiastically on his last visit to Laurence Vale. I never thought, however, that he had gone so far as to associate with Jesuits.'

'Where will all this end?' said Annandale, in a sorrowful tone.

'Indeed, my dear Annandale, I know not. Thank God, I had the benefit of your conversation at Oxford! it helped to keep me right.'

'As for the individuals,' continued Annandale, 'the more honest will go over to Rome, while the Jesuits and their most mischievous allies will still hold preferments in the church and professorships in the colleges, perverting the minds of the young and the enthusiastic.'

‘Poor Church of England!’

‘Ay, indeed: if her archbishops and bishops were faithful to their trust, they would put an end to this traitorous dealing with the sacred cause of Christ’s religion. But they love their ease too much; are too much afraid of the outcry that would be raised against them; and so the church is betrayed by her sworn guardians, to the great delight of the Pope and the cardinals.’

‘And this is the Church of the Marian martyrs!’ said Edwards.

‘Without the martyr’s faith, and with the martyr’s protest against Rome kept somewhere in the damp vaults under her cathedrals, while Popery is taught in her pulpits, and the Papacy triumphs in the state.’

‘You should be in Parliament, Annandale.’

‘Parliament has no ear, no heart for these things; besides,’ said Annandale, with a smile, ‘Protestant electors are too free and independent now to care about Protestantism. My creed, though that of England’s old worthies, is deemed a dream of a wild enthusiast.’

A week passed away.

Annandale and Edwards had gone over to Laurence Vale to see the Wilmingtons, and had promised to return again when Arthur Wilmington came. Edwards had shown, with a beaming countenance, the schools he had established since he came to the parish; and Annandale was happy in being able highly to commend the neatness of the scholars and the great order of the school.

He went to Edwards’ church on Sunday, and was thankful that he could feel himself in a Protestant one; the contrast to that in which he had been in London was very grateful to his feelings. May Wilmington and her mother were there; and Annandale anticipated with pleasure the arrival of Lord Oxborough shortly. Lord Oxborough came sooner than he had expected, and surprised the Wilmingtons and his college friends by walking into the church during the progress of the service.

After service there was a hearty shaking of hands, and everybody agreed to walk home to Mrs Wilmington’s.

Annandale felt that day more calm and quiet than for a long time, and almost imagined, as they all sat in the drawing-room at Laurence Vale—Lord Oxborough and May upon the sofa, and he and Edwards in a window—that they were all together in Oxford, and that the pleasant old college times of fresh companionship and young hopes and high aspirations had come back to him, and that the troubled un-resting interval was only a dream.

He was startled from a reverie by May Wilmington’s voice, saying—

‘Mr Annandale?’

‘I beg your pardon. I—I did not hear you.’

‘Oh! I was only going to ask if you remembered the day you told us of your Irish adventures; have you no more adventures to tell us now?’

Poor May Wilmington! You have sent a storm on the sea, and the calm rest is broken by high waves rolling over and over. You have awakened the slumberer from a peaceful dream, and a dark dread reality stands, like death, appalling him.

You see the mischief you have done, by the heaving breast, and the troubled eye, and the flush of pain on the face of him you addressed; and you never saw before such a cloud on the brow of Lord Oxborough as when that question came innocently out through your lips, that spoke thoughtlessly and carelessly because you were so happy.

And you felt grieved when you saw Annandale rise hastily and take his leave; and looked anxiously to Lord Oxborough for an explanation, but he only looked down on the ground and said nothing. And you stepped lightly across to Mr Annandale, and stood by his side, and, as you caught Lord Oxborough's approving glance, you took his hand, and with tearful eye said you were sorry if you had pained him—if you had said anything you ought not to have said—and you were very sorry he was going away.

And you were sorry when Annandale averted his face and tried to say something, but could not say it; intending to tell you that he knew you meant not to pain him; it was all his own fault, but he could not help it. He could not say this though he meant to say it, but took your hand and bade you a silent farewell, and then hurried down the stairs, and away over the dead leaves of autumn.

Yes, you were very sorry, poor May Wilmington!

Arthur Wilmington came to Laurence Vale next day, and on Tuesday went over to the parsonage to call on his old college friends.

Truth to tell, he did not seem very anxious to meet them till pressed by May and his mother; but when he did go he thought it would be ungracious to seem stiff and cold, and therefore he stopped for dinner.

He had lost a good deal of the shyness with which he used to be troubled, and was very agreeable and tolerably frank, for him. He seemed to have more confidence in himself, and propounded his sentiments more freely; though even yet there was a half apologetic air about him when saying something not likely to be very congenial to his friends.

Annandale, it may well be supposed, was more reserved than usual, and nothing but a high sense of duty, and a desire, if possible, to do good, would have induced him to hold friendly intercourse with one who was, he believed, but a Papist masked, and might, for all he knew, be implicated in the plot that consigned to darkness, if not despair, two of the lovely daughters of England.

It therefore jarred upon his feelings to hear Wilmington talk of 'the high gifts and strong claims of the Church of Rome to our reverence, love, and gratitude.'

'Would you have spoken of the "high gifts" of the Pythoness?' asked Annandale.

'You surely do not compare the possessed damsel spoken of in holy writ with the Catholic Church, Annandale?'

'Not with the Catholic Church, but with the Romish apostasy I do. Does not the Church of Rome live and thrive by trading on the credulity of the votaries of her system?'

'You cannot deny, however, that she has great claim to our gratitude for preserving the Scriptures in the middle ages.'

'Just as the robber has who steals your property and hides it for fear of detection, not being able to destroy it.'

'I suppose you don't acknowledge Rome's claim to our veneration for her sanctity?'

'Not if, as I believe, she is the masterpiece of Satan.'

'This is blasphemy, Annandale.'

'Not a doubt that the Church of Rome would think so, and burn me for the sentiment, to prove her sanctity,' replied Annandale.

'What do you mean by the Holy Catholic Church? Rome has ever been acknowledged to be *the* Catholic Church, or a branch of it.'

'I cannot admit that the Church of Rome is a branch of the Church of Christ. Do you admit the supreme authority of Holy Scripture?'

'Of Scripture and tradition taken together, I do.'

'I have read of those who have "made the word of God of none effect" through their tradition; I know that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God;" and I find in the inspired volume Rome pointed out as the "mother of harlots and abominations of the earth." Rome cannot, therefore, be even a branch of Christ's Church, nor have any claim to reverence for her sanctity.'

'Why, if that be a true description of Rome,' said Lord Oxborough, 'she is not exactly the thing I should care to venerate.'

'I never could admit that Rome was only our "erring sister,"' said Edwards.

'The consideration of this question was forced upon me at Oxford,' replied Annandale, 'and after a careful study I came to the conclusion that Rome was the great predicted apostasy; and that any tampering with her, or attempt to approach to nearer communion, is not only dangerous in the extreme to churches and individuals, but is a virtual denial of Christ—an attempt to amalgamate the principles of light and darkness.'

'I rejoice to think, Annandale, that your views are not shared by many high authorities in the Church,' said Wilmington.

'This I know,' replied Annandale; 'and I regret that a battle of details has been fought with Rome, instead of proclaiming boldly that Rome is the mystery of iniquity, the predicted apostasy, and a doomed and deadly Antichrist.'

'Would you not, then, point out Rome's errors of doctrine—

her false teaching respecting the mass, for instance?' asked Edwards.

'Certainly; without doubt, I should. Fight the enemy in every way and at every point; but never forget that Rome is unchristian, superseding Christ by his mother; and anti-christian, denying the words, and setting at naught the authority of Christ.'

'It is a sign of the infidelity of the age,' said Wilmington, 'that men deny the priests of the Church Catholic the power of changing the elements into the body and blood of Christ.'

'Creating the Creator! A priest's fingers making the Almighty! To doubt this blasphemous absurdity you call infidelity, Wilmington?'

'I call such Protestantism as yours infidelity, Annandale.'

'Because I believe all that is in the inspired writings, and nothing more; all God's Word, and none of man's word, contrary thereto?' Well, if that is infidelity, what is faith?'

'Believing what the Church teaches.'

'And disbelieving what God teaches?'

'Have you nothing to say for monasteries, Arthur?' asked Lord Oxborough, trying to seem unconcerned about the sentiments of Wilmington, but looking rather annoyed, notwithstanding, at the utterance of such opinions by one who had been an intimate associate of Lord Frederick, and, above all, who was the brother of May Wilmington.

'Yes; the Church of England sadly neglects her duty when she fails to encourage monachism,' replied Arthur.

'I am afraid, Wilmington, that you are listening to dangerous teachings when you reject the pure Christianity of our scriptural Church for the dogmas of Popery,' said Annandale.

'I am not listening to dangerous teaching,' replied Arthur Wilmington, slightly reddening; 'I desire not to be wiser than the fathers of the Christian Church; what they did, I may safely do.'

'Can any one safely act contrary to the Word of God?'

'And tradition—no.'

'Do not persist in placing tradition side by side with inspiration; take God's truth, and leave man's super-added fables.'

'Such as the story of Stanislaus, who raised a man three years dead, to prove a title-deed; of Francis of Paula, who crossed the Straits of Sicily upon his spread-out cloak; of Raymond of Penafort, who sailed in the same way from Majorca to Barcelona, one hundred and sixty miles, in six hours, and got into his monastery through the closed gates. Do you believe all these things for gospel, Arthur?' asked Lord Oxborough.

'If I were what you call a Roman Catholic I should,' replied Wilmington, evasively; rising to take his leave, and go home by the light of the silver moon, that was shining on the dead leaves of that autumn-time.

As he passed the wood an owl came flapping down, and brushed

his face with its wings. Arthur detested these sun-hating birds: he thought that they should know that, and avoid him. He hardly ever passed along that way in the evening, that an owl did not come flitting by, and this one went away in among the trees, bird of night and shade, and began its doleful mockery like a midnight mass—‘too-whoo; too-whoo; too-whoo.’

---

## CHAPTER XXIX.

A LITTLE party sat round Mr Baring’s table on Christmas-day.

Jackie has grown older and more sensible since we saw him last, and he is quite proud of sitting at one side of the table all by himself. He has a small plate, and a little knife and fork, and a silver mug beside him, and he seems to know how to use them all. He talks a great deal, and laughs merrily; and papa and mamma try to look grave when he says something very funny; but Jackie is not to be taken in, that way, and he tries to peep into mamma’s face, and not being able to do this, slides down off his chair, and steals to her side, and, seeing her face giving indications of coming out into smiles soon, Jackie says ‘he!’ and mamma can’t keep from laughing any longer.

And now a great big plum-pudding comes in, and Jackie watches it with all his eyes, as it is set upon the table; and asks, ‘Did those things grow out of it, like the prickles in the hedgehog’s back, in papa’s pretty book with the wee mouses in it?’

He finds out all about the things in the plum-pudding by-and-by, and makes an experimental acquaintance with it: little bits with plenty of raisins in them are his especial favourites, and he says they are very good.

But even plum-puddings must have an end; and Jackie finds that out, and then he asks, thinking pleasantly of that last nice raisin, ‘When will it be Christmas again, mamma?’

By-and-by the wine comes on the table, and the little fellow gets a glass for himself. He knows very well that a little wine in the water will be his share, and he thinks he is bound to be polite to others. Therefore, with a slight lisp, and a look across the table, he turns his attention to another, and asks an old friend of his—

‘Will you have some wine, Mr Annandale?’

For Mr Annandale was a guest at the Barings’ that Christmas-day.

The grand palace that Hope had been building and ornamenting with beauteous pictures and loveliest flowers had disappeared in that earthquake that wrecked all his hopes, and left nothing of the flowers, and the pictures, and the palace, but crushed and crumbling ruins.

For a time he was aimless, and purposeless afterwards. Wherever he went, at whatever he looked, the world was a blank to him. A few things interested him, but nothing sufficiently long or deeply to stir him up to any great purpose, and stimulate him to perform any worthy action. He had never been so near forgetting his sorrow as on that Sunday in Devonshire, when May Wilmington unintentionally recalled his loss, and, by recalling it, made Anna twice lost to Annandale.

Sometimes dreams of great actions to be done by him—dreams of the old college time—came back into his mind; and he liked to look at them as kaleidoscope pictures, that sometimes came up before him at the bidding of memory.

But the visions had no power to charm him now; the heart of hope that gave life and light to them did not beat responsively; and the picture-dreams came and passed away, hardly leaving the light impression on his mind that the old dreams had come to visit him—that they had come, and were gone.

First wakening him from that hope-death, and touching a silver string that made music at his heart, was the simple, child-like voice of the little boy that had lain in the cold and the darkness one passed-away winter night. There was music in that child-like voice that rang softly, and a wakening touch that charmed him back to life in the fingers of his little hand. And he began to think that, after all, the object of sorrow might be to mellow and ripen a purpose—that it would do so, at least, with him.

He would not dream any more; he would act: and if the bright and beauteous edifice built by Hope had been levelled, and would soon be grass-grown, at least he might try and build another that would be solid, if plain, on the ground that was left vacant by the thousand busy seekers for a place whereon to build, because they will not build on Duty. But he did not all at once waken to life and a life-purpose.

Much gentle touching of that little hand, much pleasant prattle of that little voice, it needed to complete the restoration; and even that, perhaps, would have been in vain if it had not come as a whisper from heaven, to lead him to the heaven it came from.

And one day he had a stroll with Jackie out among the bright frost-covered hedges, where a little robin, with ruffled feathers, was trying to eat the hardened haws, or pull out a worm, about which the ground had been frozen, after it got half way out.

Jackie talked and laughed merrily, and asked Mr Annandale why he didn't laugh; and did big men not like to laugh when little boys laughed; and what made him sigh so often, and look sorry; and would Mr Annandale tell him some stories about monkeys, and foxes, and wolves; and would he rather tell him some stories about good people that loved God, for his mamma told him about good people, and he liked to hear stories about them, if Mr Annandale would tell him stories.

Mr Annandale began to carry out his purpose now, and thought

that he could not do better than help on that little child that had helped him to remember that, if there had been something for him to suffer, there was now something for him to do.

He told Jackie about a city of the olden time, that stood high upon a hill, near blue water; and how the people of that city loved God's Book, and prized the right to read it. The king of the country belonged to a band of men that hated the Book, and hated its readers, and had many times tried to put them to death, because they would n't stop reading and loving it.

And the king went away across the sea, and got soldiers and guns, and brought them to the walls of the city, and bade the men in it open the gates. But the men would n't do that; and the general of the soldiers went into all the cottages of the country, and took the people out of them that loved God's book, and drove them on in a crowd to the walls of the city. He thought when the men inside saw poor old women, and fair young girls, and little children driven there at the point of the sharp sword, hungry and cold and naked, that the men inside would open the gates and let in the cruel soldiers of the king.

But the poor people outside called to the men in the city not to open the gates; and the men did n't, though they had nothing to eat but dogs, and mice, and candles, and were dying with hunger; because they were not faint-hearted cowards, but good, and true, and brave.

And the king bade his soldiers try and get into the town, and they tried, but could n't; for the men inside had declared they never would pull down the crimson banner that was flying on their church-tower; and whenever the cruel king's men tried to get in to pull it down, the people in the city, down to the little boys, all shouted, 'No surrender!'

And at last God heard the prayers of the people in the city, and he sent the white-winged ships of the Deliverer. They came, sailing over the water bravely, and reached the famished town. The starving crowd rushed into the church to thank the God that saved them, and the army of the coward king fled away from Derry's walls.

Little Jackie listened eagerly to the story. His eyes brightened, and his face was all smiles, when Annandale reached the end of it.

'Who was the deliverer, Mr Annandale,' he said, 'that sent the ships?'

'His name was King William.'

'I love him for that.'

'Do you, Jackie?'

Yes, I do; is n't it right to love him?'

'He is dead now.'

'Well, if he was n't dead I would love him, would n't that be right?'

'Ask papa.'

'I want to know what you think, Mr Annandale.'

'I think he was quite right to send the ships, Jackie, for the people in the city would n't have shut the gates against him if he had come to ask them to let him in.'

'I *would* love him, then, if he was alive.'

'Why you are a little Orangeman, Jackie.'

Oh! I know what that is. You mean that I am a little Orangeman because I would love King William.'

Annandale laughed at the little fellow, and they talked pleasantly till they reached the house. Jackie was very hungry for his dinner, and his cheeks were all fresh and rosy with the quick walking and the races he had run on that frosty day.

After dinner Jackie ran into the room and took Mr Annandale's hand, and then let it go again, while he went back for something which he had forgotten, and wanted to show Mr Annandale.

No very wonderful thing it was that the child had; nothing but a little picture that seemed roughly cut out by a not very clever hand, as its edges were all notched and jagged.

'Do you know who that is, Mr Annandale?'

'Who is it, Jackie?'

'I want you to guess.'

'Tell me, Jackie.'

'That's King William crossing the Boyne.'

'And do you know anything about King William, Jackie?'

'Yes, to be sure I do; did n't you tell me something about him to-day; and papa told me all about this picture once, and now I know all about him, Mr Annandale.'

'Where did you get the picture, Jackie?'

'Oh! from an Orangeman.'

'Would he give me one?'

'I think so, if you like King William.'

'But do I like King William?'

'I do n't know; I think you do, do n't you, Mr Annandale?'

'If I said I did, what then?'

'Why then you would like Orangemen, for they like King William.'

'But, Jackie, there are people that like King William that do n't know anything at all about Orangemen'

'Do you not know anything about them, Mr Annandale?'

'Not very much indeed, Jackie.'

'Well, ask papa, he can tell you all about them.'

'Is papa an Orangeman?'

'I don't know.'

'I think I must ask papa to tell me all about these Orangemen.'

'I am sure he will tell you if you like, Mr Annandale.'

'I shall ask him, then.'

And one evening, after dinner, in the early days of January, Charles Annandale fulfilled his promise. He and Mr Baring sat together in the dining-room. Mrs Baring and Jackie were in the

nursery, for Jackie still slept in the nursery, and amused himself, at times, with his brother.

‘By the way, Baring, I had almost forgotten something I wanted to ask you. Are you an Orangeman?’

‘No, I am not; why?’

‘I had a talk with your little fellow the other day, and I promised to ask you something about them.’

‘Well, I believe, though I am not an Orangeman, that I can tell you all you want.’

‘What is your opinion, then, of Orangeism?’

‘That it is the only honest political creed of the day.’

‘How?’

‘Because it is never changed, being based upon true Protestantism.’

‘And is the Orange Institution one worthy of the support and encouragement of those who deem themselves true Protestants?’

‘Do you know its objects?’

‘To tell the truth, not clearly.’

‘In the first place, it is an association of men bound together to support and defend the sovereign and the Protestant succession.’

‘Every loyal Englishman must approve of that.’

‘The Protestant religion must be professed by all its members, and ought to be maintained by them.’

‘Well, of course that would not meet with much favour at the hands of the Oxford party, as they are called,’ said Annandale.

‘No; and the name of Orange is not in much favour in England, though it should be remembered that it is one that princes of the blood royal were proud to bear till concession to the Papacy became the fashion of the day, and our statesmen consented to become tools of the Jesuits.’

‘And these Jesuits, of course they hate this Orange Society. I shall not think the worse of it on that account.’

‘I believe a great deal of the disfavour with which it has been viewed in England, Annandale, is traceable to the Jesuits. The Orange Society is a religio-political confederation, and so is the Church of Rome, or the Papacy. To oppose this latter effectually, its two-fold character must never be forgotten.

‘It often is.’

‘Yes; we have plenty of religious people that would spend a fortune converting Papists, or trying to convert them; and plenty of political opponents of the aggressions of the Papacy; but Rome never can be effectively opposed except by remembering her two-fold character, and opposing her accordingly.’

‘And you think the Orange Institution does this?’

‘In part it does. It is not perfect, and might be worked more satisfactorily, I believe, from what I know of it; but it has the right idea, at any rate.’

‘Is it not very hard to manage these Orangemen?’

‘I have never found it so. The humble members of the Society

are always ready to listen to the advice of those of a superior class, provided they are convinced that they are sincere friends of Protestantism.'

'Do the gentry take part in the management of the Orange Institution?'

'In some cases they do; in too many, not. I think this is a great mistake, and I mean to become a member of the Society some of these days.'

'I should like to visit an Orange lodge some day. I wonder if they would admit me?'

'After they have transacted their business, whatever it may be, I have no doubt they would. And, by the way, this is the night that the lodge on your property here holds its meeting; shall we get ready and go and pay them a visit?'

'With all my heart. I may not have so good an opportunity for a long time.'

Away they went, then, to visit the Orangemen in their lodge.

The night was clear and frosty. The stars were shining in heaven, and looked like angels' eyes keeping watch in the absence of the sun. The night was calm and still. In the cottages the people were asleep, except here and there, where a stray flickering light was seen in a small window for a moment, and then went away hastily, as if ashamed to place its yellow light in contrast with the pure brightness of the stars.

And by-and-by, when their feet touched the little ice-pools on the road, and made a sharp, crackling noise, as the ice gave way, a dog would raise its head from between its fore-paws, as it lay sleeping on a bundle of straw in some out-house on the way, and, hearing the noise, would give a few lazy, sleepy barks, and then lay its chin on its fore-feet again.

At one place, as they passed, the noise awoke a cock perched in a tree at the gable of a barn, and just then the moon came out, bright and clear; and the cock was thereby put out of his reckoning, and, thinking it was morning, gave a hearty crow or two, that rang far away over the hills on that frosty night, with the ice-pools making mirrors for the stars.

When they reached the farmer's house in which the Orangemen held their meetings, the door was readily opened at Mr Baring's call.

The Orangemen knew Mr Annandale, and they invited the gentlemen to come in, as the business of the evening was over, and the lodge, they said, closed.

'We came to visit you, my friends,' said Annandale, 'as I want to see and know something about your Orange Institution.'

'You are welcome, sir,' said the master, who was a farmer on Annandale's property, and who had just closed the lodge according to form, by reading a portion of Scripture, and a prayer, that differs very little from the 'Thanksgiving for Peace and Deliverance from our Enemies' that is to be found in the Prayer-book of the Church of England.

Annandale looked round the homely room and found about thirty stout and stalwart men, most of them farm labourers, many of them farmers who held small farms of thirty and forty acres on his own property.

A faded orange ribbon was worn by the master ; the rest of the men were in their common working clothes. ' Will you now,' said Annandale, addressing the master of the lodge, ' kindly favour me with your opinion of the Orange Institution ?'

' I am not a good speaker, sir, but I will do my best,' he said, and then entered into an account of its origin, exploits, and uses, and concluded by declaring,

' We are loyal and true men, sir. We may not all of us act up to our principles, the more 's the pity, but we are ready, any day, to stand up for the Queen and the Protestant religion, and I 'm thinking we 're in more earnest about that than some of them gentlemen in Parliament. We are bound, sir, not to touch the papishes if they leave us alone ; but we are bound to try and keep down their cruel Church. And the priests, and the Jesuits, and the Ribbonmen know that, and they hate our Institution, and tell lies about it, though they know very well that they 'll never get us to join them, and won't get uppermost in Ireland for a long time to come. If the gentlemen in Parliament would only be true to God and the Queen, they won't get uppermost, that they won't, while ever there is an Orangeman or an Orange lodge in Ireland.'

And that was what Annandale saw and heard when he paid a visit to an Orange lodge ; and he thought if Orangemen always acted up to these principles, that they should be supported and encouraged, and not repressed and discountenanced by the Sovereign of England, and the Three Estates of the Realm.

He began to dream again, and wonder if it would not be possible to unite all the Protestants of England in one grand league against the Papacy, which would work, in the country and the Parliament, to maintain unsectarian Protestantism, and support the Protestant cause. He wondered if sects and parties would ever give up their selfish aims, and their suicidal contests with each other, and unite in one noble army to carry out the Protestant banner and do battle against the common foe.

He wondered that the Protestants of England, sons of the martyrs, and heirs of blood-bought freedom, fell so easily into the snares of the Jesuits, and turned away from their great enemy, Rome. He wondered that, brethren as they were, they never ceased to fall out by the way, instead of trying to promote Christian union among all Bible-loving Protestants, and give up everything but God's truth and the contest with Rome.

As he and his friend walked home he talked earnestly of these things, and then began to recall the memory, he knew not why, of that terrible winter-night, of blood upon the snow, when the priest-denounced victim nearly died by the assassin's aim. As he entered the gate of the avenue he could not help contrasting that

night, and that scene, with the one he had witnessed not so very long ago, when the cold and bleeding form lay silent and lonely, and the blood had a voice that went up through the snow-flakes into the golden throne.

The night was peaceful and calm as they went up the avenue now. The bright moon looked down upon the figures, and cast a pale shadow on the ground. The leaves of the laurels glistened in the frost, and looked bright and silvery in the moon-beams. Bright as ever shone on the stars, heaven's silent protestors to a heedless earth. Yet there was one that seemed of no right there up in heaven among the stars. It was high up and thought itself heaven-born, doubtless, and if of heaven had a right to lord it over the lowly earth. That night, when the stars were shining, down, down went a falling star. Its place in heaven was found no more: heaven's stars shine on for ever.

---

## CHAPTER XXX.

THERE stood a Roman Catholic chapel not very far from Mr Baring's house. It was a plain edifice, as the chapels of the Romish communion for the most part are in country parts of Ireland. High on the front of it stood a stone cross; and various sorts and sizes of crosses formed head-stones for the graves in the chapel-yard beside it.

Some of the head-stones were of a more ornamental sort. On these the letters 'I. H. S.' were prominent. Under them was the name of the departed; and then followed some motto, generally in Latin, conjuring all passers-by to 'pray for the soul' of the person that lay, in body, under the raised and rounded sod, and was in spirit, according to the creed of the Church of Rome, suffering sorely in purgatory; where the soul was doomed to suffer, till either the priest got merciful enough to let it out, without payment, or the friends of the departed had no more to pay.

A low wall ran round the chapel and the grave-yard, enclosing, in its precincts, a national school, which, of course, was under the patronage of the parish priest. And the parish priest was the Rev. Patrick O'Toole. He was preaching in this chapel one Sunday to a large and attentive congregation. Hundreds of earnest and sincere devotees had assembled within the walls, and some were outside the chapel. It had been announced that he was to address the people on the danger of disobeying the 'Church' and reading the 'Protestant Bible;' and, accordingly, a great crowd assembled within the chapel, as the subject was one certain to possess a great deal of interest for the ignorant uneducated members of his flock.

'I must tell you,' he said, 'that our holy Father, Pope Pius VII., now beside St Pether in glory, wonst issued a Bull against Bible Societies.

'It was the year after the battle of Waterloo, when Bonypart had been baten in the wars, that his Holiness considered the time was come to give the Bible Societies a bit of his mind.

'Well, you see, he wrote that year to the primate of Poland—ye do n't know where that is, but no matter—that "the very foundations of religion was undermined" by these Bible Societies; "for it is evident, from experience, that the Holy Scriptures, when circulated in the vulgar tongue, have done more harm than good."

'Now, boys, some of these varmint has been among ye, circulating these Bibles; and I want to know what you mane to do with them? I want to know whether you mane to keep them, and disobey the "Church," or bring them to me, and get the blessin of St Pether, and St Paul, the blessed Virgin, and all the Saints.

'I'll tell you the story of St Teresa now, and you'll see the ways the holy saints of God looks upon this matter.

'St Teresa, ye know, lived at Toledo, and had a holy nunnery under her charge; and there come a young woman one day, and wanted to get into the nunnery. "Ye're welcome," says the saint. "Thank ye kindly," says the young woman; "I'll be with ye the morrow, and bring my Bible." "Ye're what?" says the saint. "My Bible," says the young woman, again, bowldly enough. "Your Bible," says St Teresa, "Troth, an ye'll not; do n't come near us with your Bible. We are poor women, that do n't know nothing but spinnin', and how to do what we are bid!"

'Now ye see what St Teresa did; and ye're none of ye goin' to set up for saints, I suppose; but still ye're willin' enough to follow the holy saints, and I howld up St Teresa as a pattern to ye, and the likes of ye.

'Mind, thin, what the "holy Church," says, and mind what the holy Father says, and mind what St Teresa did, and have nothin' at all to do with these vipers that go about creepin' into houses with their Bibles under their arms, and their sleekit faces, and fine talk.

'But now I ax ye again what you mane to do with the Bibles ye has got? I know ye has got some of them; no matter how, but I know it.

'I'll tell you what ye'll do.

'Bring me the Bibles the morrow morning, all of ye that has them, and I'll show ye some plan for getting rid of this sin against the holy Church.

'And mind. If any more of these sarpints comes into ye're houses with their books, jist show them the door, and bid them look at it; and tell them that's the way out, and that they're welcome to take it. And if they won't go out, but begins talking

about "sarching the Scriptures," and all that sort of humbug, tell them that ye do n't want to be wiser than the "Church," and the "Church" bids ye let the Scriptures alone; and ye wish *they* would let you alone; for if they do n't, that ye'll make short work with them, and tumble them out of the house, neck and crop.'

At the termination of this discourse the crowd left the chapel, and dispersed on their way home to their houses, cottages, cabins, or whatever else it may please people of information to call the residences in which they all took refuge after leaving the public-house; where a few of the most energetic and enterprising members of the congregation assembled to discuss the subject brought before them in the sermon of Father O'Toole.

And they remained so long in this public-house that they were only finding their way homeward when Mr Annandale and Mr Baring were walking along the road, with Jackie between them, on their way to meet Mrs Baring coming back from the Sunday school, where she had been occupied in teaching a class of little boys, and had been endeavouring to impress on them the duty of attending to and treating with proper reverence the inspired Word of God.

Some wicked people, she said, had hated the Bible, and burned it, as Jehoiakim, king of Judah, did, who cut up God's Word with a penknife, and threw it on a burning fire; but God was angry with him for this, and punished him, and all the land.

And so it happened, on that Sunday, that two sorts of lessons on the Bible were taught in different places, and were both written down and recorded above.

Mrs Baring was just following the children out of the school, as her husband came up, with Annandale and little Jackie. Jackie ran up to his mamma and took her hand, and she took her husband's arm. Jackie would have Mr Annandale take his other hand, and so the four walked home pleasantly together.

Now and then Jackie stopped to look at a little bird in the hedge, and was highly delighted by the clear, quivering song of a brave little brisk-hopping wren.

It was getting dark as they reached the avenue gate, which Jackie ran on before to open, though it was not yet so dark that faces coming along the road were indistinguishable in the shadow of the coming night.

Some men were coming along the road talking loudly. They lowered their voices as they came up to the avenue gate. There were four or five of them; and they had just left the public-house, where they had all been discussing earnestly the excellent sermon they had heard that Sunday morning from the Reverend Father O'Toole.

Two of them seemed rather anxious to keep out of sight, and therefore they shrunk behind the rest; and these two were Pat Grimes and Mick Feeny, the former having been discharged from the county gaol, as no jury could be got to convict him, though he

had several times been brought to trial. He was now, every Sunday, a most attentive hearer of the Reverend Father O'Toole.

There was great excitement in the chapel yard next morning. Not so many people came as were at Mass on the day before, but there came a large number, by different roads and across field-paths, to add to the crowd that was assembling.

Just opposite the school-house door there was a clear space left, and from this space a thin, blue, curling wreath climbed up through the air, sky-wards.

It got denser and darker by-and-by, as some people came forward, with lumps of turf under their arms, and placed them carefully on the fire that was kindled on the ground. The people stood round the fire in a circle, and a passer-by might have thought they were fire-worshippers, they looked down, with such interest, at the red fire, the crumbling turf, and the white ashes.

From the fire their eyes were turned often towards the school-house door, whence something was evidently expected, but as yet gave no indication of coming.

Bearing this disappointment patiently for a long time, and not having any particular business on hand at home which made them anxious to return, their patience was at last rewarded by the unclosing of the school-house door, and the advent of a distinguished personage.

This distinguished personage was the Reverend Father O'Toole. In his hand he had a couple of books, in a stout calf-skin binding, and under each arm another of the same sort as these.

He looked round the crowd, and seemed pleased to see their eager faces, and then he called to him Mick Feeny and Pat Grimes.

'Bring the rest of them books out,' he said, 'and do as ye see me do, boys.'

Then he went forward to the fire, and touched it with his foot, to make sure that the flame would rise up bright, and the turf blaze higher and higher. Over the fire he then stooped, and took one of the books in his hand, bending the two covers back that the leaves might stand out, separate and single, and that the tongue of flame might touch each leaf more easily, and draw it down into the burning.

Then he threw the book upon the fire, and bade them gather 'whins' to make a 'bigger blaze,' which they did speedily, and the light red flame ran up among them, and they crackled and blazed as the fire burned on.

Down among the red flame looked the circling crowd, and they saw the book, blackened and burning, on the fire. They saw the sparks flying up next heaven, as page after page was destroyed by the flame; and by-and-by not a bit of the book was to be seen but the shrivelled and charred cover.

Then the people looked over at the priest, and they saw his red

face look delightedly on the work ; and when he perceived that the work was done, he said, with exultant voice,

‘ Thus perish that devil’s own book ! ’

And the people, nothing loth to follow the ‘ holy father,’ as he was nothing loth to carry out the spirit of his Church’s decrees, with one consent made the air resound with their shoutings, and cried,

‘ Hooray ! hooray ! hooray ! ’

The men threw up their hats into the air, and the women hardly knew what to do to show the extremity of their delight ; they managed, however, to shout, and scream,

‘ Och ! long life to yer riverince ! ’

And now Pat Grimes and Mick Feeny stepped forward, with more books for the fire ; the fire was stirred up, and flamed high ; the branches crackled and sparkled ; and there was great joy, in the presence of the assembled crowd, at the burning to ashes of that blessed book that the priest called the book of the devil, though it was written, in characters of light, by the Holy Spirit of God.

As the last copies were placed upon the flames, a little voice was heard among the crowd, and a child struggled forward to the side of the priest.

She touched him with her little hand, and then she sobbed out earnestly—

‘ Do n’t burn my sister’s Bible, she’s cryin’ sore to get it back again.’

‘ The Bible has destroyed yer sister’s sowl, and now we’re getting rid of it,’ replied Father O’Toole.

‘ Do n’t burn my sister’s Bible ! Give me back poor Cathy’s Bible.’

‘ Take that child away, will ye,’ said the priest, angrily.

‘ Cathy says it’s God’s word, and that it’s bad work to burn it.’

‘ Whist, child, will ye ; it’s the devil’s book, and maybe we’ll burn you if ye do n’t whist,’ said Pat Grimes, catching the little thing in his arms, and preparing to carry her off, by Father O’Toole’s direction.

And then the last copies of the Bible were placed upon that fire, an acceptable offering made at the shrine of the gods that were worshipped by Father O’Toole.

The red fire blazed brightly, and leaf after leaf of the book was calcined by the burning. A gust of wind blew a stray leaf out of the fire, and it fell at the feet of Father O’Toole ; he took it up and put it back on the fire, and saw it burned and the ashes blown away, heeding not that thereon was written, by One whose smallest word could smite a world—

‘ If any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life.’

And now, amid the shoutings of that crowd, that awful work

was done; and as the people and the priest returned to their homes, be sure that the deed was recorded.

Charles Annandale and Jackie went out to walk that day, and met a little crying child. Annandale stooped down to try and soothe her, and asked her what was the matter; and all the answer that he got was, 'They burned Cathy's Bible.'

'And who did this?'

'Them and Father O'Toole.'

Annandale followed the child to her mother's cabin-door, and entered in softly after her. She rushed over to a couch of straw, where lay a poor emaciated girl, and then she threw her arms round her and wept. She spoke at last, sobbing bitterly the while, and said—

'They burned it, Cathy darlin'; they burned it.' And then the poor girl wept too, but soon smiled out through her tears. Her lips moved, and Annandale went forward to hear what she said. He had heard the words before, and he knew where.

'When Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.'

A placid smile now played upon her face; she clasped her hands and looked upward. She spoke again, and, with whispered voice, said faintly—

'Jesus saw it.'

Ay, Jesus saw it and loved that dying girl. And if Rome that day took away her Bible, she was taken up, ere evening, to the bosom of Jesus, and led through heaven by the angels.

---

## CHAPTER XXXI.

MR M'INTOSH never ceased to blame himself because he had not told Anna the true state of the case; where he had gone, and why he left Scotland for the south. He had intended to surprise Anna by the glad tidings that she was free; he had been readily persuaded to assent to this course by Annandale. Annandale he did not blame, because the silver mist had been tinted by hope with rainbow colours, and he had believed that, after this, there would be no more need for a great and wonderful deliverance. But he blamed himself that he had neglected any prudential measure, by which the innocent girl might have been saved from passing through that long dark passage that *might* lead, after weary wanderings, to light and life at the last, but was more likely to end in the darkness of an unknown grave.

He went through all his parochial duties with Christian forti-

tude, but, save a smile for the little children, that was but as sunshine before rain, his cheerfulness was gone.

Had he been other than a Christian, men would have attributed his melancholy to the presence of a continual spirit, a disembodied sin, standing ever before his eyes, frightening the smile from his face and joy from his heart.

But men knew that he was one of those who went about doing good, and this, though it was his Master's will that here this great trial should come upon him to embitter his years of autumn; and they sympathized with the kind and affectionate heart that made a great sin of its innocent mistake, and ever kept holding it up before the mirror of memory, charging it upon conscience to punish for what was only an inadvertence, though it had been a sad and sorrowful one, not only to him, but to that aunt Harriet that now was more lonely than ever at the manse. Anna had been such a comfort to her in those happy days, she was so staid, so kind, so sensible; and now she was gone.

And yet she was not dead.

If she had been, Mrs M-Intosh would have mourned awhile, but she would have seen her in dreams in heaven beside her mother; and she would have felt that it was selfish to mourn for one who was happier far than ever she could have been had she lived an eternal youth on earth, among flower-blooms and songs of birds.

She was not dead, but she might be far worse. Nothing was too bad, this lady believed, for the sworn janisaries of a cruel despot to attempt, and perhaps succeed in. Pictures of old martyrs in blazing pyres, of virgin forms racked in the vaults of the Inquisition, and of children mangled and bleeding, came before her, and stood there; all marked as 'holy deeds,' the martyring and the racking and the mangling done, Rome said, for the sake of the merciful Jesus.

She did not know what they had done with Anna. She knew, or at least she believed—for the old belief in the savageness of that old Roman Woman still lingers about the Scottish manses and the homes of Caledonia, and does not seem likely to wing its way readily at the bidding of priests and the scheming of gentlemanly Jesuits—she believed that there was nothing too bad for that forger and perjurer to do to the darling girl.

For Mrs M-Intosh, somehow or other, imagined that everything that happened to Anna was to be by the express agency of that same smooth and soft-tongued individual that she had first known as Aubrey De Vere. She had a great horror of Rome and its deeds, and a greater horror now than ever; but, to her, Aubrey De Vere was Rome, at least as far as regarded her niece.

And many times when she sat lonely in the parlour, where lately Anna had sat by her side, she would burst into a flood of tears at the sad thought-pictures she would paint.

For there had come no tidings of Anna since the unfortunate

day when that etter decoyed her away; the letter that won her by its plaintive appeal; the letter that she believed was from Emily.

Annandale had come once to the manse and told his story.

He had found Emily's residence in Paris. He could not see her, for she was a nun. He could not find Anna anywhere, nor hear of her; she might be anywhere the wide world over. He only wished he had the faintest idea where, and he would go over the wide world.

For now it came out that he had loved Anna. It was strange that he should tell it now that she was lost, and never be tired telling it there. It was strange, for he had never told it while she was there to hear. And while he told it tears stood in his eyes; and Mrs Mcintosh wept more to think how happy they might have been some day, he and Anna; for she had fancied that Anna liked Annandale, though she had never anything to make her think so but silence and maiden blushes.

Annandale's visit to the manse was soon over, and when it was over it left no hope behind it.

For Emily was a nun.

She had been entrapped by the same vile plotter, and carried away from free England; and even if she had been in England she was shut up in a prison, where she was doomed to linger and to languish till there came a messenger that abbesses cannot keep out, to call her up to tell her story in the ears of the Pitying One.

And Anna would be a nun too.

That was dreadful. They would shut her up there, and never let her out; and she would pine for the fresh highland air, and the kindly voice, and for that love that she might have dreamt of, and that would have made her, oh! so happy.

And the pastor would return in the evening, and they would sit and talk of Anna, and say it was a strange mysterious thing how deeds like these were suffered to be done; and how men, whose whole lives were a lie and a villany, seemed to live and thrive, to victimize the innocent, and to grieve the poor unwary soul.

But then there came a voice that whispered, there was a God, and an end of all things; and if man could not see everything bright and beauteous, it was because of sin; for that His purposes towards those who love Him are ever-green and never fade, and that they will be seen bright and living and glorious when the eye sees and the Sun rises.

And then they longed for the seeing eye and the rising Sun, and felt that they might not come in their day, but that they would surely come.

It was a sad thing, too, to think that that dear gentle girl, who used to sit in that seat yonder, when they sat by the fire, just as now, was away, perhaps in a convent cell or in a dreary

dungeon, and that no one could get her out, no one knew where she was but the sworn slaves of Rome—no one else but God.

The story of Anna's departure had been told in whispers all through the country.

Old Scotch peasants, who hated prelacy, and talked of bloody Claverhouse, gathered to the fireside in the evenings, and wondered if the days of Claverhouse were coming back, and if fair young girls and stout young men were to be cut down by Popish dragoons.

And then some 'auld wife' would utter a lament over the 'bonnie lassie that was ta'en awa fra' her heeland hame.'

'I wad gang,' said young Rab M'Coll, 'to that auld villain at Rome, if I thocht she war there; an I wad mak him ken that he munna play pranks o' this kind on Scottish lassies.'

'An ye wad be a fule for yer pains, Rab,' said his mother, 'as if the likes o' ye wad do ony gude, wi yer heeland balderdash.'

'Weel, mither, I did na think ye thocht sae little o' Rab; he could kill the scarlet beastie, *I'm* thinking,' said Rab's little sister Jennie, in the corner.

'Toot, Jennie, an d'ye think thar's a real scarlet beastie there: d'ye no ken that that's a' a figure, woman, as the meenister says?'

'Rab's richt,' said Sandie Campbell, 'at least in a way; but he should na gang by himsel; a' the heelands sud gather, and they sud hang out the auld banner o' the Covenant, wi' its braw scarlet and blue folds; and we sud a' gather thegither and gang to Rome, and then we would bring back the bonnie lass, and the auld Pope might sit whingeing, till he dee-ed.'

'Yer as muckle a fule as oor Rab, Sandie Campbell,' replied the old woman; 'd'ye ken that thar's a government, a meenister, as they ca' him, in Lunnon, an d'ye think the government and the meenister wad let ye tak the hale heelands awa ti Eatily, fur that's whar Rome's, an gang ben till the Pope, and get oot the lassie? Yer as muckle a fule as oor Rab, Sandie Campbell.'

'Weel, Rab cud kill the big dragon, I'm sure; an may be they set it to watch the bit lassie,' chimed in Jennie, earnestly.

'Rab cudna dey sich a thing, bairn; but a needna ca' ye bairn, mair nor ony o' them, for thear a' bairns, havering,' replied Jennie's mother, reprovingly.

'Whar will a gang then, mither, and what maun I di? for I maun dey somethin', that's fact.'

'Whar will ye gang? gang aboot yer bisness, an let wiser heeds than yours try an di somethin' to get her hame.'

'An she was yer ain dochter, Peggie, ye wad na mak sae licht o' the deed,' said Sandie Campbell; 'but yer o'er selfish, an ye dinna care aboot the bonnie thing, because ye hae Jennie sittin' by the peat fire. Gin ye war lik the auld weemin o' the Covenant times, ye wad say, if ony body ca'd yer Rab, an needed him to di sich a heevenly work as getting a lassie oot o' the clutches o' they deevils; ye wad o' said—an ye had lived in they times—

Tak him awa, an weelcume. He's ma son, an ma ainly son, an a braw boy, forbye; but it mauna be telt that a dochter o' the Covenant wadna gi' her ain heart's blude to fight agin the cruel Philistine that has carried awa' a dochter o' the Lord's people.'

'That a wud,' said the old woman, warmly, 'and wadn't a gae him the noo, an it would heelp the Lord's cause; but de ye ken what yer talkin' about, Sandie? de'ye think that oor meenister wad gang hame till he's manse, nichtly, an be sae staid, an a' that, an thar war ony plan to fetch the lassie back to the heelands?'

'I dinna ken, Peggie; the meenister's no a man o' blude, an may be he wudna think it richt to try the claymore an draw blude.'

'Let us gang till the meenister, Sandie,' said Rab, 'an tell him we're ready ti gang till the worrel's en, gin we micht fetch back the young leddie that's awa.'

'An the meenister'll check ye for been fules, an bid ye awa hame; ye'll come back wi yer heeds hangin' doun, an a' the neebours'll ca' ye the Pope's fules,' said Peggy, determined to try and keep her own ground in the controversy.

'The meenister'll no ca' us fules, Peggy McColl,' said Sandie, angrily; 'he never ca'd onybody sich names; he wud speak kind to the poor daft body in the glen, an wadna ca' e'en him a fule.'

And the minister did not call them fools. They went right off to see him, and they met him going home to his manse, after a long walk over the hills, from a distant corner of his parish.

Sandie touched his bonnet, and looked sheepish, and Rab looked at Sandie, waiting for him to tell the object of their coming to the minister. And they were both very much put about by the want of words, though nothing worse, in that respect, than many a man of gentle blood, who never gets as far as 'Mr Speaker,' in the Commons House of Parliament.

'Well, Sandie?' said Mr M'Intosh, half rousing himself from a meditation, of which Anna formed the principal subject.

'Rab an me, sir—' said Sandie, and looked down at the tops of his toes, as if there was something very wonderful to be seen in the shoes he wore.

'Well, Sandie?'

'We cam, sir, ti tell ye that we wanted sair to try an get the young leddie hame that's awa.'

'I want that too, Sandie, but I do n't know how.'

'Do n't ye, sir, then I'm afeerd ye canna gi us ony help—tell us ony plan to gang upon, ye see.'

'Indeed I cannot, my friends.'

'That's bad; Rab an me, sir, wur talkin' the day aboot it; an we wanted to gang awa till Rome, and tak her frae the Pope, an fetch her hame till Scotland again.'

'You meant kindly, my friends, and I thank you; but you would indeed engage in a hopeless task; one that has hitherto

been too much for me, and a wiser head, if not a truer heart, than any of us.'

'Ye will na ca' us fules, sir, an ye will na tell that we wor w ye aboot this,' said Rab.

'No, my friends, you came from a kind intention, and I thank you. I shall not tell any one but my wife, and she will be glad to hear that you were anxious to run such risks to try and restore to her the niece she loved so much.'

'Weel, Rab?' said Jennie, meeting them at the corner of a field on their way back.

'Gang hame ti yer spinnin', bairn,' said Sandie, 'an dinna meddle wi matters abooove yer understandin'.'

'Yer no ti gang, are ye?'

'Na, Jennie, the meenister kens na mair nor ousels what suc be doon in the case.'

'I wanted ti gang wi ye, an ye war.'

'Ye! why, lassie, ye maun be daft, I'm thinkin',' said Sandie.

'Ye maun be a' daft, I'm thinkin',' said old Peggy, who came up just at this point; 'ye maun be a' daft, I'm thinkin', a' but the meenister; an as yer no goin', I'm o' the auld opeenion about him, and that's that *he's* wise an godly.'

The story of Anna's departure was told and believed. The shepherd thought over it, as he sat down upon the hills, and wrapped his plaid round him, or whistled to himself some old Scottish air, as his dog scampered after the sheep over the hills. And the cottagers, on the Sabbath morning, as they went to the kirk, talked over that story; and old and young had a tear of sympathy for their faithful pastor and his wife, and a tear of pity for the 'bonnie winsome lassie.'

And one day there came a traveller to the vale of Strathearn. He chatted pleasantly to the people whom he met, and made himself quite at home among them. They liked him, and talked to him, and he seemed to like the place very well, for he was in no haste to go.

He wore a grey shooting-coat and a light cap, and strolled about, lingering a long time in that lovely valley, watching flights of birds over the hills sometimes, and sometimes dropping pebbles in the water.

He went to the kirk one Sunday, and the people wondered that he only went once. They wondered, too, that he never visited the minister, and seemed careless and inattentive when the praises of Mr M'Intosh were sounded. The gentleman would be a very nice gentleman, and, indeed, was a very nice one, if he would only go and call at the manse; but perhaps he was too modest, and did not know the ways of the place.

Of course he was not long in Strathearn till he had heard the story of Anna Walpole.

Peggy M'Coll gave him some directions about a road one day

that was the road, Peggy said, that the young lady was last seen on, before she left the country.

'What young lady?' asked the stranger.

'The meenister's wife's niece.'

'And what happened to her?'

'She war kidnapped.' †

'Nonsense! they do n't carry off young ladies in Scotland now, my good woman, do they?'

'Weel, naw; they do n't, but ye see——'

'Well?'

'Ye see they Jesuits is awfu' folk.'

'The Jesuits! what had they to say to it?'

'Weel, ye see, thar cam a mon that ca'd himsel her fayther's brither, an he was na her fayther's brither at a.'

'What was he, then?'

'An impostor; an the gude folks say, a Jesuit.'

'But had he anything to do with her abduction?'

'Her what?'

'With carrying her away from the manse.'

'I dinna ken, I'm sure; I think he maun.'

'And do you pass sentence on people this way in Scotland, without knowing whether they are guilty or not?'

'What mean ye?'

'I mean will you say that the Jesuits—Who are the Jesuits, good woman?' asked the stranger, stopping short.

'They be some o' they folks they ca' Cawtholics.'

'Indeed!'

'The people say they scheme, an plot, an pretend to be what they are no at a'; an that they be sairvants o' the Pope an the deevil.'

'The people, here, do n't seem to like them, then?'

'Whar be ye frae, that ye dinna ken that?'—said Sandie Campbell, overhearing the last observation, and looking full into the stranger's face.

'That's your Scotch way of asking questions, I suppose?' said the stranger.

'Scotch or no Scotch, wha be ye that dinna gang till the kirk, nor the manse; an stan' glowerin' at a body when they tell ye that the Jesuits are said to be sairvants o' the Pope an the deevil? a' sud think it no muckle matter which,' said Sandie, angrily, and then passed on.

'Who is that ill-mannered fellow?'

'That's wan Sandie Campbell; a gude body eneuch, betimes,' replied Peggy.

'Do you call such fellows as him "gude bodies" here?'

'Sandie is a gude body, but he hates they Jesuits sair, for trapping the young leddie.'

'But perhaps the Jesuits had nothing to do with it.'

'Ye winna mak Sandie believe that.'

'Tell me now; had this young lady no lover?'

'Ay, man, but he war the nice laddie that camed here to the manse wan day.'

'She had a lover, then. What was his name?'

'I didna say she had a loover, but he might ha' comed to be a loover; for he lookit sa fand in her bonnie wee face ay day he ganged alang by her side, an she an the wee Sheltie lookin' down on him.'

'Did you see him with her?'

'Did a see him? Look at they twa een, mon: d'ye think they be baith blin', an wadna speir at a bonnie lassie an a handsome lad?'

'What was his name?'

'They ca'd him Maister Annandale.'

'Mr Annandale is a cunning fellow, I think.'

'Whaat?'

'Do n't you see, my good woman, how easy it was for Mr Annandale to get a carriage and invite the young lady to take a trip to some pretty place, where they might be united and enjoy themselves?'

'Ye do n't mean——'

'I do n't mean to say that he *did* do it; but do n't you think it very likely that he did now?'

'Weel, a neever thocht! Gang awa' till the meenister and tell him.'

'Oh, I am going away to-day; but when you hear the people talking about the Jesuits, do n't forget to tell them that the sweet young lady had a handsome lover, and that maybe they were for hastening the course of true love, and are loving eash other somewhere now, that's all.'

And the stranger went away, and was seen no more in Strathearn.

Peggy went home and told the stranger's surmise in a whisper; and somebody else told it to another, and so it went round, and some of the people said that perhaps it was not the Jesuits that took the young lady away, after all.

'Sure he cam back wantin' her, mither,' said Jennie, 'an looked sad an sair in the kirk thae day.'

'Ay, that he did, and min', lassie, dinna tell the meenister; for I dinna creedit the tale mysel; but then, ye ken, ye maun be talkin' aboot somethin'.'

'It's a' lees, mither; that sleekit lad in the grey coat dinna ken the natur o' the sweet young leddie.'

'That he dinna,' said Sandie Campbell, earnestly; 'an I wonder a wise-like body, that ca's ither folk fules and sich like, wud be sae ready to mak a fule o' hersel listenin' to yon gomerall haverin'.'

'For shame, Sandie; he ca'd ye "ill-mannered," an yer naether better, after a'.'

'A may be "ill-mannered," or a may no; but I'm no gaun to sit or stan' an hear mesel put demented by the lees o' a wanderin' grey coat. The bonnie lassie wadna gang an leeve her kith an kin that way; they sairvants o' that auld sinner o' Babylon kens mair aboot it nor you nor me, Peggy; an what they ken they may bury in the cauld grave wi' the bonnie blossom hersel; but they canna hide the dark thing they hae doon frae the een o' the Almighty Lord.'

---

## CHAPTER XXXII.

THERE stood a covered conveyance at a convent door one night in Paris.

The driver stood silently by the horses with a long whip in his hand. The conveyance was empty, and the convent door was shut, but the door would soon be open, and the conveyance full. There was no moon, but the stars were shining, and looked down upon the world that night.

The flowers on the hills, and the cattle in the fields, and the wild birds on the water, looked up at the stars; and the stars bosomed themselves in the flowers, and smiled upon the cattle, and jewelled the wild bird's wing, as it lay floating upon the water.

But men and women in the city looked not upon the stars. In some houses there were sounds of revelry, and in others sounds of woe; in most houses there were closed shutters and drawn blinds, and sleep and dreams inside; and nobody remembered that there was such a bright shining thing above the world as the night-robe of heaven, diamond-sparkling with stars. Somebody thought about the stars that night; for the convent door opened now, and between two black ecclesiastics, or members of a Romish 'religious' order, came forth a muffled figure, stepping lightly on the ground with small feet, making no more sound in stepping forward than did the bright stars silently twinkling on.

There was no haste and no reluctance as that figure moved forward silently: no effort to escape, no hurried entrance into the waiting vehicle; nothing that any one could see or hear that showed there was thoughtful life in that silent figure, except that when she was entering the conveyance, and yet stood upon the ground, she turned her face up towards heaven, and saw the silent sparkle of the stars.

And then she thought that those stars were looking down upon the hills in the north, and twinkling above the waters of Loch Earn; and as she looked she said, in sad and silent thought, 'I may never look again upon those stars at home.'

She got into the conveyance, and the driver cracked his whip,

and spoke a few words to the horses, and the two persons who accompanied her got into the vehicle as it drove away rapidly, she knew not where.

On it went through the streets of Paris, rattling and rumbling till it stopped at a railway station, and they all got into the carriage. Another train went away on through the night. A mist gathered over the windows, and hid the light of the stars.

And then they stopped somewhere and rested, and went on next night, and stopped again, and then followed a night embarkation on board a steamer, and a passage over a sea. Sometimes Anna thought they were taking her back to England, and sometimes she felt that they would not do that; and then she wondered where they were bearing her to, and what place the steamer would stop at; but she spoke not her wonderings to any, or whispered them only to the stars.

She knew that there would be, there, no sympathizing heart—for her keepers were masters of that land—and had made up her mind, long ago, to seek strength from Him who makes his strength perfect in the weakness of such as she, to bear what ever was in store for her silently and bravely like a brave little English girl, who had the spirit of her fathers, and who, if it were God's will that she should suffer, had learned to say, 'Thy will be done.'

She had heart-longings for home, and felt bitterly how she had been deceived and betrayed into leaving it; but she felt that she could do nothing to regain her home by loud fretful exclamations and repinings; and therefore she prayed earnestly that she might be enabled patiently to wait, still hoping on in her young heart that there would come, she knew not how, a deliverance, and that the snare would yet be broken, that the weary bird might fly home to rest.

She had not seen Emily. They told her that she was now quite restored to health, but had become a nun, and that the rules of the convent would not permit her to see her sister, unless Anna became a nun too. Anna wept when they told her this, and said they had deceived her; and asked them to take her home. But that was just what they had not any intention of doing.

She said she would not become a nun, for it was wrong; they might kill her if they liked—she knew they had the power; but she would never become a nun.

They tried to coax her first, and then threatened her; but it was quite useless all of it, and then they told her that she must go a journey, they did not say where.

She was glad they did not press her to become a nun, and thought she could not be worse in any place than in Paris; and so she did not answer, but listened silently, and went.

They were watching her, she thought; and it would do no good to make them angry. If they left her alone, and did not mind her, they might say what they liked; and therefore, when she was told that she must prepare for a journey, she listened and

silently went forward to the waiting vehicle that was to bear her she knew not where.

Once she asked where Emily was, and they told her, in a convent; but they would not tell her that she was in that very convent longing for a loving heart to sympathize with her in her sufferings, for she was cruelly crushed, and could hardly rise, poor flower!

After that, Anna thought much of Emily, but she never asked again, for they never told her anything she asked; and, if they knew what sort of thing truth was, they did not *seem* to know, for they never used it. And she thought of another, too, that night with the silent stars.

She felt that he would not fail to search for her, and she thought of that rescue at Lodore. Was the maiden to blame that she had great faith in his searching? But though she could not see how, was it wonderful that she believed that some day or other he might perhaps hear where she was and save her, and bring her, after all, to look upon the stars at home?

She would check herself sometimes, and would get again more sad than ever; but still the hope would come, like a star, twinkling through the darkness; and it was such a lovely star, that, far away as it was, she could not help looking at it often. And she looked at it after that long journey in the railway and in the steamer; and the oftener she looked the more bright and beautiful it seemed; it helped, as many a star has done, to cheer and comfort her in that long night-journey; and to make her forget the journey and the night in the brightness and beauty of the star.

When they left the steamer it was grey dawn; and there were churches, and places, and magnificent old ruinous buildings in the city to which they came. After passing all these, they arrived at the door of a building that Anna well knew was a convent.

She felt a slight shuddering feeling creep over her as they stopped at the convent door. Why had they left the Parisian convent to bring her here? Why had they come such a long journey, to such a distant place?

It was far from home, she knew, and not in France, for they had travelled far, and the people spoke in a foreign tongue.

There awaited her, in the convent, a face she knew but too well; and she augured not favourably from the presence, there, of him whom she knew by no other name than that of Aubrey De Vere.

'You see Mr Annandale's schemes have been of little avail, young lady: you are here, now, at last.'

'Mr Annandale?'

'Oh! how innocent you are! as if you did not know that he has been using every exertion to get you out of my hands.'

'I did not know.'

'Well, you know now, at least. First, he brought false

charges against me, in England, and then he followed us to Paris.'

Why did Anna blush, and hang down her head, when he mentioned the fact that Annandale had followed them to Paris? A tear started to her eye, and her lip quivered, as she had this testimony to the truth of that heart-belief that had made her conscious of the love of Annandale, and that he would try and save her.

And he saw this—that man—and knew it all. He looked on that tearful eye, and flushing cheek, and quivering lip; and smiled a bitter smile, that said as plainly as ever words might do, 'lost—lost, for ever!'

'You need not think,' he said, 'that he—Annandale—can ever find you here; you need not think that you shall ever see him more; you need not think that your fond and foolish dream will be realized; it is past; and for ever.'

Anna still hung down her head, as he went on; she wept not, save one dropping tear; she spoke not, save one single word, and that word was, 'cruel!'

'Yes, he followed us to Paris,' he said, 'and I saw him. I knew he was trying to find you; but I baffled him. And do you know,' he continued, as if trying to torture the poor girl to the utmost, 'do you know that once he was in the very convent where you were?'

'Oh!' came forth from poor Anna's lips, a half-smothered and yet audible groan. Who can tell what she suffered as she heard that Annandale had been just beside her, and yet she knew it not? and now, might he not be near her again, and leave her behind in woe?

'And then he went home to England; and he heard that you were dead, and he believes it. He believes that you are dead, and he knows that your sister is a nun.'

'Dead?'

'Yes, he believes that you are dead, and he will give up searching for you, now; he may think hardly of me, but he will never look for you again; never.'

And then there came a blindness into the poor girl's eyes, as she heard that cruel tale; and a feeling of unutterable loneliness, a sense of entire desertion, made her lose sight of the bright guiding star that had led her on; and she closed her eyes—grew pale and cold, and fell down softly on the floor.

When she awoke, she was in a dark and cold place; she got up, and went feeling round the walls, and hurt her hands on sharp-pointed stones, jutting out; and sometimes there came a damp, oozy stone under her fingers, and she thought that it was some grave that they had put her in, because they thought she was dead.

She felt that if she screamed, she should never be heard through those thick stone walls; her voice would fall dead upon

the floor, and nobody would hear her in that damp, dark place, away under ground.

She did not scream, but she sat down upon the damp floor, and pressed her hands over her ears, to keep out the dull sound of flowing water, that came heavily and dismally rolling on, with a dull and deadened sound.

She did not know whether or not water flowed near; but she thought that dull sound was the sound of a river, that flowed heavily along, and damped the walls of that dreary dungeon.

And then, oh! why did they put her where there was the sound of water? Was it to torture her with the memory of Lodore? For that day came back again, in all its power of memory, the water, the fall, the grave, and the deliverance; and she wished, just for one moment, in her present misery, that the water had flowed on for ever, and that her grave had been among the rocks near Derwentwater.

There came, down through that dismal darkness, a thought into the mind of the sinking girl. She started up, dark as it was, half expecting to see a light, but no light fell upon her eyes, though a light was now upon her soul.

She saw a vision, far away, of a tender and loving Eye, that looked down through the dungeon walls; a voice of memory whispered that her story was known to One who pitied the poor lambs of the fold, and would, by-and-by, gather them home.

And she thought, after all, if it was His will that here she should suffer, she would not grieve, and wickedly rebel, but remember that it would soon be over; and then from that place bright angels would raise her, and she should be again with her mother.

Wakening her from this dream came the creaking of the opening door; and a pale lamp showed the figure of a nun coming down stone steps, upon the earthen floor, bearing in her hand some coarse food, and with it a pitcher of water. She came down and looked silently upon the girl, now standing tearless, and not crushed in spirit, upon that dungeon floor; and her look seemed to say that she dare not pity nor sympathize, if she would, but that she would pity, if she dare.

She held out her hand, and Anna took the bread, and the nun stood beside her till she ate it; and then the water was presented, but Anna only drank a little.

‘When will you come back?’ she said, appealingly. ‘Do they intend to keep me here?’

But the visitor answered not, only shook her head, and pointed up the stairs, as if she would have said that there was some one away at the top of them that was very much to be dreaded.

‘Why do they put me here? I did them no harm,’ she continued.

And now the sister put her finger to her lips, and motioned to Anna to keep silence; for a stealthy, cat-like tread was coming

creeping down the stair. The nun turned away now, and Anna stood silently watching her; she drew the door after her, and turned the key, and Anna sat down upon the floor, as lonely as ever, and longingly.

She came again, that silent nun, and Anna was beginning almost to love her; for she looked pityingly, every visit, at the poor prisoner, though she never spoke to her.

Anna had made up her mind to appeal to her for a word of sympathy, and felt sure that her appeal would be attended with success, when the nun ceased her visits, and Anna never saw her again.

For the next time the door opened, there came, not the silent, pitying nun, but the abbess and the pale-faced Jesuit.

'Will you agree now to my proposal?' said the latter.

'To become a nun?'

'Yes.'

'Never!'

'Ha! not tamed yet!'

'I will never become a nun; I told you so before.'

'We shall see.'

'I will never become a nun; you may murder me if you like; but I will never become a nun!'

'Do you still deceive yourself with dreams of *him*?'

'I do not deceive myself; you deceived me.'

'Oh! so all the sentimental young ladies say when their foolish dreams have been dispersed.'

'Yes, you deceived me, and you know it. Do you believe in God?'

'Holy Virgin! what a question to ask Father—'

'Hush!' said the 'father' to the abbess, who had been about, perhaps, to mention his name; though what harm it would have done to tell that name to the poor girl that stood bravely before them, it would not be easy to say.

'And so you refuse to become a nun?'

'I do.'

'Think again.'

'I have told you I never will be a nun.'

'To join Emily?'

'Oh! cease!'

'Do you care for Emily?'

'This is cruel!'

'She longs to see you.'

'Ha! thanks; you told me this all before. You deceived me; it was false then; it is false now. You may do what you please; I will never be a nun.'

'You shall!'

'Never!'

'I have said.'

And the door closed upon that poor tried girl; and the abbess and the Jesuit went up to the open air.

When they left Anna, she did not faint, nor weep, nor call; she knelt down in that damp, dark place, and prayed to her Father in heaven.

They had bolts and bars upon the door; and a bolted and barred door above; and then they had iron bars, and thick walls; and away down in the dungeon they had placed the fair daughter of England. But not the deepness of the dungeon, nor the closeness of the door, nor the strength of the bars, nor the thickness of the walls, could keep that prayer from going up to heaven; and, when it went up, it was written down in a great book, that is nearly full now, under the altar, beside the throne.

The stars shone brightly that night, but not in the deep dungeon. There went along the narrow streets a passenger, who looked up at the sparkle of the stars.

The stars shone brightly on the blue Highland loch, and spangled the lake with gold.

The stars shone brightly on a silent watcher, that thought, that night, of her, and half fancied the bright stars were angels.

Away beyond the bright stars went that bright-winged prayer to heaven; there will answer it, yet, a beaming ray from the Bright and Morning Star.

---

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

IT happened that when Lord Frederick St Just took up his residence at Oxford, he occupied the same apartments that had been formerly filled by his brother Lord Oxborough. Lord Frederick would have much preferred to spend his time at Castleford Park, with his dogs, his horses, and his gun; but he was intended by the Most Noble the Marquis of Castleford to serve his country in an official position under the Government.

Lord Castleford had not any very decided opinions of his own. He was a little of a Liberal and a little of a Conservative; with a little of the Whig and a little of the Tory. He was in all respects, therefore, a very likely individual to get a place for his son, under any conceivable Government; and he had no doubt about being able to procure an honourable post for that hopeful scion of the Castleford house, as it was morally certain that the country must be governed by somebody, and Lord Castleford did not much care by whom.

The Most Noble the Marquis was just a little self-conscious that the high expectations which had been formed about his distin-

guishing himself in the course of his career had, somehow or other, not been fulfilled. He felt, and never lost sight of the fact, that he was the Most Noble the Marquis of Castleford, but he felt also that he was just that and nothing more. He had done nothing memorable, said nothing memorable, and was not likely now either to say or do anything that would add to the lustre of the Castleford escutcheon. He lived, indeed, a very proper life; was an excellent husband and father, kept capital horses, and liked a good day with the hounds; but that, after all, was not anything very particular; it was what very many other people could be and do, as well as the Marquis of Castleford.

But if the Marquis himself felt conscious of this deficiency, he would have been angry to no common degree if he had been told this by any one else. To insinuate a doubt as to his capacity for filling the post of Premier would have been to have forfeited for ever the Marquis's esteem; to have hinted that he was very well known and much respected in his shire, but had scarcely ever been heard of beyond it, would have been to make the Marquis say what a confoundedly ignorant fellow you must be—where had you been, indeed, all your life?

There is not a doubt that the Marquis felt bound to defend himself against all and sundry charges of incapacity, past, present, or to come; because he felt that to admit anything of the sort would be an insult to the British peerage, of which he was a distinguished member; conspicuous at coronations and royal marriages, for the portliness of his person and the paucity of his wit. And besides the honours of the peerage, he had to keep up the credit of the house of Castleford; and, if he admitted anything, or hesitated to stand strictly up in defence of his lofty pretensions, he declared that the levellers—for then the Marquis would be for a moment a Tory—would soon be attempting to take away his title, if they could bring down his reputation for talent, sagacity, and so forth, to a level with common merchants and farmers. But to himself the Marquis did admit that there might be some truth in what the newspapers said, and therefore he was determined, with all the determination of which he was capable, to try that distinction might be gained for the house of Castleford by means of his youngest son.

For Lord Frederick was undoubtedly as clever as his father was the reverse. He was idle and thoughtless, wayward and careless; but when he took up anything he was sure to accomplish it, whether it was mastering a difficult problem or being in at the death.

He was conscious of this fact, too, and was half ashamed of the almost irresistible inclination he felt to cast prospective University distinction, and a future political career, to the winds, in favour of a gallop with the foxhounds, or a day's sport with his dogs and gun. And yet Lord Castleford found it difficult to persuade him that this sacrifice was necessary for the honour of his

house; and might, perhaps, have failed altogether had he not been strenuously assisted by Lady Castleford and her eldest son.

For his brother's opinion Lord Frederick had a great respect, and therefore he listened attentively to and thought over the arguments that Lord Oxborough used, when he set before him the advantages and honours of that career which he was certain lay before him, if only he had courage to attempt and determination to persevere in it.

Lady Castleford had a great control over her youngest son. She was a clever and thoughtful woman; not caring very much for society, and finding her principal enjoyment in intellectual life. Lord Frederick respected her for those qualities, which he knew were wanting in his father, and which, if he possessed in any degree, he was conscious that he inherited from his mother. And, therefore, being urged, not only by Lord Castleford, but by that mother and Lord Oxborough, to think seriously of a future political career in which distinction might be gained and emoluments enjoyed, Lord Frederick St Just left his dogs, his horses, and his gun behind him, and entered ——— College, Oxford; to gain, first of all, University honours, and then prepare for those higher, though perhaps less creditable, distinctions which were to be obtained in the world of politics.

Lord Frederick St Just was therefore now at Oxford, working hard for those honours which, having once thought of them as attainable, he was determined to win.

Sitting one day in his room, studying a Greek play, he was surprised to find at the door his old companion, Arthur Wilmington. Lord Frederick cordially welcomed his friend, and, if his friend was less cordial in returning the welcome, the fact was unnoticed by Lord Frederick.

Where did he come from? Where was he going? How long was he going to stay in Oxford? were questions that rapidly were asked by Lord Frederick, and got some sort of answers from Wilmington.

'Have you seen Oxborough lately?'

'Yes.'

'Where?'

'In Devonshire.'

'Oh! I might have guessed that; Oxborough makes me his confidant, you know,' said Lord Frederick, smiling.

'How do you like Oxford, Lord Frederick?'

'Pretty well; not very much yet; dare say I shall by-and-by.'

'No doubt. Do you know many people here?'

'Very few yet. Some young fellows of our College — Lord Andrew Carlton, and a few more.'

'Do you like Lord Andrew?'

'Tolerably.'

'And the rest?'

'Some of them.'

‘Are you studious?’

‘When I can get time I try and read.’

‘What?’

‘Oh! I can’t tell you all what; those old Greek fellows and those Latin ones. Not half so pleasant work as the saunterings we had through Rome.’

‘You found that very pleasant work, I dare say;’ said Wilmington, with a slight degree of constraint in his manner, as Lord Frederick mentioned Rome.

‘You do n’t like to talk about Rome, yet, I see. Come, Wilmington, give up those notions of yours, and you will be a capital fellow.’

‘Do you think conscientious convictions are so easily disposed of, Lord Frederick?’

‘I do n’t know about conscientious convictions, but I know what I am convinced of, and that is, if you held the same views as *somebody*, he would take care you had a good living, by-and-by.’

‘Bribery and corruption, my dear Lord Frederick,’ replied Arthur Wilmington.

‘Perhaps so; but if it is, there is plenty of it; lots of men profess certain opinions for the purpose of getting good fat livings; and then when they get the livings, they do as they please.’

‘Do you wish me to follow this plan?’

‘By no means; but why can’t you go back to your old opinions. I have heard Oxborough say that some Mr Somebody quite changed your views upon various matters, after you came to College.’

‘And if he did?’

‘Oh! nothing, if they were changed for the better. Were they, though?’

‘I hope so: and, by the way, I intended asking you if you would like to know that same Mr Somebody, who is no other than Mr Tractate, the eminent professor of —’

‘I have no objection. I suppose he won’t pester me with his notions about church matters, will he?’

‘Certainly not; he is too much of the gentleman.’

‘Mr Tractate is not as popular as he was.’

‘With a certain set, not; with others, quite as popular as ever,’ said Wilmington, seeming to consider himself bound to defend his friend from a charge of unpopularity.

‘He is very odd though; quite a priest, they say,’ replied Lord Frederick.

‘Well, and what then?’

‘Nothing; except that I do n’t think it very honourable to be a Papist, and call one’s self a Protestant.’

‘Anglo-Catholics explain the difficulty of Mr Tractate’s position.’

‘Very satisfactorily to themselves, I have no doubt, Wilmington; not to others.’

‘I am afraid you have been prejudiced against my friend?’

'Oh! I am quite ready to give him fair play; I don't take my opinions on trust. You might remember that, I think.'

'You rather erred on the other side, Lord Frederick.'

'So you said; I don't know that, though.'

'Well, we need not discuss the matter now; shall we visit Mr Tractate?'

'I will be ready in a minute.'

'Very well.'

And in a very few minutes more, Lord Frederick St Just and Mr Wifmington were walking arm-in-arm on their way to Mr Tractate's residence, where that gentleman was then engaged in performing some act of devotion before a large crucifix, which he had placed in his bed-room; and before which he was accustomed to perform something which he looked upon as an act of worship, at certain stated periods during the day.

On the present occasion he was particularly devout, as it was the 'vigil of St Solomon;' and he was performing an extra act of devotion as Lord Frederick and Arthur Wilmington gained his door, and were ushered into a sitting-room, plain and unornamented, save by a few pictures of sickly saints that were hanging from the walls.

His devotions being performed, Mr Tractate made his appearance.

Now, Mr Tractate was not likely, of course, to look younger than he did when we first made his acquaintance. All his fastings and mortifications, to whatever they tended, did not certainly tend to keep off the finger-marks of Time.

Mr Tractate was an early riser; nobody ever found him in bed in the morning. He was late in retiring; nobody ever visited him at night—and many visitors did come at night—and found him invisible.

Mr Tractate was still professor, holding the same position as he did when Wilmington was in Oxford, a student. Many people wondered at this. For he had written extraordinary pamphlets, and said extraordinary things. To a certain point he had advocated 'progress;' all at once he had stopped short, nobody knew why.

A vast number of students had attended his lectures; very few of them stopped where Mr Tractate did. He set them a-going in a certain direction, and when they were once fairly started they did not stop till they got to Rome.

Mr Tractate's lectures developed certain peculiarities in the students, which might not have been otherwise brought out.

One student got such a veneration for saints, that he had discovered that every day in the year was dedicated to some saint or other. He was preparing a pamphlet accordingly, which was to prove to the people of England that they should keep holy the saints' days, and not work upon them; and then he went on to give a catalogue of the three hundred and sixty-five saints

who had each his separate day, on which this pupil of Mr Tractate proved, to his own satisfaction, that it was a highly reprehensible thing for the people of England to do any work, of any sort whatever.

Another young gentleman adopted Mr Tractate's views on the subject of monasteries, and declared that it was the strongest proof he was aware of, of the sinful nature of man, that Adam and Eve, when they had eaten the forbidden fruit, did not go into a monastery at once, where there would not have been the remotest chance, he said, of their being found out and reprimanded; for they might then have exercised self-denial, which would have benefited their posterity.

But the most extraordinary specimen of the effect of Mr Tractate's influence was exemplified in the case of a young nobleman, who had been a great dandy, at his tailor's expense, but who had become a convert to Mr Tractate's opinions. All his friends greatly regretted this. No one could prevail on him to renounce the views of Mr Tractate. The whole family connection was inconsolable; the perfidious tailor was in ecstasies.

How the tailor ever thought of such a thing, it is impossible to say; but, one day, a very long bill was presented by him to the young lord, which was about to be pitched aside, after that distinguished individual's well-known manner of disposing of such affairs. Luckily, however, the tailor had become aware of the theological opinions recently adopted by the noble youth, and he remembered that the next day was dedicated to a saint. The eye of the young nobleman rested for a moment on the paper, and he was charmed by the fact that the tailor had remembered this circumstance. He took up the bill with delight, seeing it headed 'Eve of St Judas,' and away he went to the tailor's, and paid the money, for St Judas' sake.

Ever after St Judas remained enshrined in the memory of the cloth-cutter, and no similar bill was left unpaid by the young lord; till he found it convenient, by-and-by, to employ another tailor, who had to wait a long time for his money, not knowing nor caring very much about saints' days.

Mr Tractate was very glad indeed, he said, to see Arthur Wilmington, and was very polite to Lord Frederick St Just. He had just received a letter from a friend in London, which perhaps Mr Wilmington would like to peruse at his leisure. He believed it contained some information which Mr Wilmington would like to hear, about a friend of theirs, who was now in Rome.

When Mr Tractate mentioned the letter, Wilmington glanced rather uneasily at Lord Frederick. Lord Frederick saw the glance, but was very much attracted by some object outside the window. When Mr Tractate mentioned Rome, Lord Frederick looked round; and he saw that his friend was considerably redder in the face than usual. Lord Frederick was too polite to ask questions at that time, but Mr Tractate had, unwittingly, said the very thing

that would render any attempts on his part to influence Lord Frederick utterly unavailing.

Wilmington seemed to have some idea of this, for, with all his anxiety to introduce his former pupil to Mr Tractate, he seemed, now, not unwilling to terminate the interview as speedily as possible. His former pupil, however, was now by no means in a hurry to go. After a while Mr Tractate said—

‘You have been in Rome I think, Lord Frederick?’

‘Oh yes; Mr Wilmington and I were there together.’

‘Did you admire the Eternal City? But of course you did.’

‘One could not but admire it; as one would a beautiful corpse.’

‘How so?’

‘Its glories are of the past; it is glorious for its ruins’ sake.’

‘But its churches, and basilicas—did not you find them particularly interesting?’

‘As works of art, yes.’

‘Tis a pity we cannot, in our Anglican Church, at all approach the magnificent erections that the Catholic Church has dedicated to the Saviour and the saints.’

‘The worship of the one Church would ill accord with the gaudy decorations of the other.’

‘I don’t know; I think the worship might be vastly improved by a few hints taken from the Mother of all Churches.’

‘You mean the Church of Rome?’

‘Yes; do n’t you think so?’

‘Would you have pictures in our churches?’

‘I think pictures, devotional pictures, would be a great improvement.’

‘And Bambinos—what do you say to their introduction?’

‘I am afraid Lord Frederick cannot enter into the spirit of the venerable Church which had the honour of introducing Christianity into England,’ said Wilmington, as if anxious to put an end to the conversation.

‘You and I saw plenty of it in Rome, Wilmington; did n’t we?’ asked Lord Frederick, with an expression of countenance that did not indicate any very devout feeling towards the Church of Rome.

When they had left Mr Tractate, and were alone together, Lord Frederick asked Wilmington how his friend in Rome was.

‘My friend?’

‘Yes; did not Mr Tractate say something about him?’

‘I believe he did say something about a friend of mine, who is now in Rome.’

‘Was he in Rome when we were there?’

‘He may have been.’

‘Pray answer me this question, candidly;—Did not Mr Tractate allude to the Jesuit whom we saw in Rome?’

‘I have not read the letter yet; I have several friends in Rome at present.’

Lord Frederick was by no means satisfied with this answer. He did not like Arthur Wilmington's reserve. There seemed to be some understanding between him and Mr Tractate; an understanding which it was intended should pass unnoticed by the young nobleman. And it might have done so, if he had not had an excellent memory, as well as an acute observation. As it was, he was revolving the possibility of Arthur being acquainted with the fact that their acquaintance of Rome was the impostor and forger of England. He hesitated to connect Wilmington, in any degree, with such a deed; his feelings of honour made him angry with himself for permitting such a notion to enter his head.

And yet it was very strange that Wilmington should be, as he suspected, on very intimate terms with the Jesuit, and yet not know that he was convicted of the crimes of perjury and forgery.

'Do you still keep up your acquaintance with the Jesuit we met in Rome?'

'Why so?'

'Because I am extremely anxious to know.'

'And if I do?'

'Do you know his history?'

'Do you?'

'Certainly; all England knows it; all England detests the man who could, for the sake of their money, entrap two innocent girls, and seek to gain the entire control over them, by means of a forged will.'

'Do you believe this?'

'There cannot be a doubt of it.'

'I do n't believe it,' said Arthur Wilmington, looking full in Lord Frederick's face.

'You do n't?'

'Do you mean to doubt my word, Lord Frederick?'

Lord Frederick was silent. They walked on together, in silence, till they reached Lord Frederick's rooms.

Lord Frederick's merry, laughing countenance wore a strangely serious cast. It was evident that his mind was dwelling on something of importance. And, at last, he looked at Arthur Wilmington, and said, in a tone of earnest entreaty—

'Will you make me one promise, Wilmington?'

'I do not know, Lord Frederick; you ask strange things sometimes; or, rather, you used to do so.'

'This is nothing unreasonable; will you promise?'

'What is it?'

'To give up all communication with that man that called himself Aubrey De Vere.'

'You have no right to ask this, Lord Frederick.'

'I have; the right of a friend. He is a forger and a perjurer, and therefore not fit to be a friend of yours.'

'I cannot grant your request; you do not speak truly of this man, Lord Frederick.'

'I do, Wilmington; and if you cannot give up the friendship of this man, you will pardon me if I say I cannot offer you mine.'

'Well, we part then, Lord Frederick; I do not desert my friends.'

'Nor I keep friends who are the friends of convicted criminals,' said Lord Frederick, nettled; and thus parted Wilmington and Lord Frederick St Just.

---

## CHAPTER XXXIV

IN a snug parlour in the West End a gentleman sits reading a letter. It bears the Oxford post-mark, and has been delivered this morning in London.

It is neither a very long nor a very short letter, but one of those carefully-considered and thoughtful communications which say all that requires to be said, just as it should be said, without omitting anything, and without the addition of an unnecessary word.

Such letters are by no means of the common sort. A large class of letter-writers seem to think that it is impossible to put too many words in a letter. As for ideas, that is quite another thing; but whether people of this class have to tell you about the death of a dog, or the great fortune that they have just come in for, page after page is filled with the most irrelevant matter, strings of adjectives, and half-a-dozen nouns being used where one would satisfactorily convey all that requires to be told.

Such letters, if the recipient be a person who places some small value upon his time, are sure to be thrown aside, to be read at a more convenient season; and perhaps when they have been thrown aside, are forgotten, so that the convenient season never comes.

Other epistles, aiming at too great brevity, are very successful in being perfectly obscure and unintelligible. You are told something about somebody that you had not the most remote idea ever existed; and referred to some circumstance that may be perfectly familiar to your correspondent, but of which you are in utter ignorance, and, as far as he is concerned, are likely to remain so. If you are a very good-natured creature you may puzzle yourself for a while, and puzzle everybody else in the house, asking all about it, in vain; if you have not a small share of Job's patience you are very apt to throw the letter in the fire, and give yourself no more concern about it. This letter was not belonging to either of these classes. It told of a work going on in a foreign city; of pontifical favour; and of propagandist coffers, well filled. It spoke of a brotherhood that had its centre

in that city, and its circumference round the globe. There were whispers then in the city, it said, against the brotherhood, and talk of a rising to expel its members, but the members knew well that this would be in vain; they had spies everywhere, knew everything, marked everybody.

It talked of the caution that members of the brotherhood required to use in England, especially since that trial in the north; and it added that by those who were in certain situations, which needed not to be mentioned, the use of double caution was required. It entered, then, into a few details of successful exertions made by the writer for the cause that they were sworn to serve, and added that he hoped the exertions of the recipient of the letter were attended with like success.

The letter was from the Rev. Professor Tractate. The reader was a fashionable clergyman of the Church of England, who wore the dress of her ministers, and had sworn that he believed the Thirty-nine Articles; and who further declared that he was moved by the Holy Ghost, and would therefore undertake the preaching of the gospel.

He was musing over the letter when Arthur Wilmington came into the room. There was no start of surprise, no bustle, no appearance of displeasure at Wilmington's presence.

Quietly taking up the letter he folded it, and quietly placed it in his pocket.

'I have just come from Oxford,' said Wilmington, 'where I have had the pleasure of seeing our friend Mr Tractate.'

'Ah! is he well?'

'Quite well, though thinner and paler than usual.'

'Tractate works too hard; he should not.'

'We must work, Mr Prynne; we must all work,' replied Arthur.

'True, very true; by the way, how did you get on with the young nobleman you told me of?'

'We have ceased to be friends.'

'How so?'

'He made it the condition of the continuance of our friendship, that I should cease to hold intercourse with our friend at Rome.'

'And you?'

'Refused, of course; can you doubt it?'

'Certainly not; and what then?'

'We parted: in anger on his part, and with feelings of indignation on mine.'

'Did he recur to that trial?'

'Yes; he refused to keep a friend, he said, who esteemed so highly a "convicted criminal," or something of that sort.'

'Tell me now, Mr Wilmington,' said he, whom Arthur had addressed as Mr Prynne, fixing his penetrating eyes upon Wilmington's countenance, 'tell me, now, what you really think about that case.'

'I think that our friend was the victim of persecution. I hate that Annandale!'

'You knew him at college? Have you seen him recently?'

'Yes, in Devonshire.'

'Ha! do you know his plans?'

'No.'

'Did he seem dispirited?'

'Decidedly so.'

'Talked of the trial?'

'Not a word; but a great deal against the Catholic Church.'

'By the way,' said Mr Prynne, 'I have just received a letter from Mr Tractate. What would you think of professing yourself a member of the one true Church?'

'Becoming a Catholic?'

'Yes.'

'Why, you know I am to be ordained immediately.'

'I know; that makes no difference.'

'How could I be a Catholic, and yet an Anglican clergyman?'

'With the Church all things are possible, my dear friend. I know all your views are thoroughly Catholic, and our valued friend, Mr Tractate, counsels your adhesion to the Church at once.'

'Does he?'

'Yes; and further, he informs me that your name has been mentioned at Rome by influential personages, as one who was likely to render essential services to our Church—I mean the Church Catholic.'

'That is really far more than I deserve.'

'Oh! you will prove yourself a valuable member of the Church by-and-by.'

'I hope so. After all, I think I cannot have peace as a member of the Anglican Church.'

'There is no unity in this Church, as a Church; nor peace for her inquiring members in her communion,' replied Mr Prynne.

'You are right; I must leave this schismatic body.'

'You must not openly forsake it at present.'

'Why so?'

'The Catholic Church may be served by parties within the pale of the Church of England, as well as by her open and avowed adherents.'

'How?'

'When you join the Catholic Church you will learn all.'

'I am ready, then, to do as you and Mr Tractate desire; since my most valued friends desire it, it must be for the best.'

'Well, then, I shall write a few lines to a friend, who will at once admit you into the Catholic Church. You can then return to me.'

In a few hours Arthur Wilmington had professed himself a member of that Roman Ecclesiastical Confederation, which was forsaken by his forefathers at the Reformation. He had carried

out into practice the teaching of the Oxford professor, and had followed that teaching to its legitimate consequence. He had been taught to look with veneration towards Rome, as the mother and mistress of all Churches; and he thought that his unhappy heart would find peace and rest in Rome. It was a glorious thing, that long line of pontiffs, some of them ruling emperors; and it would be a delightful task to seek to aid in the reëstablishment of that power that alone had a divine right to rule the bodies and souls of men. And he had been spoken of with favour at Rome, perhaps by the Pope himself; how could he, after that, hesitate to join that which Mr Tractate had told him, and he believed was, in deed and truth, the 'Communion of Saints?'

Full of fanciful feelings, which he mistook for faith, Arthur Wilmington returned to Mr Prynne, who received him with greater cordiality than he had ever shown before.

'I have conformed,' he said, 'I am now a member of the one true Catholic and Apostolic Church.'

'So am I,' replied Mr Prynne, quietly.

'You?'

'Yes, Wilmington; I can impart this information to you, now; you and I will be fellow-workers in the Church's cause, though we seem to be in the enemy's camp.'

'How strange!'

'Did you not suspect this?'

'Never, Mr Prynne; I have heard such things asserted by our enemies, but I did not think them possible.'

'What do you mean?' asked Mr Prynne, rather sharply, as if Wilmington's statement implied some sort of censure, either on the Church of Rome, or himself, or on both.

'Nothing; except that I did not know that this would be permitted by the Church.'

'The Church, I told you before, can do anything that is for her advantage; she dispenses with an open adherence to her, if more good accrues to her from the secret adherence of men who nominally belong to an antagonistic and heretical body.'

'I have heard this denounced as Jesuitical,' said Arthur, cautiously.

'And if so, what then?'

'It does not seem an open and straightforward method of proceeding.'

'Of course not; and because it is not open, because it is, if you like, Jesuitical, you think it is wrong?'

'I do not say so: it seemed so to me at first.'

'But does not now?'

'I think the service of the Catholic Church should be the first object of all her members,' replied the new adherent to that faith, rapidly becoming Romanized in his ideas, and therefore losing, as rapidly, that which he had once considered as a sense of right and

wrong; or, at any rate, letting right and wrong change places in his mind.

'This is well; you will not hesitate then, I am sure, to follow my example, and enter the ministry of this Church of England, in order the more effectually to serve our Mother Church, and gather hosts of converts into her ranks.'

'Not if the Church commands it.'

'Spoken like a good Catholic, Wilmington,' replied Mr Prynne, with a slight tone of exultation in his voice, as he perceived that he should have far less difficulty than he anticipated in persuading Arthur Wilmington to adopt the course which the heads of his Order were of opinion would be most conducive to the advancement of the cause of the Church of Rome in the dominions of the sovereign of the British empire, and especially in that part of those dominions which men loved to speak of as free and happy England.

There came, at a quarter-past eleven o'clock that night, a visitor to the house of Mr Prynne. No one was up in the house except the master of it; and one could not tell whether he remained up because at that hour and on that day he expected a visitor, or because it was his custom to watch, when other men were asleep, for visitors to his silent house.

And yet it was not so late for the gay or the meditative, though it was certainly a strange hour for the reception of stranger visitants.

But *was* the visitant a stranger?

Not if one might judge by the somewhat formal though decidedly friendly greeting with which Mr Prynne received the person who came to his residence, when the clock only wanted three quarters of striking the midnight hour.

'I thought you were in Rome,' he said quietly, after having brought the visitor to his comfortable parlour.

'So I was till recently.'

'And you have come ——'

'On urgent business to our brethren in England.'

'Ah!'

'Strange rumours are afloat in Rome. Those infernal Carbonari are plotting against us.'

'So I heard this morning from our Oxford brother.'

'Him they call Tractate?'

'Yes.'

'I wrote him a few particulars in cipher; I did not like to trust too much to the English post.'

'But about Rome?'

'It is certainly in a troubled state.'

'It will blow over.'

'I do n't know.'

'Be sure it will; the Romans are not mad enough to oppose the sovereign pontiff.'

They are mad enough to do anything just now.'

'Do you think so?'

'Certainly.'

'And our Order; do they fear consequences?'

'Not fear them, but prepare for all contingencies.'

'How?'

'Can you doubt?'

'Try England?'

'Of course; this land of liberty, heretic as it is, affords us the best chance for a secure and lasting resting-place; the more secure as it will never be suspected that we have come over to take up our residence in Protestant England?'

'Suspected? ha! ha! ha! These Englishmen are the most gullible of mortals. Just imagine a man coming to me the other day to protest that he believed, notwithstanding the outcry that had been made against some things I introduced into the service of my church, that I was one of the best Protestants with whom he had the honour of being acquainted; something, in fact, of the Ridley and Latimer stamp. Was not that good?'

'And you?'

'Protested that I was deeply indebted to him for his good opinion; and wished that all were moved by the same pious and charitable feelings.'

'But I had almost forgotten one important topic which I intended to talk to you about to-night.'

'Proceed, pray.'

'Shall we be free from interruption?'

'Undoubtedly.'

'Well then, these girls—that infernal Annandale; have you heard of him lately?'

'I have.'

'How?'

'Through Arthur Wilmington.'

'Has he seen him?'

'Yes.'

'Where?'

'In Devonshire.'

'I can never rest till that man is disposed of,' said Mr Prynne's visitor, his lips being tightly compressed, and his brow contracted.

'I agree with you; he has done us much mischief.'

'He must be disposed of, and quickly.'

'That is rather more difficult to accomplish in England than in Rome.'

'More difficult, indeed, but not impossible.'

'And yet—' said Mr Prynne, musingly, his hand resting on the sermon which he was to preach from the pulpit of his church next Sunday.

'Well?'

‘Suppose he could be got over to Ireland.’

‘By our Lady! a capital suggestion; shall I ask the Provincial?’

‘So I would counsel; it might be done after our usual manner.’

‘Certainly, a pressing letter from Mr Baring—yes, that is his agent’s name. Where is O’Toole’s letter?—a pressing letter from Mr Baring, with a hint about an important discovery, which may mean anything or nothing, but which he will at once connect with the case of the Walpoles, will bring Annandale over to Ireland, and then—’

‘Then he will be fair game, and a good mark while the nights are long,’ said the Reverend Mr Prynne.

‘It would be worth a journey to Dublin to get this Annandale finally disposed of.’

‘That it would.’

‘By the favour of our Provincial I shall go; and our brave brethren of the Ribbon Society will gallantly carry out our secret orders.’

‘That they will; but we must be cautious that the connection between these Ribbonmen and the Society of Jesus be not discovered.’

‘How should it, reverend priest of the Anglican Church?’ said Mr Prynne’s visitor.

‘Why, from Annandale’s connection with that trial, and the exposure of our plans, it will be set down at once to a Jesuit plot, should anything happen to him.’

‘I fear you are losing confidence in the skilfulness of our Order, brother; your communion with the Anglicans seems to have made you forget what plausible pretexts can be advanced for certain actions; and how easy it is to blind these stupid English by a few soft words and finely-turned phrases.’

‘You are right; I have no doubt of your ability to make out some grievous case of landlord oppression against this Annandale, and then—why the rest is easy.’

‘Not a doubt of it. We can arrange it all in Dublin, and the men who carry out the sentence will be fully persuaded that they are merely acting according to the dictates of their own private feelings, and carrying into execution the “wild justice of revenge.”’

‘Glory be to the Society of Jesus! It shall yet triumph over all obstacles and rule the world! Glory to Saint Ignatius Loyola! Ave Maria!’

---

## CHAPTER XXXV.

THERE is a grand dinner-party to-night at the Marquis of Castelford’s mansion in Belgravia. It being the commencement of

the parliamentary session, a lot of notables are present. Eminent novelists, being also parliamentary orators, and having written something that their admirers tell them is poetry, grace the dinner-party of Lord Castleford. There are present, also, several members of the Government that is in power, and several members of the coming Government, and several rising politicians who would be glad to be members either of the present Government or of the next one, or, in fact, of any Government at all.

The dinner-party was something of a political party. It was given in honour of Lord Oxborough's return to Parliament for the borough of Castleford, a distinguished borough under the patronage of the Marquis, which felt itself bound to return anybody that Lord Castleford presented to it; so much so that a wag once almost persuaded the electors to send to Parliament Lord Castleford's valet; those free and independent gentlemen being quite ready to do so, till they found that Lord Castleford had really never intended to turn his valet into a Member of Parliament.

Lord Castleford never could get his eldest son to declare what party he intended joining when he became Lord Oxborough, M.P. Would he join the Tories? No; they sympathized too much with the foreign despots. The Whigs? No; they were a family party, faithful to each other, and faithless to the country. The Conservatives? No; they reminded him of a sentry standing guard, with a rusty gun, over the ruins of a house that had been first pillaged and then burnt.

Well, would he join the Radicals then? Surely he was not going to bring disgrace on his order by uniting himself with the extreme democratic party, who were prepared to demolish the House of Lords, not having before their eyes the fear of coronets? Oh! no; of course he would not join the Radicals; the Radicals were just like hungry rats, capital for destroying the foundations of every possible edifice, and caring for nothing at all so that they themselves could get plenty of good eating.

Lord Castleford, therefore, did not know what to make of the young lord. In his time, he said, men were contented to adopt their father's political creed, and were ready to join his party and fight for it.

'And pray what is your political creed, my lord?'

'Mine? why really I do n't know; I never thought about it. I do n't mean my individual creed, I mean as a general rule—fathers in general and sons in general.'

'So after all I am adopting your political creed; you have none, neither have I.'

'Well, well! think about it; talk to our first-rate men; make up your mind, and then act.'

'But this election?'

'Oh! never mind that; I have settled all that; it is all arranged; you need not go down to Castleford at all.'

'This is hardly courteous to the electors, I think,' said Lord Oxborough.

'Never mind that; they do n't care, they are accustomed to it; never mind that, Oxborough.'

'I think, however——'

'Oh! never mind thinking; it is all settled; you can write M.P. after your name on Tuesday next; and then we shall have a dinner-party, and invite all sorts of people; you can choose your side then; hear what they say; calculate chances, and take the winning side.'

And so Lord Oxborough became Member for Castleford, and his noble father was not very much dissatisfied to find that he had not yet ostensibly ranged himself with any of the leading parties in Parliament, as that fact caused him to hope that the young member would be prepared, as he himself was, to take any side at all on the shortest notice, provided the partisans of that side were potent enough in the state to distribute honours and rewards among their adherents, and that with a liberal hand. Therefore it was that the genius of Lord Castleford led him to adopt the notable plan of inviting to the same table politicians of all creeds and classes, in the hope that they would so develop themselves after dinner, under certain influences, that his promising heir would be enabled to form some opinion as to which of the leading parties he should give his adherence—or rather to which of the leading politicians he should ally himself.

This notable plan of Lord Castleford's seemed to be a fulfilment of the prediction of the nurses on the day which saw him make his appearance in the world. Beyond a doubt, if the assembled guests found out the cause of their being invited—and Lord Castleford was not the man to make any secret of the matter—the noble marquis bade fair, from that day and forward, to be a very celebrated man.

When the guests assembled, they were perhaps a little astonished to see the men of all creeds and classes who had come together to do honour to Lord Oxborough.

'Has Oxborough come in as a Whig?' whispered a noble member of the family party, to another distinguished individual of the same connection.

'Faith, I do n't know; I suppose so; else why invite us to meet him?' replied the noble individual addressed.

'And yet there is Disraeli, and the——by Jove, I think the whole Conservative party!'

'So there is, I declare; what can Castleford mean?'

'Between ourselves, I think it would be very difficult to give an answer to that question.'

'I think so too.'

In another part of the room the Honourable Member for Manchester was holding forth.

'Lord Oxborough will join us in the Commons they say.'

‘Who says so?’

‘I can’t tell you that exactly; I heard it whispered, and I think it very likely.’

‘Do you, why?’

‘Why! do n’t you see we are all invited to meet him; it would not surprise me that we should find him coming out in favour of the Five Points.’

‘Nonsense.’

‘I fully expect it; they say he is a promising young man; of course if he be he will join us.’

All this while the unconscious object of these remarks was under the eye-glass of a distinguished Conservative Member of the House of Commons, who, standing partly concealed by the ample folds of the window-curtain, was calculating the probable gain to his party which would accrue from the junction of the noble lord the member for Castleford.

His survey was interrupted by the approach of a young member of his party, who came bustling up, as if with important news.

‘I hear Oxborough was a Conservative at Oxford.’

‘Very likely.’

‘If so he will join us.’

‘Perhaps he may.’

‘He will be a great addition to our party.’

‘Do you think so?’

‘Do n’t you?’

‘I have not the pleasure of knowing him.’

‘Oh! but his family; the Castlefords are very influential, you know.’

‘I believe so.’

‘At any rate every rising young man adds strength to us in the House.’

‘Certainly,’ said the individual addressed, with the shadow of a smile on his face, as he looked at the speaker.

‘Oxborough is clever, people say who were at Oxford with him,’ continued the gentleman, with a slight degree of heightened colour, as if he had detected the covert smile which his last remark had brought on the face of his distinguished leader.

‘I hope, then, he will be on our side of the House,’ replied that individual; and moved forward to meet a brilliant party just then coming in.

And Lord Oxborough himself; what had he to say? Not a word to any one on the subject of politics; a few commonplaces, and a few polite replies to congratulations upon his return to Parliament, were all that he uttered.

He was standing near the door, talking to a dowager duchess and her three daughters, when, the door opening, Annandale was announced.

‘Your Grace’s pardon,’ he said, as he went forward and greeted Annandale heartily.

'Why, my dear fellow, this is an unexpected pleasure. When did you come to London?'

'To-day; I go abroad to-morrow.'

'Abroad again; where now?'

'I scarcely know where; Paris and Rome, at any rate.'

'On another—I beg your pardon, Annandale; I did not mean to pain you, indeed I did not,' added Lord Oxborough, hastily breaking off in the middle of a sentence, as he was about to say something concerning a romantic adventure—a romantic search—for something never to be found.

'I heard there was a party here to-night, and I thought I should see you,' said Annandale, after a slight pause. 'I knew it was my only chance of seeing you, as I go early in the morning.'

'I am glad you came. Lord Castleford deems it right to celebrate my return to Parliament,' said Lord Oxborough, smiling.

'So you have been returned? What party do you mean to belong to?'

'I am to decide to-night, it seems.'

'What do you mean?'

'You must know that this party is something of the "happy family" character; political and religious antagonists brought together to-night in order that I may form my opinions and take my side.'

'You are not serious.'

'Such is the design of the Most Noble the Marquis of Castleford.'

'And what do you intend doing?'

'Cultivating the acquaintance of men of all parties, and allying myself to none.'

'But this—'

'Dinner, my dear friend; here is Lady Castleford and my sister; I shall introduce you, and Lady Adeliza will be happy to have your escort to the dining-room.'

Talk about Rome, though not a very original subject, had special interest for Annandale now. And so he exerted himself to listen to Lady Adeliza, who really was very agreeable; said clever things; made shrewd remarks about people and places; and was evidently a person of highly-cultivated and intellectual tastes, as well as a very fair representative of the elegant and accomplished daughters of England's aristocracy in face and form. And so dinner passed pleasantly enough.

When the ladies left the room the conversation became very political. How could it have become anything else, with brilliant Conservative leaders, noble Whig heads of families, and not very brilliant, nor very noble, but very self-opinionated members from the manufacturing districts?

By common consent, or rather with one accord, the lords and gentlemen fixed their eyes upon Lord Oxborough. 'Decidedly a vulgar idea; members of the English aristocracy never would

nave done such a thing; what an insult to the rank and fashion of Belgravia!’

Your pardon, but the fact was even as we say; and we incline to the opinion that such a use of eyes is by no means uncommon, even among lords and honourable gentlemen.

‘When do you take your seat, Lord Oxborough?’ asked the distinguished Conservative member we have already made the acquaintance of.

‘Next week, I believe.’

‘On which side do you purpose sitting?’

‘What should you advise me to do?’ asked the young Member of Parliament.

‘I—really; well of course I should say to join our side.’

‘The Conservative?’

‘Yes; the Conservative side.’

‘Any important questions interesting your party just now?’

‘Not particularly; we are watching the movements of the Government. We mean to take advantage of them whenever we catch them tripping.’

‘Ah! then you mean to act as a sort of parliamentary detective party?’

‘We mean to take upon ourselves the guardianship of the Constitution; our political opponents are labouring to destroy the noble fabric that was built by the wisdom of our ancestors.’

‘And your policy?’

‘Will depend upon circumstances.’

‘Yes; I think I understand the plan of operations which the Conservative party mean to pursue. Watch their opponents, and whatever they propose, suggest the very opposite.’

‘You are right, Lord Oxborough,’ said a Whig minister, across the table; ‘you have exactly described the policy of the Conservative party.’

‘And pray what may be the policy of the Whigs, my lord?’

‘Why, electoral reform, extension of education, and a liberal and enlightened policy at home and abroad.’

‘Will you educate the people, or extend the franchise as the first measure?’

‘Extension of the franchise must come first, I believe.’

‘Will this benefit the country, or your party, my lord?’

‘Oh! of course we desire to promote the welfare of the people.’

‘By maintaining the Whigs in office, I suppose,’ said Lord Oxborough.

‘It is confessed that the Whigs have never cared for office, save to promote the great cause of civil and religious liberty.’

‘Indeed! I have heard the opposite opinion propounded.’

‘Very likely,’ replied the noble Whig, complacently; ‘unfortunately we have never got credit from our foes for our great disinterestedness.’

‘And you long for a change for the better?’

'Yes; if men would but examine for themselves, they would see that family ties never influence us in our ministerial arrangements.'

'But your Irish appointments—you give everything to the Papists.'

'Merely because they are our political supporters in Ireland.'

'Are they not your political supporters, merely because they get seats on the bench, and so forth, from you?'

'You do them injustice, Lord Oxborough; but you will be more impartial in your judgment on them and us when you take part in the business of the House.'

'And sit neither on the Ministerial benches nor on the Opposition benches, but with the independent members,' chimed in the Honourable Member for Manchester.

'I should like to form some idea of the policy of these independent members, for in truth I have not been studying politics very attentively lately,' said Lord Oxborough, slightly blushing, as he thought of sweet May Wilmington.

'Well, we advocate the rights of man, as a general principle.'

'Meaning by that the rights of money,' put in the brilliant Conservative M.P.

'Or the worship of cotton,' added a young Tory lord who had recently taken his seat, and spoke fervently, if not with very great discretion, on his first night in the House.

'I—I beg your pardon,' said the Marquis of Castleford, addressing that young nobleman, but looking at the Member for Manchester, 'Lord Oxborough is particularly anxious to have the benefit of the experience of such distinguished statesmen as I have the honour of seeing before me ere he takes the very important step of joining any party in the House.'

'His lordship is perfectly right,' said the Manchester gentleman.

'Of course, then, he will join us,' added a Whig lord.

'Perhaps he will not join any party at all,' continued the Conservative statesman, rising to go up-stairs to the brilliant assemblage of beauty and fashion that represented faithfully the illustrious daughters of England's proud nobility—and the fairest daughters and the noblest nobles that any land can show are the daughters and the nobles of England.

'Tell me, Annandale, what you would do, now?' asked Lord Oxborough, when he and his friend were in the drawing-room.

'I should not join any party.'

'And your reasons?'

'Briefly, then, I differ from them all.'

'I thought you were a Conservative.'

'I would be if we had a perfect constitution.'

'You think Conservatism a humbug?'

'There is nothing *positive* in Conservatism. Its creed is entirely *negative*.'

'Is Whiggism better?'

Whiggism is now little better than Radicalism of the third

generation. The Whigs are for destroying everything and moving everything, from their mere innate restlessness—their craving for popular power.’

‘It is strange that the Whig leaders are all lords.’

‘Not so strange, after all. They love power, and as they cannot rule the nation merely because they are lords, they affect the popular side, and so attain their ends.’

‘What *would* you do, then, Annandale?’

‘I cannot tell what I should do but I know what ought to be done.’

‘Form a new party?’

‘Decidedly.’

‘On what principles?’

‘On broad English principles—the principles that have, by the blessing of Heaven, made this little island of the West mistress of the wide ocean, and given to England’s sovereign a great and glorious empire, so that men can never say, be they where in the world they may—“That sun above us does not shine on the homes of the subjects of England.”’

‘Could this be done?’

‘The task would not be an easy one; but the man who should accomplish it would be the saviour of England,’ replied Annandale, enthusiastically.

‘Annandale,’ said Lord Oxborough, ‘I wish you were in Parliament. If my father will let me I shall resign Castleford to you.’

‘Do not think of it, my dear Oxborough. I have other and more pressing work on hand: I believe I told you I was on my way to Rome?’

‘Not *via* Oxford, I hope?’

‘No; you will readily believe this. My duty lies beyond the sea; yours is now in St Stephen’s.’

‘All I can say is, that I wish you were there. You are just the very man to form a true English party.’

‘Ah, no! I would gladly join it; I never could organize such a party.’

‘You underrate your powers, Annandale. But tell me now what your ideas of a true English party are.’

‘In the first place, then, England became great through the blessing of God on her national recognition of Bible truth, and her adoption of a Bible polity. I would adopt, as the first article of my political creed, the confession, “I believe in God.”’

‘All parties now seem to concur in the omission of that clause in their political creed.’

‘This is deplorably true. As a consequence of this belief, I should seek to ascertain the mind of God, as revealed in his Word, and sanction or support no cause of political action that was plainly contrary thereto.’

‘Some of our friends here to-night would denounce that as impracticable fanaticism.’

‘I know it. Nevertheless it is the only line of conduct that seems to me consistent with a profession of the Christian religion.’

‘It is certainly the only line of conduct that is consistent with the practice of the Christian religion; but profession and practice are not the same thing, Annandale.’

‘I believe it to be the duty of man to carry this principle into every relation of life; and surely one of the most important positions a man can occupy is that of a senator, ruling the destinies of the noble English nation.’

‘But your policy? You would not have the State support Popery, then?’

‘Certainly not. If God’s Word is true, Popery is false. National support of Popery is a national sin; for a national sin like England’s, Israel was scattered, to wander in every land far from their dear Mount Zion.’

‘If a revolution breaks out in Rome, they say we are to send troops to support the Pope.’

‘I have far more sympathy with the people of Rome, of Naples, and of Austria than with the rulers. The Conservatives make no secret of their sympathy with the continental despots; while the Whigs profess to favour the people, but really play into the hands of the Pope, the ruler of these rulers.’

‘And your prospective party?’

‘Would leave the Romans to deal with the Pope as they pleased, and take care that no foreign army forced him back on an unwilling people.’

‘I hope, Annandale, there will be no revolution while you are in Rome.’

‘You fear that my anti-papal zeal may carry me too far,’ said Annandale, smiling; ‘but now farewell, my dear Oxborough; I trust we shall meet happily yet. Remember me to—’

‘Hush!’ said Lord Oxborough, ‘Lady Lavinia is listening.’

‘He is off to Rome,’ whispered a gentleman, as Annandale left the drawing-room.

‘Ha!’ said a stranger who just then appeared at the door, ‘Ireland is a capital place, but better still is Rome.’

---

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

SWEET May Wilmington, sitting in the parlour window at Lawrence Vale, holds in her hand a volume of Tennyson’s poems, and lets it rest half open on her knee. She was reading a love line, when a love-song was sung from the low bough of a spruce fir by a blackbird; and she left reading the poem in the book to try and read the poem that came wavily through the air, gliding

down the rich branches of the fir, where the blackbird had a listener turning a bright eye upwards as he sang to his pretty mate the spring song of love.

For spring was coming!

March was not stormy and boisterous as usual at the end of the month. March was very quiet and gentle this year. There came a breeze now and then that waved up and down the green branches of the spruce, and made the blackbird raise her head a little over her nest, to look out into the smooth green lawn. But the breeze was not boisterous and stormy; it did not rudely shake the tree; the equinoctial gales were early over this year; and in the calm mornings the sweet song of her mate was heard above the sighing wind, singing of love, of flowers, and of summer-time to the woods and the birds. And now, as the evening came on, the bird was at its old sweet song, and May Wilmington sat listening to that song, as she had done often before, for May was never tired listening to the blackbird's song, and never tired looking at the sweet flower that is its floral representative; and May showed thus that she fervently admired the sweetest poetry of nature; for no one is a true admirer of nature's sweetest poetry that does not drink in the melody of the blackbird's song, and pause with delight over the sweetest floral treasure of England—the first primrose of the spring.

And now the song was over, and the blackbird dropped down beside its mate; but May Wilmington did not take up the book that was lying half open on her knee.

She sat as if she still heard the blackbird's song, and looked as if she saw the blackbird on the tree; but the blackbird would not be there till to-morrow, and the song had gone up in wavelets to heaven. But the voice of the song was there still: it had gently stirred the thoughts of sweet May; the thoughts kept time to the warbling of the blackbird, and came as a dream of love. She wondered what Algernon was doing now—whether he was in the House of Commons or at some grand party. She wondered whether he would be too busy to think of her as much as she thought of him; she supposed he would though, for he had many things to do, and she hardly anything else than to sit there thinking of him, or stroll to the places they used to walk to, and especially the green bank and the hawthorn-tree.

That hawthorn-tree was a great favourite with May. It was coming into leaf now, and May watched the first leaves coming out. She was half annoyed that some other hawthorns in the hedge were further out in leaf than it. And then she was ashamed of herself for the childish fancy, and wondered what *would* Algernon say if he knew it. Yet still she went to see the bright green leaves unfolding themselves, one after another, till there came out so many on the tree that she could not remember the number any longer. And she had been that day to the green bank and got the very first primrose of the year; and when she came home she ran

up-stairs to her room, and carefully placed it in water, and rejoiced in the thought that when the first primrose had come the rest would soon be shining, pale and star-like, and then May would come—her month; and, with the primroses and May, perhaps would come Algernon.

It was of primroses and May that she was thinking as she sat with her eyes turned to the soft twilight that had come up, like a feathery covering for the sweet song-bird that ceased its song as twilight came in among the branches of the evergreen fir.

She did not hear her mother coming in, till she stood by her side, and said—

‘You will hurt your eyes reading, May; it is too dark to see now.’

‘I am not reading, mamma.’

‘What then? Dreaming?’

‘I—I was listening to the blackbird; did you hear it? It sang so sweetly to-night.’

‘Not more sweetly than usual, May?’

‘I think it did,’ said May, anxious to defend her view of the case, though she was conscious that it was rather untenable.

‘Perhaps your thoughts were more in unison with the blackbird’s song than usual, May.’

‘I was reading Tennyson when the song drew off my attention. I am so fond of the blackbird’s song.’

‘I think it is rather melancholy, my dear.’

‘Oh! mamma!’

‘I used to like it when I was young like you; one grows out of that sort of thing.’

‘Oh! mamma, I never thought you had such bad taste.’

‘Perhaps if I had not heard young ladies talk sentimental nonsense about primroses and blackbirds, I should not have changed my opinions on the subject.’

‘I do n’t, I am sure, mamma,’ said May, appearing to be offended at the insinuation.

‘You used not to do so; but I won’t say what you do at present.’

‘I am sure I do n’t talk sentimental nonsense, mamma; I have no one to talk to but you, and you do n’t hear me doing so.’

‘Well, well, my dear, no matter. What did Algernon say in his last letter?’

‘A good deal about parliament, and—oh! I forgot he had seen Mr Annandale, who was going to Rome.’

‘Poor young man! He is to be pitied.’

‘Is he not now, mamma? Algernon says he is not the same being at all that he used to be.’

‘I am afraid he will never get the clue to the mysterious disappearance of Miss Walpole.’

‘Do you know, mamma, I think Arthur knows something about it. When I spoke of it yesterday to him, after he arrived, he got quite annoyed, and turned to another subject.’

‘Nonsense, May! How can Arthur know anything about it?’

'I do not know ; I may be mistaken ; but if you had been in the room I am certain that you would have noticed his odd manner when I mentioned it in connection with Mr Annandale.'

'He was tired, poor fellow, and glad to get away from an exciting subject. His mind needs rest.'

'I am sure I do'n't know what he has to fatigue him then ; he does not study very hard.'

May Wilmington lay awake for some time that night, thinking. The spring moon was looking in through her window, and she watched for awhile the small, topmost branches of a sycamore tree, as the wind made them dance a light spring dance across the bright surface of the moon.

And then the clouds came across the moon, and the dark slender sprays of sycamore got lost among the clouds. The moon went in for the night behind the curtaining clouds, and then the moonlight dance was over.

When the clouds came over the moon, sleep came down to May Wilmington, and her eyelids gently closed as the moonlight went away, till she lay sleeping and dreaming. And first in her dream there came, half hid by a misty cloud, a solitary and silent figure. He stood, with folded arms, looking down on the green turf at his feet. On the turf lay a white dove, torn and bleeding ; and yonder a falcon was flying away. The falcon turned ~~his~~ head sometimes, and looked down at the dove ; the falcon flew away, and the dove was dead.

The solitary and silent figure stooped down over the white dove. He took it up and pressed it to his lips. Then he placed it close to his heart ; but could not give it life, for its heart was still. By-and-by the solitary, silent figure seemed to become Mr Annandale. His face seemed troubled with some great, hidden sorrow ; and a tear fell down on the dead dove : it could not feel the tear, for it was dead. Then there came beside Mr Annandale a thin, pale hand. It came stealing gently over to his side, and at last the thin, pale fingers were wound in through his ; he hardly heeded this, for he was looking down still at the gentle form of the little white dove that was dead.

A slight and fragile form stood beside him now ; the hand was still in his, and a pale and beauteous face was turned up towards him, trustingly ; but still he seemed not to see it,—only the dead white dove. And then the hand was withdrawn from his and laid gently upon the feathers of the dove. He looked round at the pale, thin face, and did not start or seem surprised to see it there. He seemed as if it had been there always—as if he had had it beside him all his life. They took the dove, those two, and laid it gently down : and over them came a white cloud, that got thicker and thicker till their forms were hid, and stood no more in shadowy outline in that wondrous world of dream-land, where May Wilmington went to wander that night.

The forms appeared no more, but out of the cloud came a sweet

sound of music as of bridal bells; and she dreamt, then, that she was sitting on a mossy bank hearing the sweet music, and wondering very much who the bride might be. She was sitting on the mossy bank with a sprig of hawthorn bloom in her hand; and the tinkle of the bells made sweet music, the sweetest she had heard for long, she thought, as she sat listening on. A light footstep came towards her; she thought it was her mother.

'Are not those bells sweet, mamma?' she said; and a manly voice answered, 'Very.' She started at the sound, and looked up at a smiling face. And then she dreamt that a wreath of orange flowers fell at her feet; and that she was dressed in white, and that she and Algernon were walking on to the sound of the bridal bells. And then May Wilmington awoke. She put her hand up to her cheek, and found it very warm; and she blushed to think she was blushing at the sound of the dreamy bells.

After that she slept soundly till the morning had replaced the black night, and the sun had thrown a chain of gold over the bosom of the wakening earth.

Then she rose lightly, and went over to the window to look at the morning. Blushing clouds cast a rose tint over the white dress she wore; and she looked like a spirit of the morning coming forth to meet the morning sun. She was in no haste to dress; it was early, and she was in the country; and it was pleasant to watch the pink clouds, and the bright sun, and the little twittering birds, as they wakened to go forth on their morning mission to twitter, and chirp, and sing.

She had been waiting for many mornings for the coming of the spring birds. When they came, they always came first to the side that was lighted by the morning sun. They always came first in the morning; and she used to watch for them as they came, just as she watched for the first primrose. This morning she was watching, too, but she was thinking partly of the dreams she had and partly of the rosy morn.

And so she noticed not the first arrowy flight of the bird that skimmed along the lawn. It went up and down, and wheeled round in the air; and then darted quickly past the window as she was turning away to dress. She half doubted, and half believed that a favourite of hers had come; till it came sailing down the thin blue morning air, over the tall top of a poplar tree, and whirled round and round in swift and arrowy flight. And then she cheerily exclaimed—

'There goes the first spring swallow!'

The first primrose yesterday, and the first swallow to-day. What happiness they gave her, as they have given to thousands of pure, innocent minds that love Nature's poetry, they know not why, only they know that, as they live, they love. May Wilmington, when her morning toilet was over, went down to the parlour, thinking of the swallow; and stood at the open window as the clear morning air came in.

A few weeks ago she used to watch the coming out of the snowdrops from that window, and count the added flowers every morning; and then she watched the crocuses, but she did not care half as much for them. Now, snowdrops and crocuses were unheeded by May Wilmington; she was thinking of that pretty swallow.

And then, as she stood, watching for its return, there came a flapping of wings into the very spruce fir where the blackbird sat and sang last night. May Wilmington had hardly looked up when a gentle cooing came softly out of the branches, and the timid pigeon of the wood began its morning melody.

There was time yet, before breakfast, and May ran up-stairs for her bonnet. There were too many pleasant things astir that morning for her to stand idly at the window. She put on her bonnet and stole round to the place where the wood-pigeon was cooing, and got quite near it without disturbing it. But at last it caught sight of her bonnet-ribbon as a breath of wind sent it fluttering over her shoulder, and, like a frightened maiden, it stopped short in its story of love, and went away with its gentle companion, to sing the same love-song over in another place that it knew of, in the woods beyond.

In the tree now there was nothing but the blackbird's nest; and there would be the blackbird's song in the evening.

May Wilmington ran in to breakfast now; and finding that her mamma was not down, she went up to her room to tell her that she had seen the first spring swallow that morning.

'Why, May, I declare you are quite a child yet.'

'Fie, mamma; it is not childish to feel glad that spring is coming.'

'Did you write a sonnet on spring swallows this morning?'

'Nonsense, mamma; I shan't tell you now when I see anything of the sort; you always make fun of me.'

And May Wilmington tripped down-stairs, singing a merry song, like the lark singing in the meadow, as it opened its wings to the morning sun, and then sang its thanks for the light that fell upon its wings.

That was a bright spring day for May Wilmington. There were not many spring flowers yet, but those that were in flower were liked all the better by her. There had only been one swallow seen; but there *was* one, and therefore there would soon be more. And the leaves were coming thickly out on the hawthorn-tree: and under the tree she got another floral treasure—a little sweet primrose, half opening. May Wilmington thought it was strange that the second primrose she should have seen that year had been found under her hawthorn-tree.

And then she could not help thinking of her dream; but of course it was all nonsense; only she hoped that some day or other bridal bells might ring merrily, and that she might be dressed in

white, with orange flowers, and be with Algernon listening to the bells.

She thought that evening that the blackbird sang more cheerily than usual. She imagined that a merry note or two had been added to his song, and that he sang longer, as well as sweeter, before dropping down beside his mate.

She thought that spring was such a fresh, bright season, and murmured a chorus to the blackbird's song.

And then May Wilmington rested her arm against the window, and laid her soft cheek upon her hand, and looked at the tall dark shadows of the trees as daylight stole away and left them alone to meet the moon.

May Wilmington was thinking now—dreamily thinking of many things. Primroses and swallows and blackbirds were woven together mysteriously, and in her dream came out in a wondrous song of love.

Her soft cheek still rested on her hand, and her eyes looked out at the shadowy trees, when the door opened, and May Wilmington began—

‘Do you know, mamma—’

She did not turn round; the echo of the blackbird's song was too sweet to be parted with willingly, and she waited for her mother's usual short stimulating reply—

‘Well?’

She did not turn round; she still rested her cheek on her hand, still thought of her dream-song of spring, till a hand lightly touched her own, and then she said—

‘Algernon!’

---

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

‘WHAT a pity she won't die!’ said Sister Mary Joseph, just finishing an *Ave Maria*.

‘Those English girls are very hard to kill. If she had been a French girl she would have died mad long ago,’ replied Sister Teresa.

‘I hate watching her and nursing her; I wonder they don't let her die,’ said another sister, standing by the couch of a pale and motionless nun, that seemed not very likely to disappoint much longer those who wished that she might die that their vigils might cease.

‘Hush! she is moving!’ said Sister Teresa; ‘she may hear us.’

‘And if she do? It will kill her all the sooner, I hope,’ replied Sister Mary Joseph.

'Why do you hate Sister Lucilla so?' asked Sister Teresa.

'I hate her, that I do! but I shall not tell you why.'

'Oh! I am not your confessor, I am sure; do n't trouble yourself about it.'

'Confessor! What do you mean?' said Sister Mary Joseph, angrily: 'I shall hate you, too, if you torment me so.'

'For pity's sake be quiet and do not torment the poor sufferer. See, she must hear you; look at her face.'

And it seemed that the silent sister did hear, though she lay still as death, for her face was like a mirror in which acute pain was reflected; and that it was mental more than bodily pain was seen by the lips moving and the brow contracting when the cruel speeches of Sister Mary Joseph reached the ear that she wished was past hearing, and touched the heart that she would have liked to be for ever still.

She was lying in a strange fever, that the convent physician seemed to find quite beyond his skill. He bade them watch her and tell him if she grew delirious; but all that they were able to tell him was that sometimes the watchers were wakened in the night by low, sweet sounds of music—so sweet that they wondered whence they came. They came from Sister Lucilla's couch, they found; for when they went over to it she was singing some low, sweet melody: they did not know what it was; perhaps it was a hymn to the Virgin.

And last night they heard the word 'Father!' and they thought she wanted the confessor. One went to the apartment of the lady superior and told her; but she bade them never mind, it would be time enough in the morning.

When the 'father' came next day she was still and motionless; she did not move nor speak. He came and stood beside her couch, and then turned to the abbess and said—

'She is dying.'

'I think not.'

'She cannot live many days.'

And then the confessor retired, and the nun was left silent and still. Silent and still she was when the abbess returned to her couch, and with the abbess came one whom we have seen before.

'She is dying,' he too said.

'I think not,' replied the abbess.

'We must try and keep her alive if we can.'

'Why, reverend father?'

'She is not yet of age according to the English law.'

'What matter? Cannot she live till then, whether she die or not?'

'It would not avail to try that plan twice.'

'It has been often done,' urged the abbess.

'That I know: but these English are dreadfully suspicious.'

'We could have a deed drawn up and witnessed in regular form.'

'It is doubtful if an English court would hold the deed to be a valid one.'

‘What shall we do, then?’ asked the abbess anxiously.

The Jesuit did not immediately reply. A slight movement of the pale and wasted form made him pause.

‘She hears,’ he said in a low tone to the abbess.

But the pale form lay still and silent; the thin hands were placed on the coverlet, and the long eyelashes fell over the cheek. The hands were not raised, and the eyelids moved not; and so the abbess and Jesuit talked on.

‘There is an angry murmur outside the walls,’ he said; ‘men talk wildly and look threateningly at us as we pass. I fear there is mischief brewing.’

‘I have heard something of this,’ the abbess replied.

‘I noticed the angry looks and muttered curses of some wretches as I entered this evening.’

‘Has it gone so far, reverend father?’

‘It has; and I have learned that they talk of attacking the sacred houses,’ and setting the “religious” at liberty.’

‘What shall we do?’

‘You are all perfectly safe; none of your sisterhood would leave you if the doors were opened to-morrow, I think. And of course they would not compel them to leave; they would never go so far as that.’

‘The “sisters” are all happy here, all but this one,’ said the abbess, pointing to the couch where Emily lay.

‘And she?’

‘Would gladly fly to-morrow if she were able.’

‘So I thought.’

‘What shall we do with her?’

‘She must be removed as soon as she can bear it.’

‘If she live,’ said the abbess; ‘where to?’

‘The safest place for her would be a convent in England. Once inside its walls she will be safe.’

The abbess bowed and said, ‘We shall send her, then, to England.’

That night Sister Lucilla sang a low, sweet song. Sister Teresa was watching, and she caught the words of the song. And this was the song she sang:—

‘I am here; sweet moonlight, come!

Moon! whitening far-off vale and mountain mist;

Moon! kissing far-off brows that I have kiss’d—

Hast thou no word from home?

Glad sun! I was thy child—

Thy favour’d child, as favour’d as the lark,

That rising duteous from his heath-couch dark,

Won thy first kiss and smiled.

‘Come!—I am here—here—here!

Ah! thou art sipping dew-drops in my bower;

Deepening the blushes on my rose-tree flower,

Thou dost not see my tear.

No! sunlight—moonlight—no!  
 Ye cannot enter through this grating small,  
 Nor pierce the solid gloom of this dark wall,  
 That hides unheard-of woe.

‘Oh! far-off loving ones!  
 I’m here, lone, wearing out my life in tears;  
 Lone, pining for the love of other years—  
 Pining for kindred tones.

‘O God, my Father! hear!  
 Thy child is groping for Thee through this gloom—  
 Is crying to Thee from this living tomb—  
 This night of woe and fear!

‘Father, my heart is riven!  
 Oh, take me home to love and happy hours!—  
 Home to sweet sister, home to summer flowers,  
 Or home to Thy bright heaven!’

And there came a faint and glimmering light, as if the moonbeams would come in to cheer the sufferer; but the light was faint and pale, and only showed the dark, black bars up against the night sky.

When the low sweet song was over, Sister Teresa thought she heard her murmuring, ‘England!’ and the sister supposed she had been dreaming of her home. Sister Teresa was just turning from the couch of the sufferer, and wondering what strange disease it was which made her silent and motionless through the day, while at night she sang so sweetly, when she was startled to see the abbess by her side.

‘Were you singing?’ she asked.

‘No, mother.’

‘I heard singing.’

‘Sister Lucilla was singing.’

‘What?’

‘The words were English: I could not catch them all. There was something about “moonlight,” and “God,” and “home.”’

‘You should have listened attentively.’

‘I did, but could not follow her.’

‘Did she say anything more?’

‘Yes, I heard her mention England.’

‘England!’ said the abbess. ‘Can she have heard—’

‘Mother?’

‘Oh! nothing. Speak lower. Watch her if she talks any more.’

And then the abbess retired. Sister Teresa did watch, but Emily sang no more that night, and not another word fell from her lips. When the doctor came next day, he said she was better; that she would revive and recover, he thought, for she opened her eyes as he came in, and half smiled, and then she moved her lips as if she were trying to speak; but the doctor shook his head, and said she must be very quiet. And then she closed her eyes again

and did not try to speak, but lay silent and motionless till Sister Teresa brought some nourishment that the doctor had ordered.

From that day Sister Lucilla recovered rapidly. To the sisters her recovery seemed almost a miracle. One of them said so.

'I am sure they do n't work miracles to restore such things as she!' said Sister Mary Joseph, indignantly.

'You see the Virgin did n't listen to your prayers when you prayed for her death,' replied a nun, who never lost an opportunity of saying something to vex Sister Mary Joseph.

'I pray for her death?'

'That you did; I heard you myself. You have not prayed as earnestly since the confessor died.'

'Hush! here is the mother.'

But the lady superior did not mind them; she passed on to Sister Lucilla's cell, and was more interested in Sister Lucilla's health than she had ever been since the day Emily entered those walls—the 'living tomb' she sang of.

The mother abbess was very anxious to find out if Emily had heard anything that passed in her cell the evening she and the Jesuit had the conversation there. Emily had been too long 'Sister Lucilla' to care to disclose the fact that she had heard something about taking her to England; and she would not for the world have told that the very mention of the word 'England' had raised hopes in her mind that she had thought had long been dead—hopes that she hardly dared cherish the dream of, but which whispered to her about 'home.'

'Would you like the confessor?' the abbess said, knowing that thus she would hear all, notwithstanding the pretended secrecy of the confessional.

'No.'

'Will you confess to-morrow?'

'No; I am too weak yet.'

'You are quite strong now.'

'I do n't want the confessor.'

'I must put a penance on you then for neglect of duty.'

But the abbess did not mind the penance. Perhaps she forgot it; perhaps she thought Sister Lucilla was too weak to endure it; perhaps she had got very merciful of late, and forgot to carry her rosary and her pair of scissors.

If the abbess forgot the penance with which she had threatened Sister Lucilla, she did not forget the injunctions of the visitant that had come to the convent when Emily lay in that strange fever-trance.

Thanks to that sweet word 'England,' that had dropped from the lips of the Jesuit, her recovery was made with extraordinary rapidity. She did not, indeed, regain the roses that had faded from her cheeks with the loss of English air; she did not regain the merry laughing life she used to live in the merry childhood days; but she lost the listless air that showed that hope lay dead

in her heart; or if not dead, wrapped in almost perpetual winter sleep.

In the shape of that sweet word 'England' came the answer to the prayers that heaven had heard; the antidote to the poison that had almost killed her was ministered unwittingly by the same dealer in death who had taken her from her happy home in England, and thought that day that he had seen her and death wedded together eternally.

And yet, after all, it was well that she only heard that she was to be taken to England, or rather that the thought of being once more on English ground put far away the sad fact that she was to be taken to England only as a securer prison, a yet more gaol-like gaol.

She had not breathed to any one this hope of hers. She had sometimes seen the abbess's eyes fixed upon her, as if she would read her heart-thoughts; but even the penetration of the lady superior failed utterly to discover the fact that Sister Lucilla was growing stronger and stronger through mere hope of breathing English air again. Through this hope she had grown so much stronger that, one night—a rainy night, when the plashy drops were spattering the roofs of Paris, and coming leaping down into the streets, to the dismay of the few foot-passengers who were wandering along at that hour of the night—she lay down on her couch, feeling better than she had done for a long time, and wondering when they would think her well enough to leave this hateful Paris, for that England that she would not for the world show how dear to her it was. As she lay with her eyes closed, though she was not sleeping, a voice said—

'Rise, Sister Lucilla, and come with me.'

It was the abbess that she saw, though there was no lamp in the cell, nothing but a lightening of the darkness at the door from the flicker of a lamp at the end of a long corridor. Sister Lucilla was half startled at first; the dreadful fate of poor Sister Anna came before her, and she seemed to hear yet the echo of that terrible 'No, no, no, no, no!'

But she remembered then that evening when she lay trance-like on the couch; she remembered the whispered converse of the abbess and the Jesuit; she thought of 'England,' and the thought came soothingly on her heart, that dark wet night, and so she rose quietly, saying not a word, to follow the abbess wherever she might command.

She followed her along the corridor, and down a long flight of steps, and then to a small door beyond. This door the abbess opened noiselessly, though no one in the convent could have heard her. At the door stood a carriage and horses, and two figures were waiting outside.

The abbess motioned Emily to enter; she did so. The door of the carriage closed, then the convent door shut noiselessly, and Emily and the abbess saw each other again no more.

There was a journey in a railway train and a short sea voyage, and then they entered a town at night. She felt frightened now, it was so strange to be outside those convent walls. Sometimes she wished to cry out to the people that she saw, and once she did muster up courage to scream.

This was when they were passing through another town early in the morning—a very large town with endless streets and churches. She thought that now she was in England surely, and that if she could only cry out the people would all come to help her and take her away from these horrid men—take her home to her sister in the Highlands.

And so, when the carriage that they were in was driving slowly through a street, and she saw two or three people walking along a side-way, she put her head forward to the window, and called some one to take her home.

Did they hear her, these people who were going on upon their several errands? It seemed so, for a man with a strange coat and shining hat came up to the window and tapped at the pane with his gloved finger.

‘How now! what’s wrong?’ he said.

‘Oh! nothing; an escaped lunatic,’ replied one of the men, while the other pressed his hand over poor Emily’s mouth.

‘All right; drive on,’ said the man, and the cabman gave his horse a blow with the whip that made it start forward with quickened pace.

‘He had better drive to ——.’

‘Yes; I understand; I think so,’ replied the other male occupant of the cab.

The driver was instructed, accordingly, to drive to a certain house in the West End of London—for of course Emily was now in that stronghold of liberty. And after due turnings and twistings, through endless streets, he came at last to a pause at the house of Mr Prynne; for at the house of this reverend gentleman the two Parisian guardians of Sister Lucilla’s person intended to keep her securely till they could safely and unnoticed have her conveyed away to the nunnery in the suburbs, where they designed that she should live till she was twenty-one, and then—why, she might live longer if she could. It was a very prudent and proper precaution on the part of these gentlemen to come to the house of a priest of the Church of England. If any one ever made inquiries, the inquisitive person could be told that, indeed, two gentlemen and a lady in a strange dress had been seen; but then, it must be all quite right, for they stopped at the house of the fashionable preacher of Crucifix Chapel.

It was a very prudent and proper precaution, they thought, and they were generally sufficiently wary. In this instance they were so *very* prudent and cautious that nobody would have suspected them, except Charles Annandale and another, and Charles Annandale was now far away.

But once Charles Annandale had been walking in London; he had a companion with him, and they were talking of Anna. They saw together Arthur Wilmington and the Jesuit, whom Annandale had seen at Lodore. Annandale had told his companion that this Jesuit was now in orders in the Church of England, and preaching in a certain chapel in London every Sunday. This Annandale's companion did not forget. He was curious to see the man, and he went to the chapel. He saw him that time, and was sure he would know him again. Then he wanted to see where he lived. He had the curiosity to follow him home and see. He took particular notice of the house, and was sure he would know that again; for he was by no means in the habit of forgetting anything that he took particular notice of.

He happened to be taking notice of the house that very morning. He had taken an unaccountable fancy, the policeman thought—for, in truth, he was the only person who minded him—for examining the house and everything about it, especially who came out and who went in, whether in the daytime or by the light of the lamps.

And so that morning he saw the cab stopping at the door, and two gentlemen get out; and then he saw a strange black-robed figure handed out, and led into the house, and straightway John Connell fell wondering.

He wondered would they come out soon; would they get into the same cab; who they could be; what they were taking the black-robed lady—for he was sure it was a lady—into the house of Mr Prynne for. And then he thought that there was no use wondering; that would not tell him anything; it was far better to watch; that might do some good.

And so he did watch all the long day, but not a sign of the three visitors was to be seen. Mr Prynne went out about twelve o'clock, looking as clerical as possible, on a visit to a poor old woman who was to confess her sins to him that morning. He came back at six o'clock, and went in to take his dinner; and John Connell began to fear that his eyes had been deceiving him in the morning.

But John was determined to see the thing out. He did not care very much for sleep or rest; and so he sat in the window opposite—for there was a ticket in the window with 'Furnished Lodgings' on it, and John had paid a week's rent in advance, that he might see what would come of it—for John was firmly convinced that there was something wrong, though he had not the most remote suspicion in the world that the lady in black was our poor Emily.

It might be about eleven o'clock that night, John Connell imagined—for he was just beginning to nod in his chair—when a cab drove up to Mr Prynne's door, and John Connell hurried down to the door of the house he was lodging in. He let himself quietly out, and walked slowly along in the direction in which

the horse's head was turned. He then stopped at a lane corner, and saw the two gentlemen and the lady coming out together into the cab. They drove past John Connell's hiding-place quickly, and John hurried after them. Just at that moment an empty cab drove past. He beckoned to the driver to stop.

'Follow that cab,' he said, 'but do n't let them see you.'

The other cab drove on and on till John Connell began to think that they were going out of London entirely, and was seriously taking into consideration how much further he ought to go. Just then the cab with the three occupants stopped at a high-walled house; the door opened to the ring of a bell, and the same black-robed figure that John Connell had seen was led, or rather dragged, forward, and was soon inside the door, that was closing as she cried—

'I wo n't go in ; let me go home !'

John Connell rushed forward to the door, but the door was closed ere he reached it. He rang and rang at the bell ; no one attended his summons ; and at last, with wearied arm and a strange feeling at his heart—for John Connell had a heart and a true English one, hating wrong and outrage—he was compelled to walk away and wander on he knew not whither, thinking of that mournful voice that the English law gave him no power to aid—that mournful voice that Englishmen will not hear wailing from the convent prison—

'Let me go home !'

---

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE Pope stands on the balcony of the Quirinal. He had told the Romans that he felt for them ; that he loved them ; that no one so much as he had at heart the prosperity of Italy. And the Romans had hailed the advent of a ruler who would, at last, strike off the iron fetters that bound them, and govern at least with justice, if he did not give them liberty. He had been not so very long ago to the Basilica of St John Lateran. Rome, poor, crushed, and enslaved Rome, was half delirious with joy. It was not that Giovanni Mastai had laid aside the robes of a cardinal, and assumed those of the 'Imperial Pontiff ;' it was not that the ascent to the pontifical throne of a new Pope was in itself such an event of joy ; but it was because the Pope had marked his elevation by acts of clemency and paternal promises that the Roman people had sent up to their cloudless sky the echoing shout, 'Long live Pius the Ninth !'

The cannon had thundered from the Castle of St Angelo : a gorgeous array in yellow and scarlet had passed before the eyes

of the Romans; the pageantry was brilliant, and the day was glorious; yet the Romans, so fond of show, had no eyes for the pageantry; they were too busy watching their new Pope—too busy shouting, ‘Long live Pius the Ninth!’

The Pope stands on the balcony of the Quirinal. He does not now hear the joyous cry that greeted his ascent to the throne; he does not see welcoming glances from the Roman people, nor come there to bestow on them his blessing. He stands on the Quirinal, but the Romans greet him not with welcomes; he speaks, but it is to curse them, because they have cried out against the Jesuits.

There on the balcony he stands, and the Romans hear him. The Pope in whom they trusted has deceived them; his professions of liberality were all the doings of hypocrisy, for now he curses the Romans and blesses the Jesuit Order.

There stood among the people there a silent figure. He was muffled closely, and his face could not be seen by the people; but he listened to the words of the Pope as he spoke cursing the Romans; he listened and rejoiced.

There stood among the people there another figure. He was listening too, eagerly, and scanning the Roman faces. He saw they were reluctant to bear the curses of the pontiff for what they did not think was sin; and he wondered what the Romans would do now that the Pope had spoken. The pale faces of the Italians were turned upwards, eagerly listening to those words of wrathful imprecation. By-and-by the Pope ceased; they were silent; the Pope looked troubled, and was moving away.

Then there came surging through the mass a sound of angry voices. Men were looking at each other and whispering; the whispers were not long to be such, for soon, from every Roman in that crowd, burst forth a shout that made the Pope pause and then retreat the faster; for the Romans were crying—‘Down with the Jesuits!’

One figure there was that did not join in the cry. He left the crowd hurriedly when the shout began to rise; and drawing his muffling tighter round him, he passed from the crowd in an angry silence, that said as much, though not the same, as did the Roman shout.

And one there was in the crowd who, though not a Roman, joined lustily in the cry, ‘Down with the Jesuits!’ He was of the English nation; but even his English nature was not proof against the enthusiasm of the hour. Besides, he knew something of these Jesuits; they had withered his hopes and blighted his happiness; and it could not be that he would with indifference hear the enthusiastic shouts of the Romans as they called for the downfall of that infernal Order.

‘You are an Englishman,’ said a Roman citizen, as Annandale’s voice was heard blending with the musical accents of Italy, when the Pope retreated from the balcony.

'I am,' replied Annandale.

'Have you been here long?'

'A month.'

'As a sympathizer?'

'Heartily do I sympathize with your efforts to become worthy of old Rome's fame,' replied the young Englishman.

'That is well; does your nation?'

'The nation does, but not the Government.'

'Why?'

'Can you ask,' said Annandale, 'after joining in the cry, "Down with the Jesuits?"'

'Those infernal plotters!' muttered the Roman between his teeth. 'I doubt not they will influence the cabinet of England.'

'So I fear, my friend; be true to yourselves, however, and they cannot harm you.'

'Englishman, you do not know these Jesuits,' replied the Italian, bitterly. 'There is no scheme that ever was planned in hell that a Jesuit could not be found to execute.'

'You hate the Jesuits?'

'Hate them? I think so!' said the Roman, as they left the Quirinal, and walked on awhile, talking of Rome.

'Do you know anything of the convents of Rome?' asked Annandale.

'Too much,' replied his companion.

Your patriots make no mention of the tyranny of the convent system.'

'Wait; we are only beginning to live; life is new to us yet, so is liberty; we cannot do all in a day.'

'Shall you open the convent doors?'

'I hope so; but, in the mean time, we must deal with these Jesuits.'

'How?'

'Banish them—drive them from Rome for ever; shut up their college, and send the infernal fathers to do their infernal work in some other place than Rome.'

'Will the Pope tolerate this?'

'I fear not. He is thoroughly changed of late; the Jesuits now do as they wish with him. You heard the holy father's paternal harangue to-day?'

'I did, and marvelled that the Romans had courage to set the Pope at defiance.'

'Courage! Did you doubt our courage?' asked the Roman, haughtily.

'In truth,' replied Annandale, 'I have been accustomed to think of Rome as a city under the iron rule of the Papacy, and almost forgot that Rome once produced a Rienzi.'

'You speak frankly, like your nation,' replied the citizen of Rome. 'Wait a little, and you shall see other Rienzis than him of the olden time.'

'You are not daunted, then, by the pontifical anathema of to-day?'

'No, nor is a Roman citizen who heard it. We have begun to breathe the air of liberty, and to know our power; we shall not pause in the emancipation of Italy because that old man blessed us yesterday like a father and cursed us to-day like a fiend.'

Annandale and the Roman parted. Annandale had now been some time in Rome, but of course had heard nothing of the loved lost one. He had been active, though cautious, in his inquiries, and had learned the names of the convents that were principally under the control of the Jesuits. They were so many, however, that, as one after another was named, he began to doubt if it would avail anything to prosecute his inquiries, since it was quite impossible he could learn anything of Anna Walpole; and even if he did, it was impossible he could do aught to save her.

And was he certain that Anna was in Rome at all? Had he anything, except his own fancy, to make him think so?

To this question Annandale was compelled to answer in the negative; and yet he felt strongly impressed with the belief that the object of his long search was immured in some dreary Roman convent. At any rate, he might as well be in Rome as anywhere. He would watch the progress of that famous city towards liberty; for everybody told him that Rome would not now be checked by the frowns of the occupant of the pontifical chair.

And so he lived on in hope—hoping for himself and for Rome.

And one day he came to the College of the Jesuits. There was a crowd at the door of waiting and watching people. Mingling with the crowd were battalions of the National Guard, a guard of honour, Annandale thought, sent to protect the famous college of the 'Order of Jesus.'

'They are coming,' said a Roman near him; and Annandale recognised his friend.

'Who?' asked Annandale.

'The Jesuits. Did I not tell you we should banish that Order?'

And now, forth came a number of carriages with the members of the Order seated in them. On each carriage sat a soldier of the National Guard. Round the carriages were the soldiers of Rome; and behind them a crowd of people followed. Joy beamed in every eye, though it is said that the Pope and the cardinals shed tears that day because the Roman people had resolved to banish the members of that fraternity.

And now, as the carriages rolled away, the gates of the college were closed, and the Romans, hitherto silent, loudly testified their joy. 'Italy for ever!' they cried, as the Jesuits passed along. Men, women, and children joined in the cry: they felt that they might breathe freely and talk unreservedly at last, for the Order of Spies was banished from Rome.

'Italy for ever!' cried Annandale, with the crowd. There could not be peace nor liberty for Rome while the Jesuits ruled

the city. So the people of that city thought, and cried, 'Down with the Jesuits!' in the ears of Pius the Ninth; and now that the Jesuits were banished from Rome, the heirs of the great Roman name cried out, in the fulness of their new-born joy, 'Italy for ever!'

And the Pope sat muttering maledictions; and the cardinals sat plotting and planning a bloody revenge; and the Jesuits in their carriages, leaving their college behind, were true to their nature still, and cherished dreams of their Order's returning power, when it should rule again over the city they were leaving, and when freedom should be taken from the brave Roman people and the watchword of the Jesuits should be:

'Death to the Romans! Long live the Pope! Long live the Jesuit Order!'

One night after this, there stood a carriage not far from the Quirinal. There was a driver, who seemed sleepy, on the seat, he sat so silent and still. In the carriage was a single passenger; and, had there been any stray wanderer at that time, he would have wondered why the carriage was waiting and did not move on. But not a solitary soul strayed along the street: there was nothing there but the carriage and the night.

By-and-by, the inmate of the carriage got uneasy; he looked out several times in the direction of the Quirinal. Nothing was visible—nobody was to be seen. After a while a step was heard, and the impatient passenger dismounting, exchanged a few hasty whispers with the tardy footman, who then took his seat on the carriage, and the carriage drove on.

At the gate of the city it was stopped by a soldier of the National Guard; but the traveller inside took out his passport; it was drawn up in due form, and the soldier saluted the traveller, who bade the driver go on.

Just then an officer of the guard came forward. It was an odd hour, he thought, for a traveller to leave the city, but that was no business of his. He spoke not a word, therefore, though he took a lantern from the sentry, and threw its light upon the occupants of the carriage, whose faces he was curious to see. He knew not the traveller, and as for the footman, if he was a little odd-looking, and a little uncomfortable, he was only a footman, and not worth minding. But the driver; surely he had seen him before, though where he could not tell. He was still wondering where he had seen him, when the carriage was some distance on its way to Gaeta.

'By St Peter, it is he!' he said; 'and I let him pass!'

'Who is it?' asked a voice beside him. And the Roman officer recognised his English friend.

'An old enemy! An infernal Jesuit!'

'I thought the Jesuits were banished?'

'So they are nominally; but doubtless there are many yet in Rome.'

‘And this one?’

‘Enticed my only sister, a lovely girl of sixteen, into a convent. My mother was a widow, and was broken-hearted. In a year my sister died, and last week I buried my mother.’

‘This is a sad case.’

‘Sad, indeed. Is it any wonder that the lover of liberty and Rome should hate these Jesuits?’

‘The wonder would be were it otherwise,’ replied Annandale, and then continued: ‘and this Jesuit—what is he like? describe his appearance.’

‘A pale-faced, black-haired villain! But what of that? his appearance differs not from that of many Italians.’

‘It must be the same,’ said Annandale, half aloud.

‘Do you know this man?’ asked the Roman.

‘I know a pale-faced, dark-haired Jesuit. The one I know is a villain; it may be the same.’

‘Would that we had met him! I should have avenged my sister,’ said the officer.

‘And so he has again escaped! Am I to be baffled ever thus?’ said Annandale, speaking more impatiently than he had done for many months.

Silently Annandale wandered on, till he came to the Piazza de Sopra Minerva. He had now become familiar with the streets of Rome, and he well knew this famous locality. Visions of all the autos-da-fé, that time after time the pontiffs had caused to take place there, came up before him; and he seemed to hear the rush of the Roman people, on the day when Paul the Fourth went from earth to give an account of the martyrs he had caused to be murdered by the Dominicans of the convent, that the enraged Romans, after setting fire to the Inquisition, could scarcely be restrained from burning.

It was almost morning ere Annandale got home, and he was soon in a troubled slumber. A dim, confused sound of voices came, dream-like, through the window; but he thought it was only the sound of busy city-life rushing through its veins on the return of the morning sun. He was wearied, and slept on, till a voice at his side aroused him; and, looking up, he recognised his Roman friend.

‘He has fled!’ he said, hurriedly; ‘the Jesuits must have planned the flight; the Senate is outrageous.’

‘Who has fled? What do you mean?’ asked Annandale, wonderingly.

‘The Pope! He left the Quirinal last night, disguised, they say. It is not known whither he has fled.’

‘You let him pass out last night,’ said Annandale, thoughtfully.

‘By Romulus! it may be so!’ replied the Roman, astounded.

‘What had I best do?’

‘Go to the Senate and tell your story; I will accompany you, if you like.’

'Thanks, brave Englishman! Remain here, and I shall return and tell you what the Senate say.'

All that day the Romans knew not what to do.

The Pope had fled! there was no doubt of that. Some were joyful, as if they were glad to be rid of that traitor pontiff, who had talked to them of liberty, and let them taste its pleasant first-fruits, and then, when they hoped the harvest was come, had showed them how utterly vain it was to hope for the gift of freedom at the hand of the tiara'd tyrant. Some were sad, as if, the vice-god they had worshipped being gone, the city would be given up to pillage and disorder—to the passions of bad men, and the angry waves of a tumultuous surging sea. Some feared—a craven and bitter fear—for themselves and their order. The chief priest of the imposture being gone, all the priests, who had lived and thrived under him and on the people, dreaded the people, now that they were free.

And one in a dark cell in a convent learned, by the frightened faces of her gaolers, that there was something strange going on outside, and that which caused fear to them, gave hope to her.

As Annandale not long after passed the Vatican, he heard a crowd of people coming towards him. Curious crowds were common now in Rome; there was so much liberty, and the Romans must enjoy it.

The crowd seemed coming towards him; he wondered what new event had taken place, that caused the Romans to rush towards the Vatican.

And now rose a shout that shook the Vatican walls, as oftentimes a voice from the Vatican had shaken the world. It was not the voice of a pontiff launching forth anathemas, but of men that had been slaves, and were shouting for very joy, as they felt themselves free.

There was a pause; some one pointed towards the gloomy walls of the prison-house hard by the Vatican; and a momentary shudder ran through the crowd.

Just then they spied a Dominican friar passing stealthily along with drooping head and timid bearing. He looked up at those dark prison walls as if the memory of other days came over him, and he thought of the time when, from that gloomy prison, his Order dragged men and women to a fiery, torturing death in the Piazza de Sopra Minerva.

'See you yon Dominican?' said a voice—the young officer of the National Guard; 'he deplores the end of the bloody rule that this gloomy monumental pile commemorates.'

From the retreating Dominican, all eyes were turned to the prison; and there never rose a mightier shout in Rome, in her past days of might and power, than went up to heaven from that eager crowd—

'Down with the Inquisition!'

And then the crowd rushed forward to the prison. They paused

at the massive door, before the dismal portal; the pause was short, for though the door was strong, the fury of the Romans was stronger. In through the crashing door rushed the people, and with them Annandale and his friend.

Annandale longed to see for himself that building of dread and fearful fame, where cruel and bloody deeds had been done, in the old days when Roman pontiffs lorded it over men, and when, because they believed in Jesus, Popes ordered them forth to death. He had been told that the Inquisition was a thing of the past—that now Rome was just and merciful. He had seen a little already of her justice and mercy, and, not being quite convinced, felt anxious to learn more of Rome.

Some of the crowd rushed down to the dungeons under-ground—gloomy, and damp, and dark. In the darkness they could see nothing in the dungeons; but down under their feet the earth was soft and slimy; though now and then a foot stumbled against something that seemed harder, till it sank down into the soft, clammy soil.

They got a light, and dashed the red blaze about through the darkness, till they could see that the dungeon they were in had been a prison. And then they looked down at the trodden soil, that under their feet was so soft and clammy. The soil was dark, and yielding as it was pressed by the feet: under the foot-marks it was oozy and damp. Through the soil were seen white fragments of something shining; they took them in their hands; they were human bones! Something lay at Annandale's feet. He stooped forward and raised it. It was a long, silky tress of golden hair, that had lain in the dungeon, among those human bones, where it was almost hid in the clammy, oozy soil!

Charles Annandale sickened at the sight of that long, golden tress. He held it up to the Romans, and they crowded round it in silent horror. With one consent they began to leave that gloomy place, where Rome had kept her victims, and murdered the fair young being that had worn once that golden tress of hair. Taking a last look round the dungeon, he saw that there were writings on the wall. He took the light, and went forward to read them; and he read the question that some poor prisoner had written—

‘Is this the Christian faith?’

---

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

OVER the city of Rome floated the banner of the Republic. Men's hearts were high with hope; Rome's walls were manned by a brave and gallant company. Along her streets marched a

dauntless band of patriots, resolved to save their Rome or die. For the French invader was without the walls!

On to the walls marched the patriot band. They had not been hired to do the work of soldiers; they did it for love of their country, and from hatred of the Papal power. The women of Rome saw them, and wept not, for they loved their country more than all; and little hands were held up to cheer them, and little voices were heard, with ringing shout, joining in the cheer for Rome, as past mother, and sister, and wife, and little child, marched the brave sons of the Imperial City on to the walls.

Napoleon had sent an army to crush the Roman republic, and bring back the fugitive Pope; and the French army had come to bring the Pope back to his chair, with bayonets, in the name of liberty, equality, and fraternity.

Cannon-balls came thick and fast from the French, and curses, as thick and fast, from Gaeta; and yet the Romans were not willing to part with their liberty while they could hold it against the curses that would have been powerless but for the cannon-balls.

And sacred shot and sacred balls came into Rome every day; sent, with his blessing, by the paternal governor, who was skilled in answering the prayers of his children for bread, something in the serpent and scorpion line.

The Pope was at Gaeta, cursing! the French were outside Rome, fighting; and yet over the Eternal City floated the banner of the Republic.

Fighting bravely in his country's cause, was Annandale's Roman friend.

When the balls came thick and fast, he was as cool and calm as if he had been bred to war. Far better at fighting than detecting fugitive Popes, in footman's livery, he seemed emulous of proving that there were yet Romans who were worthy of the name.

When the French guns made a breach in the walls, he headed a heroic band that gallantly repulsed the besiegers; and when he left, the breach was filled again with bodies of the besiegers slain.

'You here?' he said, spying Annandale, as he retired. 'This spot is dangerous.'

'To you as to me,' replied Annandale.

'You are a stranger, and I a Roman,' answered the soldier, proudly.

'True; yet we both love liberty, if not "liberty, equality and fraternity."'

'You love it not, I hope, as those five-and-forty thousand Frenchmen do, that have hoisted its banner piratically, that they may deal death-blows to liberty's friends?'

'Englishmen love not liberty thus,' replied Annandale.

'I know not how you Englishmen love liberty; methinks you love it for yourselves, and are jealous lest others should gain it.'

'You wrong us,' Annandale said: 'but this is not the time nor place for talking. Let me fight beside you, and show how I love liberty.'

'You may fall.'

'In freedom's cause some must fall: I should not be the first Englishman who has, with dying breath, grasping his broken sword, looked heavenwards, and shouted "Liberty!"'

'For Rome, then, brave Englishman, we fight!'

'For Romans and liberty!' said Annandale.

Shadowy evening was coming down on the city and battle-field. A stray cannon-shot, here and there, proclaimed that death would fain be sleepless that night. Sometimes a shell came whizzing into the city, and, lighting on roof-tops, scattered fragments of columns or basilicas over the ground. Sometimes a flash from the enemy's watch-fires set the Roman sentinels on their guard, lest a surprise should be attempted when Rome rested under the night.

While it was yet evening, Annandale and the Roman paced the ground near the walls. Just then there came the sharp crack of a rifle, and a ball whistled through the air. It did not come from the French: Annandale turned to see whence it came, as he knew it must have come from a traitor.

'Do not leave me!' exclaimed his friend, as Annandale was about to spring after the retreating figure of a man stealing away along the wall; 'do not leave me; I am wounded, I fear mortally.'

'The traitor!' said Annandale.

'Call our friends; get me to the hospital,' added the wounded man.

'Have you any private foe?' whispered Annandale, as some of the patriots carried his friend to that hospital that Gavazzi had established, where the wounded and dying Romans were attended by the ministering hands of their noble and fearless countrywomen.

'None.'

'Has any one wronged you?'

'No one, save the Jesuit I told you of, and he knows not that he has wronged me.'

'Ha!' replied Annandale, 'the Jesuit! Can that villain be, indeed, in Rome?'

'Doubtless he is; but what of that? He knows me not; I am certain of this.'

'You think he does not know you? He knows me; and much I fear that you have suffered in my stead, my friend.'

'Would that I had died on the wall before the foe, and not— not thus—by this traitor!'

'Hope on, for Rome's sake, still. You may not be wounded mortally, as you fear,' said Annandale.

And Annandale was right; so the surgeon said, when the

wounded man had been laid on a couch, and the wound had been seen to be a severe one, indeed, but, happily, not likely to prove a death-wound, under the gentle care of the Roman matron who came forward to smooth the pillow of the gallant officer whose name was in the mouth of every one that cared for Rome.

When Annandale returned to the wall, the soldiers crowded round him. By common consent he was placed in the post that their comrade had held. Though he had now become aware that it was doubly dangerous, he shrunk not from the post, for he longed to meet the Jesuit again. Thinking often of the matter, he became convinced that the shot had been intended for him, and that it had been fired by that same plotting member of the Jesuit Order who had been his bane, and was now, it seemed, his foe. Had there been a silvery moonbeam to light his resting-place by the wall that night, a joyous smile might have been seen upon his face. He heard the distant murmur of the camp beyond—he heard the measured tread of the sentinels within. All this told of war—of suffering—of death; and yet Annandale looked upwards, and smiled.

For he thought that the hatred of the Jesuit showed that *he* yet was feared; he thought that *she* must be in Rome, and that the Jesuit dreaded a rescue; he thought that the desperate venture of the villain was proof that his schemes might be baffled yet; and therefore Annandale smiled, in that night hour, though there was above him neither moon nor star, and the first cannon-ball of the morning might be his death-angel.

Annandale visited the sentinels then, and found them wakeful and watchful, especially the sentinel at the gate.

When he visited the sentinels early in the morning, the sentinel at the gate lay dead.

There was a fierce cannonade next day; a church not far off took fire. The Romans were active in trying to quench the flames, and when the besiegers saw them thus employed, the bombardment was continued with increased vigour. And now there was work for all. The gallant defenders of the walls, as brave as ever, saw the walls giving way before the crushing cannon-shots that came pouring in. Their ammunition began to fail, but not their courage, for the women of Rome went among the soldiers to cheer them, and bade their husbands and brothers fight on for the glory of the old Roman name. And they repulsed, again, the flower of Napoleon's army, that had come, with Papal blessing, to subjugate the people of Rome.

That night was a wakeful one with the Romans; they feared a night attack: but the army of France lay sleeping beneath its tents. Annandale went round the sentinels at night, but the sentinel at the gate was dead in the morning. There was a mysterious whispering among the soldiery next day. A strange officer, from a distant post, had been early among them, and warned them

to watch, for there was treason somewhere. They talked of their comrades' deaths, and could think them of no traitor, till some one called out, in a half-whisper—

'The Englishman!'

'He comes,' said a soldier, as Annandale appeared, and approached the Romans, as they stood grouped together near the gate.

'Well, my friends, what is this?' he said.

'Our comrades must have died through treason,' said the man who spoke first.

'I fear it,' replied Annandale.

'And who, think you, is the traitor?'

'Would that we knew!'

'And do we not know, think you?' asked the man, sneeringly.

'If any one knows him, point him out, till he meets the death he has treacherously dealt out to our brethren,' said Annandale, boldly.

A murmur of applause ran through the assembled group.

'Point him out? You could do that better than I,' replied the same voice.

'I?' exclaimed Annandale, in amazement; and then, as the truth flashed upon him, he said—

'Soldiers, arrest this man! We must know who he is, and what he does, daring to talk of treachery to one who has received command from the Roman Republic.'

The soldiers turned to seize the speaker, but they were too late. He had passed away, having done his work, as he did, once before, from the Vale of Strathearn. That night Annandale set a watch, but no one came; the sentinel at the gate was relieved next morning.

Annandale was now intent on discovering the traitor who had slain the two Roman soldiers, and then escaped. He doubted not that he knew the assassin, and hoped that the time had come when justice, at last, was about to overtake the plotter. By the sentinel at the gate, on the day after, stood an officer of the National Guard at a very early hour. He addressed the sentinel, and they had some talk of Rome—of the long, weary watch, that sultry June night, and of the intolerable thirst of the day. The officer held forth to his comrade a refreshing draught; the soldier took it, talked drowsily, and then slumbered.

Looking hastily round, and seeing no one, the officer took from his bosom a stiletto, and sent the soldier to a longer, deeper slumber than did the sleeping draught at the gate of Rome.

This done, there came to the gate a soldier of France: they talked in a whisper, and as they talked a moving mass was seen coming from the camp towards the gate in the grey light of morning. The Italian then pointed to the dead soldier, and held up a key, in token that the gate might be opened safely, for the Roman sentinel lay dead.

Just then his ear detected the sound of approaching footsteps, quietly coming on. The tread of feet was but light. He was well accustomed, however, to stealthy, cat-like motions, and he heard the sound; and, not caring to be found in converse with the enemy, while at his feet lay the cold form of a patriot warrior, he signed to the Frenchman a token of silence, and crept away, felon-like, from the gate.

He crept away, but it seemed as if he was followed. Yes, certainly he is, as he hastens along, passing rapidly through narrow streets, and keeping close to the walls of the houses.

He is followed; many feet come after him; they gain upon him too; if they overtake him he is lost. And they will have no mercy on him—they will not spare him, those Romans, if he be taken, no, not for an hour.

They gain upon him; where shall he turn? If he cannot soon find some place of refuge, he will never see the glorious triumph he dreamt of; and then to be baffled by *him*—that is worse than all. And to be baffled just at the very hour when the troops of the pontiff were ready, at his bidding, to enter Rome. They gain upon him; he hears their eager panting breath; he hears the clang of a sword point on the ground. Ay! that must be *his*. Holy Virgin, what a fate! so to be taken after slaying the Roman! To read triumph in the eyes of his foe, to hear the curses of the citizens, and then—to die!

No, he shall not be taken—he shall not die—he will baffle them yet, if he can but reach yon convent. A hard race man runs when he runs for life: it is such a dreadful thing to be just escaping, and then be taken, and die. Many a race is run for glory, for gain, for victory; but there is no race, on the broad course which the world presents to the runner, that can bear compare, for that space of time while heaven's eye is closing after a lightning flash—there is no race at all like that run when death is coming fast behind and life is on before.

He has run for life, and gained it too, for a hurried knock at the convent door is answered in a moment; the door is closed, and he is safe within the walls.

'Thanks,' he says, crossing himself, 'to St Ignatius and our Lady!'

But now at the door there stand the Roman soldiers. They have seen him enter, they are sure of that, and they will enter too, for Annandale is there.

It was a grim and ghastly door, of a grim prison, before which they stood. It was attacked now as it never had been before. Some of the men at it had broken the door of the Inquisition, and they were not to be baffled by the gate of a convent. Just then there went by a cannon, for the walls. Annandale called to the escort—

'There is a traitor here. Your cannon.'

And they loaded it with powder, and placed it before the door

It was fired; the smoke cleared off soon, and a cheer from the Romans showed that the door was rent in pieces.

'Stand at the door,' said Annandale to a soldier; and then cried, 'On, comrades! search the convent!'

A long and weary search they had; up the corridors, in the cells, and in the chapel. Every corner where they thought the traitor could have taken refuge was eagerly examined by those Roman soldiers, who burned to revenge the murder of their comrades, and to take the traitor that sought to betray Rome.

And Annandale.

With pale face and compressed lips he prosecuted the weary search. He was not satisfied with leaving the work to the soldiery; every spot was searched again, and examined by himself. His pale face, and lips compressed, told that it had been all in vain.

And now the soldiery are gathering to depart.

'He must have escaped,' said one.

'But how?' said another.

'They have secret doors in these convents; he seems to have known this one well,' added a third.

'The traitor! It is too bad!' continued a fourth.

'Silence!' said Annandale, as the sound of a key turning in a distant door was borne upwards to his ear.

'The vaults! To the vaults!' cried the soldiers, as they remembered that there were vaults to the convents in Rome.

Just then a female figure was seen, half frightened, on the stair; Annandale went forward. It was a nun, who, deaf, had not heard the noise, and was passing from her cell to the chapel below.

'Show us the vaults, lady,' said Annandale.

The deaf nun opened her eyes, and stared.

'She is deaf, it seems,' said a soldier; 'I will write it on the wall.'

He did so, and she pointed to a picture hanging in the corridor.

'She is mad, poor thing,' said Annandale.

'Not she,' said a Roman soldier, better versed in these things than Annandale. 'See here,' and he raised the picture; behind it was a door. The door was opened soon, for the soldiers were more eager now than ever; and from the door there was a flight of stone steps that seemed interminable in the darkness of the passage beyond.

'Get a light,' said Annandale; 'the traitor must have passed this way.'

And down the steps with the light rushed the Romans: they were sure that they had the traitor at last. Two doors stood at the bottom of the stairs. One was soon broken open; all rushed in; nothing was there—nothing but human bones.

'And now for the other,' said the Englishman, strangely excited by the pursuit of the wronger.

One blow sent the door to pieces—one step brought the pursuers within the dungeon, and there, in silent defiance of the patriots, stood the traitor, leaning against the wall.

‘It is he! The infernal Jesuit!’ said Annandale, as the Romans rushed forward to seize him.

‘Strike him down!’ said a Roman soldier.

‘Nay, Romans, spare him!’ said Annandale; ‘leave the work of the assassin to such as he!’

There was a faint cry in the corner of the dungeon. Annandale went forward to the spot, and bent down over a poor emaciated form. In a moment he had forgotten the traitor, as a feeble voice cried out—

‘I trust him still; he will save me. I shall never be a nun!’

‘Oh, Anna!’ cried Annandale, half maddened, ‘have we met at last but to part?’

‘But to part!’ said the Jesuit, springing forward to where Annandale was stooping down, and bathing with his tears the long, thin fingers that were cold—cold—cold. ‘But to part!’ he said, drawing forth that bloody stiletto that had done the work of murder in the morning, and sent the Roman soldier before the bar of God.

‘But to part!’

And then struck at Annandale’s stooping form. There was blood on the dagger, when a Roman soldier arrested the hand of that Jesuit plotter and assassin, that had done his last foul work that day.

For the Romans would not have been men to have spared the traitor still.

‘Die, villain!’ said a Roman who had seen his morning deed, and thought it was time that deeds like that should no longer be done in the name of God.

‘Die, villain!’ he exclaimed, as over the two prostrate forms the Jesuit fell; and the Jesuit, Ricci, died.

---

## CHAPTER XL.

It is a calm, still summer morning, in Florence the Beautiful. The murmuring whisper of the Arno seems like the breathing of the wakening day; it moves on among the streets with such a gentle sound, as the dawn comes softly down upon the city, and tints the water with rose. With the dawn comes a zephyr from the orange groves. It has kissed the white, fragrant blossoms, and comes breathing a perfumed breath on the brow of the sleeping city—the beautiful bride of the immortal past.

And in through an open window it comes, breathing on the

brow of a sleeping girl; and the flower-scented air moves gently over her face, and makes her dream delicious dreams of unbroken and perfect rest.

The face that rested on her arm was pale, as after a long and wearying struggle with the last great enemy of the mortal that, before the battle began, was so bright and fresh and fair. It was pale, but not pained and tortured by struggles for life. Its pallor was not that of death coming, but of death departing; not the paleness of the flower fading away, but of the flower that, long kept in dark and dreary places, blushes rose at the unwonted gaze of the glorious orb of light.

For that long, torturing life-death was over.

And the cold winter past, spring life was beating in the pulse of the sleeper—a life that was blossoming out into sweetest flowers of hope; while in through the open window came the balmy breath of the orange flowers, stealing up to kiss the pale brow that, after—oh! such a time of sorrow—was resting in perfect ease in the beautiful city of Florence. And now in her dream she smiles. Do her lips move a little; or is it the breathing of the air on her face that seems a whisper, the very lowest, from those lips of the sleeping fair one?

It is a whisper, and comes after her smile. She must have been dreaming pleasant dreams as the flowery breath breathed over her—as the gentle murmur of the Arno seemed the pleasant hushing sound that one hears sometimes in dreams.

And she says something in her whisper as she smiles. One single word it is. It comes forth as if it had been resting there among roses, and hardly liked to try, in exchange, the morning air.

But it comes forth, and seems to make her happier, even as she whispers it in her slumbers to the ear of the listening morn.

And the whispered word is—

‘Charles!’

Softly as the word was whispered, it wakened the sleeping nurse, who came forward to the place where Anna lay, and rubbing her eyes, which were not more than half open, she asked—

‘Did you call?’

‘I?’ said Anna, raising her head off the pillow; while the long, fair hair fell down over her shoulder.

‘Yes, I thought you wanted me; perhaps it was the gentleman?’

‘No,’ said Anna, ‘I did not call you; you must have been dreaming.’

‘I was not dreaming, lady. Some one may have been, though.’

‘Well, well, good nurse, never mind,’ said Anna, blushing; and wondering whether she had spoken in her sleep, and whether the nurse had heard her; wondering what she had said; very anxious to know, and yet very unwilling to exhibit her anxiety, and let the nurse know anything about it.

‘How do you feel yourself this morning?’ asked the nurse, smoothing down the pillow with her hand, and arranging the clothes,

'Better, thank you ; much better.'

'My ! how ill you were when you first came here from Rome !

'Do you think so ?'

'I never thought that you would recover ; so many English die in Florence.'

'Why, nurse, you talk very dolefully this morning.'

'Ah ! I should not talk so if I did not see how much better you are.'

'When shall we leave this, do you think ?'

'Oh, I do n't know ; not for a long time. You are much better, but not able to travel yet.'

'Not able to travel ? Did I not come here from Rome ?' asked Anna, smiling.

'Much as people travel when they attend their own funerals, that was,' replied the nurse.

'Come, now, nurse, this is too bad ; talk about something else. Is the revolution over in Rome ?'

'They say so.'

'How cautious you are. Are you afraid to talk about politics ?'

'It is best not to meddle with these things.'

'Well, tell me all about the people that are in Florence now.'

'There is the Archduchess, and the Prince of Baden, and the Grand Duke Alexander, and ever so many English lords and ladies. I cannot think of half their names,' replied the nurse, entering on this subject with volubility, after the manner of nurses in general, who are particularly fond of gossip of that sort, if they do not torture their patients with accounts of all the people that they have attended, and the dreadful sufferings such a person underwent, and the awful things spoken the night he or she died.

'Do you not remember the names of any of the English visitors ?'

'Not a single one. Yes, let me see. Do you know a Marquis of \_\_\_\_\_'

'I do not know any marquises,' said Anna. A slight knock at the door interrupted the conversation. The nurse opened it, and went out. There was a whispered conversation outside, and then the nurse returned with a lovely bouquet of the richest flowers that the gardens of fair Florence could supply.

'Oh, what lovely flowers !' exclaimed Anna.

'He asked if he might see you to-day,' said the nurse.

'Who ? The doctor ?'

'No ; Mr Annandale,' replied the nurse.

'Oh ! I suppose so,' said Anna, smelling the sweet flowers, and examining them one by one, as she lay on the pillow, with a flush on her face, a lovelier flower than any of them.

And so Charles Annandale thought, when he came in to see her by-and-by.

He sat down beside her, and took her pale hand between his own, and pressed his lips on the pale, thin fingers.

'You feel better to-day, nurse says.'

'Much better. Can we soon leave Florence?'

'In a week or two, the doctor says.'

'But I am nearly well now.'

'I fear you are not well enough to bear the long journey at present.'

'The travelling will do me good, I think.'

'I hope so, by-and-by,' replied Annandale.

'We were talking of the English arrivals when you came to the door this morning. Do you know any of them?'

'I was just about to say that a particular friend of mine, the Marquis of Castleford, has arrived no longer ago than yesterday.'

'How odd! Did he know you were here?'

'No; we met in the street, by accident.'

'As we met in Rome?'

'Ah! no, Anna; that was a Providence; it was no accidental meeting.'

'No, indeed; how very, very strange that you should have come just to that very place! Oh! it was an awful place,' said Anna, a shudder passing over her.

'Indeed it was, dearest girl; but do not think of it. After a long search I found you, at last.'

'And were you really searching for me?' said Anna, blushing deeply, and playing with the flowers in her hand.

'Anna!'

'I thought you would; he told me, too, that you had been in Paris; that was dreadful!'

'What?' asked Annandale, 'that I went to Paris?'

'Oh! no,' said Anna; 'but—but the way he—he told me.'

'Tell me how that was?' said Annandale.

Anna was silent.

'How was it, Anna?'

'I—I could not tell all.'

'Well, no matter. You are safe, thank God; and he——'

'You mentioned a friend of yours,' said Anna, anxious to change a topic that was getting involved almost past her powers of extrication.

'Yes; Lord Castleford. He is your friend, too, Anna, though you do n't know him yet.'

'Oh! And he is now in Florence?'

'He has come with his widowed mother and sister, and will return to England when they have got settled in a villa here. Perhaps we may all go together.'

'That will be pleasant for you,' said Anna, in a tone that left it rather a matter of doubt whether it would be just as pleasant for her.

'Why?' said Annandale, thoughtfully.

Just then the nurse returned, to say that two English ladies, in mourning, were below, and would be glad to see the invalid lady.

'Lady Castleford and her daughter, Lady Adeliza, I dare say, said Annandale, rising.

'Must I see them?'

'Not unless you feel strong enough.'

'I would rather not see them to-day.'

'Very well,' said Annandale. 'I think, perhaps, you are right; we had better get the doctor's permission first.'

'I think so. Good-bye.'

Annandale had to give an account, that day, to his friend, Lord Castleford, of his strange adventures at Rome. By his father's sudden death, Lord Oxborough had become a peer, and was to take his seat in the House of Lords next session. Annandale had heard his friend's story yesterday, and had promised now to tell his own. They walked to the Casine, where Annandale recounted the extraordinary circumstances connected with the discovery of Anna, and the final termination of the Jesuit's plotting.

When he got to the end of his story, and told of the Jesuit's death, the promenaders in the Casine were astonished to see Lord Castleford making a demonstration of delight, that would have startled them very much more if it had not been done by an Englishman, but being done by him was not considered very wonderful, after all.

'And that's the end of the villain!' he said; 'I knew it would all come right, Annandale; but is n't there another sister?'

'There is; I fear her recovery is hopeless.'

'Come, come, don't despond; depend upon it she, too, will be rescued.'

Anna was lying quiet in the house while Lord Castleford and Charles Annandale were walking.

She was half tired of resting now, a true sign of returning health and strength. And so she raised herself on her arm, and listened to the hum coming up from the streets, and the voices of the flower girls, offering their floral treasures to the crowds that came and went, in Florence.

When she was weaker, wearied in mind and body, she felt it was enough to rest, and live resting. But now, to-day, she felt so much stronger and began to think of home, and be impatient till the time arrived when she should see once more the hedges and the green fields of old England.

And then she began to think of aunt M'Intosh, of the Park, and the Sunday scholars, and wonder what had happened to them all that long time, when she was weary, weary, weary.

And Emily, she was often thinking of Emily. She had not talked much about her yet, for the doctor said she was not to talk much, and never about anything of an exciting nature, till she got better.

To-day she had felt much better, and talked to—yes, she called him 'Charles' now, when she was awake. She had talked to Charles about many things.

When he came to-morrow, she would talk to him about Emily, poor sister Emily. It was a dreadful thing to think now, that Emily was under those nuns when she, herself, was beginning to be so happy. She hoped Charles would come early to-morrow; she would, perhaps, be able to be up; and she wanted to have a long talk with him about poor Emily.

The door opened. She hoped it was Charles, but it was only the doctor.

'Better to-day?' he said, as Anna lay back upon the pillow, and blushed at her thought, and then felt half angry with the doctor for being the unconscious cause of her disappointment.

'Yes, thank you, doctor.'

'That is well; just let us see the pulse, now,' said the doctor, taking out his watch, and raising the patient's hand.

'Very regular, very regular,' he said; 'and the appetite? Eh! nurse?'

'Not very good yet, sir, but better.'

'Ah!' said the doctor.

'May I get up to-morrow, doctor?'

'Do you think you could bear it?'

'Oh! yes; I am sure I could; I should like to get up; I am tired lying here, so long.'

'Well, we shall see; I shall come early to-morrow, and if you are strong enough, we will let you get up for awhile.'

'Thank you, doctor; oh! thank you,' said Anna. There was a knock at the door. The nurse rose to open it, and found Annandale standing outside.

'I thought I should find you here, doctor. Is not your patient much better to-day?'

'Yes, she will soon be off my list, I hope,' replied the doctor.

'A certain young lady is very anxious to get home; do you think she might leave Florence soon?'

'In a week or so.'

'And then I shall see dear, dear England again,' said Anna.

'By the way, doctor, do you think it would do Miss Walpole any harm to receive the visit of two ladies to-morrow?'

'I hope not. I should think not; on the contrary, I think it would do her a great deal of good. That is, if she wishes to see the ladies.'

'Lady Castleford and Lady Adeliza are very anxious to see you, Anna. They know you are not likely to remain here long; and hey wish to serve you, if they can.'

'They are very kind, indeed,' said Anna; 'but——'

'But what?'

'I do n't want anything; you get me all I want.'

'Lady friends might find that you wanted something I could not supply, dear.'

'I am sure I do n't know what they could find that you have n't

thought of; I don't want them to come here finding out that you have forgotten this, and have not attended to that.'

'Oh!' said Annandale, smiling, 'I don't think they will be very critical, only very kind; I would like you to see them.'

'Very well; I am ready, then,' said Anna, as if the thing should be done, as a duty, because he desired it, though she did not expect any pleasure from it.

'Good-bye, then.'

'Are you going?'

'May I not?'

'I wanted to say something to you.'

'Then I shall not go, for a little; may the patient talk, doctor?'

'I believe if I said, "No," I should have my orders set at defiance; so I had better make a virtue of necessity, and say, "Yes;"' replied the doctor.

'Thank you, doctor,' said Anna, smiling; 'good-bye.'

'Oh! good-bye,' said the doctor, 'I am dismissed, I see.'

'I want to talk to you about Emily,' said Anna, when the doctor and the nurse retired.

'Had you not better wait till you are better?'

'No, I am quite better now; I want to talk about her and home.'

'You have not heard anything of Emily since you left home?'

'Oh! yes; *he* told me she had become a nun; but it may not be true.'

'Not true?'

'They sometimes say people have become nuns when they have not done so.'

'I fear, however, Emily is a nun,' said Annandale; 'I, too, heard this in Paris.'

'That would be dreadful; I am sure she never became a nun willingly.'

'It is said she did.'

'I do n't believe it; they must have deceived her; will you try and get her out, as you did me?'

'What can I do, dear girl? I tried and failed in her case; a kind Providence aided me in yours.'

'Will you try? Promise.'

'Need you ask a promise from me, Anna?'

'No, but I like to have a promise; I know you will do all you can. Do n't forget poor Emily, do n't!'

'I shall certainly try again, Anna; but I must see you safe and well in England first.'

'This Lady Castleford—is she a nice person?' asked Anna, then, curious to learn everything about her expected visitors.

'Very sensible, and much interested in your case.'

'And Lady Adeliza?' said Anna, slightly blushing, and looking attentively at the bunch of flowers.

‘Very lady-like and pleasant; I like other people better, however,’ replied Annandale, quietly.

‘Do you?’ asked Anna; ‘her brother, I suppose?’

‘Yes, I like her brother better; I like many other people, also, better.’

‘When do you think we shall get away from Florence?’

‘Lord Castleford must leave the end of next week; if the doctor thinks you can bear the journey, we may all go together.’

‘Will you come in with the ladies, to-morrow?’

‘If you like.’

‘I do like; they are strangers, you know, to me; I should never know what to do.’

And Annandale did come with them, and went away with them. They told him how much they felt for the dear girl, and they wished that they had been longer in Florence that they might have nursed her, and cared for her. They came every day while she remained, and brought flowers and fruit; and at last she was able to take a drive with them, among the orange and lemon trees, and feel what a delightful thing it was to be in the air, and free.

The journey to Leghorn was rather tiresome; but then there came the sea; and, after the first while, the sea-air was pleasant; and, besides, they were going home.

‘I say, Annandale?’ said Lord Castleford.

‘I am all attention,’ replied Annandale, leaning over the side of the steamer, while Anna rested on a couch, watching them.

‘What would you think of being member for Castleford?’

‘Is Castleford without a member?’

‘Yes; I have not been called up to the Lords, yet.’

‘But Lord Frederick will be the member, of course.’

‘Frederick does not care about Parliament.’

‘I think I should rest, now,’ replied Annandale; ‘I have had work enough for awhile.’

‘Oh! come, my dear fellow; you are just the man that is wanted in Parliament; besides, you know the thing would not be complete now unless you got into Parliament.’

After the sea-voyage they passed through France; not making very much delay in that beautiful land, as there were memories for two of the party that caused them to long to leave France behind, and gain the shores of free and happy England.

‘Home, at last!’ said Annandale, as the sun looked brightly out of the blue sky, and seemed never so proud and king-like as when he looked down upon England.

‘Home, at last!’ whispered Anna, leaning on his arm, and watching the steamer going in to the quay.

‘And now, that we have reached old England, will you give me a promise, Anna?’ said Charles. ‘You got one from me at Florence.’

‘You must tell me what it is first,’ said Anna, very busy watching the Union Jack coming running down the cord.

‘I would not breathe a word of the dearest wish of my heart while you were far from England. Now that we have reached England safely, promise to be mine.’

A silent pressure of the little hand that leant lovingly on his arm, was all that came, at that time, as answer; the sailors were making such a noise with the coil of rope; perhaps that was the reason.

The little silent pressure made Annandale happy; he knew that Anna loved him, and he looked down at the gentle face that was turned toward him, and then he whispered—

‘Thank God!’

A gentle voice came softly saying—

‘The passengers are all gone, Charles; at last we are at home; sweet, sweet home!’

---

## CHAPTER XLI.

‘Good gracious! Is it possible? Can I believe my eyes? Well, I declare, if it is n’t Mr Annandale!’ exclaimed John Connell, rushing forward to the door of a cab, that had just stopped opposite the mansion of the Marquis of Castleford in Belgravia.

‘Do n’t you know me?’ asked a sweet, quiet voice, in the corner.

‘A lady! A young lady! It can’t be —? Good gracious, it is Miss Walpole! Home again, Miss Walpole! home again, thank God! Jesuits baffled, and priests and nuns, and all; he! he! he!’ cried the good little man, in a perfect ecstasy, rubbing his hands together.

‘Do n’t you know me?’ said a manly figure, dressed in mourning, which had been standing by all the time.

‘Lord Oxborough!—no, Lord Castleford—I beg your pardon; I am not myself with wonderment; is n’t it strange, my Lord—is n’t it strange, Mr Annandale—that here we are all together again? Jesuits baffled, too!—but I knew it would come right; I knew it, and I said so.’

‘Strange, indeed!’ said the nobleman; ‘but let us come inside; the people are beginning to stare at us, and that is not pleasant, you know.’

‘Stare, my lord!—stare! If they knew all, I think they might well stare: something to stare at, too; which they have n’t always got when they do stare. I think they might stare; he! he! he!’

‘Well, well, I dare say they might; but remember the young lady, and do n’t keep her here for the crowd to gaze at.’

'Me? oh, no, no! I beg your pardon, Miss Walpole; but I'm so glad to see you—so *very* glad to see you! I forgot—I forgot! Jesuits and nuns and priests! baffled all of them, and you home at last; back to England! How glad they will be at the Park; he! he! he!'

At last they were all inside Lord Castleford's welcome mansion. Lord Castleford regretted that his mother and sister were not at home to do the honours; but he told Miss Walpole that he hoped she would make herself quite at home, and the housekeeper soon made her very comfortable.

'Stay for dinner, Mr Connell?' asked Lord Castleford.

'Never dined with a lord,' said honest John.

'Oh! nonsense, my friend; you will stay. We must talk over all our adventures; you must hear all about Miss Walpole's escape from the convent.'

'Thank you, thank you; I shall stay, then, my lord. Very anxious to hear all about it; very,' said John Connell.

'Of course you are; and the story is worth listening to, I promise you.'

Annandale thought, at dinner, of the last time he had been in that mansion. He was then going abroad, hardly daring to hope that, after ever so long a journey, there would be, at the end of it, rest and peace. And now they sat there, together; *she* was there quiet and still. It seemed strange to her to be free and happy again; she had not yet become quite at ease in her manner; but she would be so, by-and-by, at home.

And so Anna sat, talking little, but looking happy, till it became time to leave the gentlemen to themselves; and then, as she was tired with her journey, she went to the comfortable room that had been prepared for her, to take her first night's rest in England, after having returned to that land, her weary wandering over.

'Now, Mr Annandale,' said John Connell, as the door closed after Miss Walpole.

And Annandale told, briefly, the story of Anna's almost miraculous escape from that dark, dreary dungeon of Rome.

'So he is dead?' said John Connell, drawing a long breath, as if he felt relieved, beyond measure, by the knowledge that the cunning Jesuit was past plotting now.

'Dead!' said Annandale.

'His co-conspirator lives, though,' said John, thoughtfully; and then, to the amazement of Lord Castleford, and the astonishment of Annandale, Mr Connell made one spring up from his chair, and stood looking at them, with an expression of countenance that Annandale was utterly unable to understand.

'Look at a fool!' he said, 'my lord; look at a fool, Mr Annandale; look at John Connell, the greatest fool alive!'

'Why, Connell, what on earth do you mean?' exclaimed Lord Castleford.

'Mean, my lord? I mean that I'm a fool; I am sure of it—the greatest fool alive!'

'Pray sit down, Mr Connell, and explain yourself,' said Annandale.

'Well, well; I'll sit down. I'll tell my story, and then you'll see if I am not a fool; that's all.'

And then John Connell told the story of the visitors to Mr Prynn; the night departure; and the nun dragged unwillingly into the convent, mournfully crying, 'Let me go home!'

'Ain't I a fool, now?' asked John, rising again from his chair, and looking into Annandale's face.

'It must have been she,' said Annandale, thoughtfully. 'it must have been she.'

'Miss Emily Walpole?' said Lord Castleford.

'Yes; I am sure of it,' replied Charles.

'So am I, now; why did I not think so in time?' Mr Connell said, and then sat down again, covering his eyes with his hand.

'What will you do, Annandale?' asked Lord Castleford.

'Really, I do not know: we must think over the matter.'

'How will you find out whether this nun be indeed Miss Walpole's sister?'

'That is just what puzzles me.'

'They won't tell you at the nunnery, that's very certain.'

'I do n't think they will: yet perhaps they will not be so very much on their guard, now that the other sister is rescued, and the Jesuit dead.'

'But do they know of the death of Ricci, and the escape of Miss Walpole?'

'I dare say they do; I dare say they know even our arrival here to-day.'

'I should be glad to help you, Annandale, if I knew how; but I do n't, positively,' said Lord Castleford, after a pause, leaning his elbow on the table, and pressing his upper-lip with the point of his finger.

'Can't we get a warrant to search the convent?' said John Connell.

'Eh?'

'If we could get a warrant to search the convent, we might go there to-morrow,' replied the attorney, his whole heart being now engaged in the cause of Emily Walpole.

'But can you? I doubt it,' said Charles.

'You must have some good evidence to produce,' Lord Castleford suggested.

'And, after all, we have nothing but surmises,' added Annandale. 'We may be convinced, but impartial parties would be very incredulous.'

'Your impartial persons are always far too incredulous when any case, involving culpability on the part of the Romish system, calls for action, or even for investigation,' said Lord Castleford.

Annandale and John Connell went, next day, to try whether the law of England could be made available. Charles Annandale laid a few particulars of the case before the presiding magistrate, who listened very attentively; and then interrogated Mr Connell on the subject of the mysterious incarceration of a female in the convent.

'There is compulsory imprisonment, you think?' he said to John Connell.

'Not a doubt of it, your worship; not a doubt of it. She wanted to get home; that she did,' replied John.

'And you saw them force her into the convent?'

'Didn't I? My name is n't John Connell if I did n't, your worship. She did n't go in there with her will; that she did n't.'

'Do you know who this person is?' asked the magistrate.

'We think we do; we want to be certain,' replied Annandale.

Well, I shall have a warrant made out,' said the magistrate; 'but stay, are you the brother of the person you believe to be shut up in this place?'

'No,' Annandale replied.

'Are you her father, then?' he asked John Connell.

'No, your worship; no relation; a sincere and earnest friend, though.'

'And I—I am a friend, also, but not related to the lady' added Charles.

'Neither of you are related, then?'

'No; neither of us.'

'I am sorry, then, I cannot help you; the law will not permit me to interfere.'

'What, sir! not to get her out?'

'I regret to say, not. Has she no near relative?'

'She has an aunt in Scotland,' said Annandale.

'This aunt should come then; she is the proper person to interfere. Let her apply to me for a warrant.'

'The young lady may be dead by that time; or sent back to France, where they brought her from,' said Annandale.

'I can't help it,' replied the magistrate, steeling himself up against the enthusiasm of the applicants, and adhering rigidly to the sense of his duty to the law of England.

'A plague on this law,' said John Connell; 'though I say it, that should n't say it. Rogues get off, and honest men suffer; that's the way with the law of England.'

'We must get her out,' said Annandale, energetically.

'That we must, if we could be sure that she is in,' replied Mr Connell.

'What, suppose we set a watch upon the convent?'

'Good; but who shall we set to watch? That's the thing; a watch is good sometimes, and bad sometimes; sometimes it puts rogues on their guard, and sometimes rogues are caught by it.'

'I think a detective would be the best person.'

'So do I; well, the sooner we get one the better; shall we set about it at once? It is very clear the magistracy can't help us or won't help us; either one thing or the other,' said Mr Connell.

'Well, we must try and help ourselves,' said Annandale.

'Were n't the two Miss Walpoles twins?' asked John Connell, when they had walked on for a considerable distance without speaking; each being busy revolving in his mind various plans for the rescue of Emily Walpole; never for a moment doubting that it really was Anna's sister that was enclosed within the convent walls.

'Yes; why?'

'Were they at all like each other? I think I have heard they were; I saw very little of them latterly.'

'Like! I believe their own aunt scarcely could distinguish between them,' replied Annandale.

'That may help us,' said Mr Connell, thoughtfully.

'How?'

'Why, do n't you see, if we could get any one in the convent to see Miss Anna, the person would at once imagine that the other sister had escaped; at least it is very probable. I think so; we might surprise them that way; do n't you think it could be managed; eh?'

'Not a bad idea,' exclaimed Annandale.

'I think not; we won't need the detective, if we can manage this plan well. I would rather we could keep the matter to ourselves; these Jesuits have such infernal ears.'

'Well, how shall we manage?'

'Have n't thought yet, Mr Annandale; mean to think about it as we go along; like to think when I'm walking; do n't you? I can think far better when I am walking and plan far better.'

'Very well; I hope you will devise some plan likely to be successful.'

And so they walked on; each engaged in planning; each busy with his thoughts as he walked along the crowded streets of London, carefully avoiding, as if by intuition, the shoulders of passengers on the footpath, which often send the unwary pedestrians spinning into the mud, or right in the way of a furiously-driven cab, that seems as if on the look-out for some one to run over.

'Mr Connell?'

'Here I am; any plan yet?'

'Suppose we took Miss Walpole to the convent-gate and knocked, without saying anything at all to her on the subject?'

'Well?'

'The "sister" at the gate might be struck by the likeness; and, if not on her guard, might afford some corroborative evidence to the truth of our suspicions.'

'An excellent plan; just what I was thinking of, at the time you spoke; an excellent plan; let us try it to-morrow.'

'There is no time to be lost,' replied Annandale. 'We should be prepared, also, to act promptly, provided we find that Miss Emily Walpole is really in that convent.'

'Not a doubt of it; life or death may be dependent on our immediate action. What should we do? you know more about convents than I do; what ought we to do if she be there? and there she is, without a shadow of doubt?'

'What should we do? Get her out.'

'Certainly! of course; but how? that's the thing!'

'Break open the convent door, if there be no law in England to save her,' said Annandale.

'You must take care, Mr Annandale; you must take care; there may be no law to save her, but the law won't let you off so easy if you resort to violence.'

'Do n't talk to me of the law,' said Annandale, turning round in the street, and looking into John Connell's face.

'Well, well; do n't quarrel with John Connell; he'll do as much as any one, if he once finds that Miss Walpole is shut up, and wants to get out; poor bird!'

'That's right, man; now you speak like yourself,' Annandale said, taking his hand, to the manifest discomfiture of a curious old lady that was thereby checked in her attempt to hear what they were saying, while she passed between them on the path; which she found herself quite unable to do, in consequence of this junction of hands.

'Oh! my!' exclaimed the lady, looking at them; determined to see if she could not hear.

'Yes, madam,' said John, raising his eyes, and looking quizzically at Annandale.

Next morning, Charles asked Anna to accompany him and Mr Connell, for a drive to the suburbs. Anna imagined that she was to see botanic gardens, or something of that sort, and never thought of asking where they were going.

John Connell took his seat on the fly, beside the driver, that he might quietly give directions as to the route they were to adopt.

By-and-by they came to a stop at the convent gate.

'A convent!' exclaimed Anna. 'Oh! Charles!'

'Hush! dearest; do n't be frightened; you are safe,' he said.

'Safe with you, I know; but why come here?'

'We shall see.'

And Charles handed her from the carriage, and knocked at the door.

It was opened by a nun, who started at seeing gentlemen; and looking narrowly at Anna, exclaimed,—

'St Joseph! if it be not Sister Lucilla!'

And then the 'sister' left the door open, and ran off to proclaim the tidings that 'Sister Lucilla' was outside the convent.

'What does she mean? I am not a "sister;" oh! Charles, don't let them call me that! Why do they call me "Sister Lucilla?"'

Can—oh! can—can Emily be here; tell me; tell me quick; I think so, by your look; do you know?’

‘We do not know: we think she may; but hush, Anna; don’t let them hear you, or it will spoil all.’

‘I will be very quiet, Charles, trust me;’ and then she said, speaking lower, ‘Emily, *dear* Emily.’

Just then there came to the gate an old woman, who had been doing some work inside the convent.

‘Holy Mary!’ she said, ‘but they’re as like as two paise!’

‘Who?’ asked Annandale.

‘An’ is it yerself, Misther Annandale; an don’t ye know me? I’m the sister o’ the ould man as used to nurse the young pigs for yer adgent, in Ireelan’, so I am; and Father O’Toole sent me over here, till Mr——, och! bother, but me mimory’s none o’ the best; but here he comes, any how,’ pointing to the Rev. Mr Prynne, who just then came up to the convent gate.

‘Well, Biddy,’ he said, ‘prating here, instead of working?’

‘Och! Lord love ye, sir; sure an wan may be talkin’ to their ould masther.’

‘Ha! who is he?’

‘Him here, sir; Mr Annandale!’

If the reverend gentleman had been afraid of being shot, he could not have made off quicker than he did, when that name was pronounced. He seemed to know something of Annandale, though he had not recognised him at first, and Annandale knew a good deal about him.

‘He comes to see her, sir, whiles,’ said Biddy Trainor.

‘Who?’

‘Him, sir!’

‘Whom does he come to see, though? Be quick now, and tell!’

‘This young lady’s pictur’; they call her Sister Lucilla, I’m thinkin’.’

‘That will do; you must come with me—what’s your name?’

‘Biddy Trainor, yer honour.’

‘Well, Biddy, you must come with me,’ said Charles.

‘But the clargy, yer honour?’

‘Never mind, I’ll make it all right by-and-by, and give you as good wages as you get for working here.’

‘I’ll stay here,’ said John Connell.

‘Very well; I shall return immediately,’ said Annandale.

When Annandale reached Lord Castleford’s, he found Lord Frederick there. He had heard of Annandale’s return, and met him with a smiling face.

‘I wish you joy, Mr Annandale,’ he said, ‘of your escape from that infernal Rome, under such happy circumstances.’

‘Thanks, Lord Frederick; is Lord Castleford in?’

‘He has been out these two hours, I believe; and won’t return till dinner time.’

‘I am sorry for that.’

'Why? anything wrong?'

'No; is there any one in the library?'

'It is empty; come in there if you have anything to say.'

'We have found the place where the other Miss Walpole is confined,' said Annandale, 'and yet there is no law which will enable us to get her out.'

'Are you perfectly sure that she is in this convent?'

'Perfectly.'

'What's to be done? Get her out we must; if the law won't do it, we must do it in spite of the law.'

'But how?'

'Can't you get some of their own people to come down? Where's Mr Connell? He and I can watch the convent, while you go to the Park for some of the strong fellows that are sure to be there, and would like nothing better than to aid in rescuing their young mistress from the nuns.'

'You are right, Lord Frederick; not a moment is to be lost. Will Lord Castleford's people have an eye to this woman? her evidence may be important. Miss Walpole will be well taken care of; let us return to Mr Connell.'

And back to honest John they went; he heartily approved of the plan suggested, and Annandale started off by the next train, and was not very long till he reached the Park.

'Well, Thompson,' he said, as he stood on the door-steps, 'all right at last. I hope your young mistresses will soon be home.'

'Both, sir?'

'Yes; but both are not yet free.'

'How, sir?'

'One is still in a London convent.'

'In a convent, sir? in London, sir?' exclaimed Thompson, in amazement.

'Yes, and you must help to get her out too.'

'Hurrah!' said old Thompson; 'but how, sir?'

And Annandale told him his plans.

'They will go, sir; the whole country will go; I will gather them; old Thompson won't spare himself now.'

Nor did he; and fifty stalwart men were gathered ere long, eager to bring home the young lady to the Park, and then boast all their lives that they were at the doing of it.

And at the convent gate they stood, on an autumn evening. Not very much they cared for the sound of the convent bell. It reminded many of them of the day that the joy-bells were ringing, when the young lady never came home.

But home they would have her now, and her sister too, in spite of Jesuits, and cardinal, and Pope, and all.

Annandale knocked at the door; it opened, and in they rushed, to the great dismay of the 'sister' that held the keys in Peter's place. John Connell and six sturdy fellows kept the gate, and Annandale, Lord Frederick, and the rest rushed in.

At the door they were confronted by the abbess.

'You shall suffer for this violence,' she exclaimed 'if there be law in England.'

'Hold your tongue, woman,' said Lord Frederick, 'and bring Sister Lucilla here.'

'No sister of that name is in the convent.'

'It is false,' exclaimed Annandale; 'more of the holy lying of your system!'

'She is dead!' said the abbess, bitterly.

'Another lie!' replied Annandale, and then losing all patience, he exclaimed, 'Search the convent, men; she must be here, or else they have murdered her.'

'Begone!' said the abbess, 'wretched men; begone, and violate not the retreat of the poor servants of our Blessed Mother!'

'Stand aside,' said Lord Frederick, 'we will not harm you; but we must find this sister.'

And just then there came creeping along the wall, and balancing herself with her hand, a thin, pale figure, clad in the dismal dress of the nun-slaves of Rome.

She came, panting for breath, and almost falling; till Annandale sprang forward and caught her, ere she fell.

She fainted in his arms, and gasped for breath.

'Get some water,' he said to the abbess; but not a foot she stirred.

One of the men ran to the gate, and got some water in a house hard by. A little of it Annandale poured between her lips; a little of it he sprinkled over her face, and at last she opened her eyes, and said, faintly,—

'Take me home.'

'Yes, Emily, we shall take you home; fear not, you are safe.'

And then she closed her eyes. Annandale looked at Lord Frederick, and they raised her in their arms and bore her away; safe beyond those convent walls.

'You shall suffer for this!' said the abbess, furiously.

'Silence, woman,' exclaimed a big, surly fellow, from the Park. 'You would have murdered the young lady, and us stand by and see it.'

Lord Frederick and Annandale laid Emily gently in the carriage that awaited them outside. Annandale supported her drooping head, and let it rest on his shoulder quietly. And so they took her to Lord Castleford's, and laid her in a white-curtained room. She and Anna were together again that night, once more; but poor Emily was weak and weary.

When the carriage drove off, John Connell gave the keys to the nun. She lost no time locking the gate, when the last of the party had retired; and she stood listening at the gate, as the men did not at once move away.

And the abbess stood at the gate and crossed herself, mingling maledictions and Ave Marias, and talking of the law of England.

Just then a loud shout startled the abbess at her prayers. The men were rejoicing that the young lady was free.

The shout of these brave, honest Englishmen was triumphant and joyous as they again and again repeated,

‘Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!’

The chimes of a distant church took up the echo of the voices; and through the air there came a sound of tinkling bells,

‘Dingle, dangle, dong; dingle, dangle, dong.’

---

## CHAPTER XLII.

THE leaves were whirling rustlingly off the trees, startling the deer upon the lawn, when they came home again to the Park. The crisp, brown leaves of chestnut and beech were mingling with the ash-leaves, in the avenue; and over the leaves rolled the wheels of the carriage that was bringing the Walpoles home.

It was evening, and the deer raised their heads as the rumbling of the wheels broke their slumbers. Some wood-pigeons flew out of a thick clump, at the gate, and made the swallows dive under their rustling wings, as the pigeons came dashing in among the swallows, where the swallows were chasing the evening insects, as they rose in spiral clouds, in the clear, thin, blue air.

The carriage drove slowly up the avenue, and then stopped at the door, where old Thompson stood to welcome the dear ladies back: he had mourned them as dead lilies, long ago.

When it stopped, old Thompson went forward to the door; but the sight of Emily’s pale, thin face, and long white fingers, as she stretched her hand out towards the faithful servant, brought blinding tears to the old man’s eyes, and he had to turn away to hide them. And he could not hide them, for they came thicker and faster; would not be stopped, but flowed mournfully; in that unchecked tide of flooded grief that makes it such a sad and mournful thing, the flow of an old man’s tears.

Anna’s foot rested but lightly on the step, as Charles gave her his hand. Poor Emily was weak and shaken, and was borne gently into the house, by the same brave arm that rescued her from the dreary convent, where they were watching the progress of her life-leaf, as it turned from the hue of summer to the tint that told of its coming fall.

‘Dear home!’ said Anna, as she entered the hall, and then she turned to kiss her sister,—down whose pale cheeks the tears were flowing, as she thought how happy it would be to be at home with Anna, and not die in the convent among the nuns.

But she did not wish to damp Anna’s joy, for Anna was so very happy to be back again at the Park.

'Has aunt come?' asked Anna, as old Thompson came forward, at last.

'Yes, darling, we are here,' said Mrs M'Intosh, as she and her husband came in from a visit to Mr Anderson, bringing with them that worthy man.

And then she kissed Anna, and stooped long and tenderly over the long-lost lamb.

'My darlings,' she sobbed out, kneeling down beside Emily and taking Anna's hand in her own.

'And uncle, dear uncle!' said Anna, withdrawing her hand, and going up to Mr M'Intosh, who was pressing his left hand over his eyes, and seemed struggling hard to repress the gushing tears that would come, after all.

'Mr Anderson, too; old friends at home!' Anna said, as she took the old clergyman's hand between her own, and heard his half-inaudible,

'God bless you!'

And then, by common consent, Mr M'Intosh and Mr Anderson went forward to where Annandale stood, and Anna's uncle said earnestly,

'And God bless a brave friend, too!' while Mr Anderson said nothing at all, but shook Annandale by the hand, as if he had a long arrears of daily welcomes to pay, and he intended to pay them all off at once, that evening.

But where was our friend, John Connell? He would not come to the Park at all, that night, not he. He did n't want to be praised for this, and praised for that. He had done his duty, just; nothing more; and he did not see why in the world such a fuss was to be made about people when they only did their duty, because they could n't help it. But he would tell them what: If any one came near the Park to molest them; if any of these—plague them, he would n't name them—but if any of them ever came near the dear ladies again, just let them send for John Connell, and see whether he would or would not be ready to come then.

Anna and Emily slept in the old room that night. It was such a long, long time since they were there, it seemed; and now, when at last they were home again, with the thought that they had come back to the place they so dearly loved, was the feeling that each was conscious of, yet neither had expressed, that they were soon, again, to part!

And that night, as Anna lay awake, but silent, for she thought that Emily slumbered, a voice whispered softly,

'Dearest Anna!'

'Well, darling?'

'Do not be sorry for what I have to say to you.'

'What is it, dear sister? tell me.'

'I am going away to mother.'

'Oh! Emily! my own sister, Emily!'

'Yes, pet; I am going, but you must not be sorry. I am going to heaven.'

'You will get better, I hope, now, dear, that you have come back to our home,' said Anna, weeping.

'I am so glad that we have come back; I should feel very happy at home; but, dearest Anna, I suffered too much in that dreadful place ever to get better here.'

'You are wearied to-night, darling; the journey has tired you dreadfully.'

'Travelling tires me now; it did not when we went—you remember the time, Anna?—away to the lakes, with—'

'I remember,' whispered Anna.

'And you remember the day you were nearly drowned at Lodore; I thought that was dreadful; but I knew after, that there were far more dreadful things than being drowned at Lodore.'

'Yes, dearest Emily, far more dreadful things.'

'And he came—Mr Annandale—how I longed and longed for his coming, when I lay in the cell of the convent. I thought he would come, and he did come, at last.'

'He did; to both of us; God sent him.'

'Ay, God sent him, Anna; He sent him to bring me back here to be with you before I went home.'

And then there was a pause. Anna was silently weeping; and after awhile she said,

'Do you know something, darling; shall I tell you to-night?'

'Yes, tell me, Anna, if—it is something pleasant.'

'Do not think me selfish, for speaking of it to-night, darling; I think it may make you happy.'

'Tell me then.'

'You were talking of—of Mr Annandale.'

'Yes,' said Emily.

'Would you like him as a brother?'

'How, Anna?'

'Can you not guess, darling?'

'I know what you mean,' said Emily.

'Well, Mr Annandale—Charles—says he loves me, and has for a long, long time.'

'And you love him?'

'Yes, dearest.'

'And you will be married soon?'

'Not soon; not till you are better.'

'You will not miss poor Emily when she is gone.'

'Oh! Emily, you will break my heart if you talk this way.'

'I won't then; it is wrong; I know you will be sorry for poor Emily.'

'And Charles will be very sorry, too.'

'Will he? do you think so? I am glad of that; I should like people to be sorry for me when I died.'

'And aunt M'Intosh; oh! she looked so mournfully at you, when she saw how pale and ill you were.'

'Poor aunt M'Intosh! How happy we were with her, in Scotland. I never was happy since, Anna.'

'Had you not better try and sleep, darling? You are wearied now, and you will be better, I hope, in the morning.'

'No! I want to talk. Do you remember the night our own dear mother died?'

'Oh! I could not forget that sad night.'

'I saw her last night, just as she left our bedside, then I know I shall go to her soon.'

'I often dream of mother,' said Anna.

'Yes; do you remember we both dreamt of her, before *he* came?'

'Mother is happy, in heaven, with Jesus. I hope we shall both be with her, by-and-by.'

'Yes, Anna, I hope so; there will be no Jesuit there to keep us from those we love.'

'Now rest, darling; I feel your heart beating terribly. Do not talk more to-night, my own Emily.'

'Well, I will rest; let me lie closer to you; we shall soon enough be parted.'

'But we shall meet again.'

'Ay, we shall meet; we have met after weary, weary hours, to rest at home; we shall meet, after all is over, to rest in a sweeter home than this.'

Emily was too tired to come down-stairs next day.

When she came into the drawing-room, the day after, old Thompson appeared, to ask if the little Sunday scholars—young girls, now—might see their dear teacher again, as they were all waiting in the hall, and begged hard to see Miss Emily.

'Yes,' Emily said; 'let them come up.'

And they came up, Anna leading the way, to the place where Emily lay, resting on the sofa; and when they came, and saw her lying on the sofa, so pale and sad, there was not a girl among them that did not burst into tears.

'And you have come back, dear Miss Emily?' said one.

'Yes, Mary, for a while.'

'Do n't go away again, please, Miss Emily,' said another rosy-checked maiden.

'No, Susan; not while I can stay among you.'

'Oh! Miss Emily, I feel sore, to see you so bad,' said a gentle, timid girl, that seemed almost as pale and wan as Emily, though she had come in, with the rest, to see the young lady, and to bid her welcome home.

'May we come on Sunday, ma'am?' asked a lively little black-haired thing, that seemed hardly larger than the last time she stood beside Emily's knee, before Emily left the Park, at that terrible parting-time.

'I am afraid I shall not be able to give any more Sunday lessons, Alice,' said Emily, mournfully. 'I fear I shall only see you once or twice again.'

'Oh! Miss Emily! dear, dear, Miss Emily,' sobbed out the pale-faced girl, and tears were in the eyes of all, though they did not speak, as did the poor girl that seemed about to take the journey that Emily expected to take, ere long.

And then old Thompson came in, and Emily made him sit down, and the poor old man began to tell about the little dead dove, and then he broke down in his story, happening to look up at his young mistress that seemed meek and mournful as the dove, the day before it died.

And aunt M'Intosh sat beside Emily, and did not speak very much, though she seemed to sympathize with the sorrowful figure that lay resting at home at last.

Anna and Charles went to visit the old pensioners. Some of these old family friends were dead, and the rest were going down into the steep valley that is all clouds and darkness at the bottom, though for some there is hope and joy, the sun and moon of heaven shining on the hills beyond.

'Do you remember, Charles,' asked Anna, 'the time I wanted to know why uncle M'Intosh would not take me to the Park?'

'Perfectly, dearest.'

'Do you know, I wonder, why he did not tell me what you were going about?'

'That was entirely my fault, Anna.'

'Yours?'

'We intended to surprise you by bringing you back to the Park after the trial was over.'

'Oh! Charles—' sighed Anna, and then was silent.

'Why do you sigh, love?'

'It is all over now, but if—if I had only known, I never should have gone with that man—never!'

'You do not know how much I suffered on that account, dearest girl, or you would not speak of it now.'

'Poor Charles!'

'It was a great error, dearest, but we never dreamt that Ricci—great a villain as he was—would take you away when he had been pronounced an impostor.'

'It was dreadful; oh, Charles, why do not the people of England drive out these Jesuits?'

'I know not, dearest; they would laugh at us if we told your story.'

'It is strange.'

'Very strange. I have never thought so little of my country as since I have found it so inert and apathetic in Protestant matters.'

'I like Lord Castleford, Charles.'

'I was sure you should; he is a noble fellow in every sense of the word.'

'Is he not going to be married?'

'I believe so.'

'Do you know the lady?'

'Very well; I have known her since he and I were at Oxford together.'

'What is her name?'

'Miss Wilmington.'

'Wilmington? I seem to have heard that name before.'

'Perhaps I may have mentioned it.'

'I think not, I think I must have heard it—yes—I am sure I did—from *him*.'

'The Jesuit?'

'Yes.'

'How? when?'

'Let me try and remember. It must have been when he and that other man were travelling together. I am certain, now, it was; they mentioned Mr Wilmington I think as a friend, and one likely to be useful to their cause.'

'The traitor.'

'Who? Ricci?'

'No; Wilmington.'

'Why, Charles?'

'The fellow was a college friend of mine, and is now, I believe, a clergyman, though I am convinced a pervert to the Church of Rome.'

'Do you like his sister?'

'I do.'

'Does Lord Castleford know what the brother is?'

'I think he does not know all.'

'Should you not tell him?'

'I could not, he loves May—Miss Wilmington, so much, and she is every way worthy of his love.'

And then, as they were returning, they walked silently along for some distance, till Anna broke the silence, and said—

'Is not Emily very pale and thin?'

'Very.'

'Do you think she will get better, Charles?'

'I hope so.'

'But do you think so?'

'Why, Anna?'

'Because she does not, and—and I—I do not like to think about it at all; but when I do think about it, I feel very, very sad.'

'We must try and say "God's will be done," whatever may happen to us, Anna.'

'Yes, dear Charles, I know; but I am very sorry that poor Emily is so ill just now, when she had got back to home, and friends, and all.'

'But would it not have been a far sadder thing to think of Emily, weeping and weary in a convent prison, and to have been sure that she was, if living, pining away, and longing in vain to get home?'

'Indeed it would, Charles; but it seems so hard to think that

our happy home has been made so wretched, all by that one man.'

It is very sad, Anna; I mourn to think of it: but it will be all over at last; and by you, by her, and by *him*, will the Judge of all the earth do right.'

And then they went up-stairs to Emily, and Charles took her pale, thin hand, and she looked trustingly up in his face, as if there was one at least who had been true through all, and had come, when darkness and despair were gathering round her, to save her from despair and darkness.

And in the fine autumn days, when the sun came out bright and clear, a pale and worn figure was wheeled down the avenue in a Bath chair, by an old man who seemed hardly able to roll the invalid along, and yet said that it should be done by no one else than him.

Sometimes there would walk by the side of the invalid a gentle sister; and sometimes a young village girl would come blushing up to ask after 'dear Miss Emily.'

One day a swallow flew past; it was late in autumn then.

'I shall never see the swallows again, Thompson,' said a weak voice, in a tone of sadness.

'God knows, Miss Emily,' said the faithful old servant.

'I know that I never shall, Thompson; you have been trusty and true to us; I know you will be sorry when I am gone.'

'Oh! dear, dear Miss Emily, do n't talk about going; my poor old heart has been near breaking many a time, and it will surely, surely, break now.'

'I cannot help going, Thompson; I am glad that, when I do go, I shall only go from one dear home to another, and not—not die in that horrid place so dark, and damp, and cold.'

'Dear, dear Miss Emily.'

'You must take my little chair, Thompson; the little chair I had when I was a child. I know that there is nothing in the house you care about half so much as the little chairs that Anna and I had when we were children. You must take my little chair, Thompson, and you must look at it sometimes, and then you will think of poor Emily, as she was when she was a happy little child.'

'Oh! do n't, do n't, Miss Emily.'

'I must talk to you now, Thompson. I can talk better when I am in the air; the fresh air is so pleasant to breathe. I think far more of it now than I did when I used to play about. You remember, Thompson, when I was a little child?'

'I do indeed remember that time well, Miss Emily,' sobbed the old man.

'And my poor little dove, it died from sorrow, I suppose? I know you took care of it; I am sure you were very sorry, Thompson. I am going to die just like my little dove, and I know you will be sorry for me.'

‘Oh! stop, Miss Emily!’

‘Do n’t you see that leaf falling, Thompson? The tree is nearly bare now; the sun comes too late to make that leaf bright and green; that leaf falls upon the ground, it is withered and dead. They have been very cruel to me, Thompson. I am withered too, and will soon be dead.’

‘But there will be green leaves on the tree again, Miss Emily; and you may be better yet.’

‘Green leaves! Ay! and when they come poor Emily will not be here. The trees will be bright and green in spring, and the little birds will twitter and sing among the branches; but when the birds build their nests among the trees, Emily will not be at the Park to see them.’

‘Oh! oh! Miss Emily.’

‘No, Emily will have gone away; and she will be sorry to go too, Thompson. Not that she will not be glad to go to heaven, to be with the kind Saviour that has brought her home; but she will be sorry to leave the old home just when she has come back to it—the old home where she was so happy when she was a little child, and sat in the little chair that’s in the library; do n’t you remember, Thompson?’

‘Had we not better go in now, Miss Emily?’

‘Yes, let us go in, I shall not be out any more, dear Thompson, till I go out not to come back again. I feel to-day that this is the last time you and I shall be out together, just as we used to be, when you told me stories, and I was a little girl, Thompson. See, there is the swallow again; it is flying away, away; it will come back by-and-by, and when you see it, you will think of me, Thompson. Good-bye, swallow! I shall never see you more. When it comes back in the sunny spring days, when the pale primroses are shining among the green grass, I shall be far away, Thompson; and you will think of the happy time when we used to be together, Anna, and I, and mamma; when Anna and I were children, long, long ago.’

---

## CHAPTER XLIII.

‘MAMMA, mamma, here is Mr Annandale,’ exclaimed Jackie Baring, running into the parlour almost out of breath, catching sight of Charles Annandale coming up the avenue.

‘Nonsense, my dear child, you are dreaming,’ replied the lady, hurriedly bundling some things into a cupboard in the parlour, nevertheless.

‘Indeed, indeed, mamma, I am not, reiterated the active little

fellow, jumping about the sofa and very much incommoding his mother in her effort to get the parlour into something of an orderly appearance.

'Oh, you must be, Jackie!'

'Well, you'll see, mamma; just wait,' said the little boy; and then, as 'rap, tap, tap' was heard at the hall door, Mrs Baring became convinced, and Jackie cried out in delight—

'Now, mamma!'

And then he ran off to the door, and opened it as quick as he could, to let Mr Annandale in.

'Well, Jackie, how are you?' asked Charles.

'Very well, thank you, Mr Annandale. Mamma's in the parlour.'

'And papa? Is he quite well?'

'Oh, quite! thank you. How are you, Mr Annandale?'

'I am perfectly well, Jackie; what a great fellow you have grown since I was here before.'

'It is so long since you were here, papa says, Mr Annandale.'

'Does he? Naughty papa, to say that about me,' said Annandale, with a serio-comic expression.

'Papa is n't naughty, papa's good,' replied Jackie, seriously, holding down his head, more than half offended.

'Indeed he is, Jackie. Never be ashamed to defend your father,' said Annandale.

'Welcome to Ireland,' said Mr Baring, coming in just then.

'I was glad to hear you had returned home in safety.'

'Thanks, Baring; your little fellow has been defending you here.'

'Ho! ho! Jackie. What has Mr Annandale been saying?'

'He called you "naughty," papa; and I said you were n't.'

'Well, well, Jackie; let us make friends; we used to be very good friends, long ago.'

'I'll make friends, Mr Annandale; only do n't you call papa "naughty" again.'

'No, I won't; are we friends now?'

'Yes I am, Mr Annandale.'

'That's right; I am glad of it, Jackie.'

'I am sorry I did not know you were coming here to-day; I should not have asked White to dinner if I had,' said Mr Baring, apologetically.

'Who is White?'

'He has recently purchased some property close to yours. I don't know very much about his antecedents; but he is one of that anomalous class—the Liberal Protestant.'

'Oh, do n't mind!' said Annandale; 'I should rather like to meet a man of this class. I want to hear what these Liberal Protestants have to say in defence of their extraordinary creed.'

'Well, White is a fair sample of his class. You will find him

an intelligent man ; but he has displeased me very much by one or two actions of late.'

'How ?'

'Do n't you remember Pat Grimes and Mick Feeny ?'

'Certainly : what of them ?'

'I told White what sort of fellows they were ; and what do you think ? he went and gave them both good farms on his new property, just for the sake of popularity.'

'Why, Baring, how can you associate with this fellow ?'

'Well, you see he has only just purchased the property, and one must be civil to him at first.'

Mr White came to dinner at Mr Baring's, as invited. He was a shy, awkward young man, who had inherited some money, scraped together by a relative ; and he thought that the easiest way to manage the property which he had purchased would be to keep on good terms with the priest.

The very first person, therefore, on whom he called was Priest O'Toole ; and Priest O'Toole, seeing the sort of man he had to deal with, was very civil and very obliging. The next day the priest dined with the new landlord, and they were seen walking arm-in-arm up and down the avenue. Mick Feeny and Pat Grimes happened to be going by, and the priest called them over, and hoped that Mr White would do something for them when he had it in his power ; and Mr White promised to do so, and gave them each, as soon as he could, 'the field of blood.'

'A neighbour, I find, Mr White,' said Annandale, after dinner.

'Yes, recently.'

'How do you get on ?'

'Oh, very well ! it is easy enough to do so if one goes properly about it.'

'What do you mean by going properly about it ?'

'Why, not running counter to the sympathies of the people, I mean,' said Mr White, rather reluctantly.

'In what way ?'

'By opposing their religion, for instance, and not paying proper respect to their clergy.'

'You mean Popery and the Popish priests, I suppose,' said Annandale.

'Yes,' replied Mr White.

'I shall always oppose the Popish religion ; and as for the priests, I do n't know what you mean by paying proper respect to them.'

'Asking them to dinner, I mean, and consulting them about the management of your property.'

'Courting them, in fact ; thinking you are using them while they are making a tool of you ?'

'Father O'Toole does not make a tool of me : he is a very pleasant companion,' replied Mr White.

‘You think so really?’

‘I do indeed.’

‘I think him a great scoundrel,’ replied Annandale quietly.

‘What, sir?’

‘I repeat it. I believe this Priest O’Toole to be neither a Christian nor a gentleman, and a very indifferent sort of man, besides.’

‘I must say I agree with Mr Annandale,’ said Mr Baring.

‘You do? Why Priest O’Toole has always spoken of you with the greatest respect.’

‘Not always,’ said Annandale, observing attentively the name ‘H. Baring’ on the corner of the napkin in his hand.

‘You surprise me!’

‘Did you never hear the story of the attempted murder of our host?’ asked Charles.

‘I heard something of it from Father O’Toole; but he assured me that the shot was fired quite accidentally.’

‘Ha! ha! ha!’ said Annandale; ‘and you believe him?’

‘Why should I not?’

‘Oh! no reason that I know of, except that the priest has told a most atrocious falsehood, that’s all.’

‘What! a clergyman tell a falsehood?’

‘Undoubtedly! This man was the instigator of the attempt to murder my friend Baring.’

‘I do not believe it.’

‘I am sorry for it, Mr White; the priest has made good use of his time with you, I see.’

‘I must believe Mr O’Toole as a Christian pastor, Mr Annandale,’ replied Mr White, warmly.

‘I beg your pardon, Mr White; did I understand my friend aright when he said you were a Protestant?’

‘I am, Mr Annandale.’

‘And yet you would not oppose the Popish religion?’

‘I would not.’

‘Nor believe that the doctrines of Popery encourage and countenance a priest, when he instigates his hearers to the murder of an obnoxious heretic?’

‘I would not.’

‘I suppose, then, you would have no objection to give a contribution towards the erection of a Roman Catholic chapel?’

‘I would not.’

‘Of course, then, you advocate the Maynooth endowment?’

‘I do; because I think it very unfair that the Roman Catholics should not have a grant to aid them in educating their priesthood.’

‘Do you believe the Protestant religion to be true?’

‘Yes.’

‘And the Popish religion to be false and injurious to mankind?’

‘Certainly.’

‘And yet you would aid in propagating this false religion. Is that consistent?’

‘The Roman Catholics pay to support the State, and I think they should get something from the State.’

‘And do they not? Do they not get, what Protestants have not in Spain, in Tuscany, in Rome, liberty to worship as they please? Do they not get protection for their property and lives, which Protestants do not whenever the Church of Rome is in the ascendant? And yet they must, forsooth, be paid for teaching treason, and the duty of persecuting heretics; and this by a nation which is, or was, confessedly a Protestant nation, abjuring Popery as idolatrous and damnable.’

‘Our forefathers were very uncharitable,’ said Mr White; ‘our views are more liberal and enlightened.’

‘Our forefathers had not learned the meaning of the word “expediency;” they were guided by “principle,” Mr White.’

‘Principle won’t do now the world is progressing; your notions are antiquated and exploded, Mr Annandale.’

‘The question is, not whether they are antiquated or not, but whether they are true.’

‘And how are you to decide as to their truth?’

‘Take the Bible and the history of England, Mr White, and see if the country has not been prosperous at home and abroad, in proportion to her maintenance of Protestantism. The Bible shall decide the truth of Protestantism, and the history of England its effect upon a nation.’

‘This won’t do now, Mr Annandale: bigotry is exploded; charity predominates; we must deal in a liberal spirit with our Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen.’

‘Pardon me, Mr White, if I tell you what men holding your opinions mean. You mean that, if you have business, you must cringe to the priests lest you lose your Popish customers; if you have land, you must keep in with the priest if you would get your rents. And so you subscribe to Popish charities, build chapels, give money at offerings, refuse to attend Protestant meetings, call opposition to Popery “bigotry,” give nothing to support Protestant institutions, and look almost ashamed as you pass the Roman Catholic chapel on one of the occasional Sundays when you go to church. And that is what you call being “animated by a Christian spirit,” and being a “Liberal Protestant.”’

After Annandale had left Anna and Emily at the Park, he had come over to Ireland to visit his property. He spent a few weeks with Mr Baring, and then returned to England.

Parliament had assembled early, and Lord Castleford had just taken his seat in the House of Lords, when Annandale reached London. Annandale visited his friend at his mansion in Belgravia, and it was arranged immediately that Charles should go

down to Castleford, as the writ was to be issued at once, and no time was to be lost.

Annandale hesitated a little, as a prosecution was threatened because he had rescued Emily Walpole from the nunnery; but at length he yielded to Lord Castleford's solicitations, and agreed to stand for the borough of Castleford.

There was some talk of opposition. His views were declared to be too 'ultra;' and a London club had been busy circulating rumours of an unfavourable nature respecting him; but when the day of nomination arrived, no other candidate came forward, and Annandale was returned without opposition for the borough of Castleford.

He had clearly set forth his principles in his address; and when he was elected he enunciated his views in an able speech, defending himself from the insinuations that had been thrown out against him, and asserting the truth of the great fundamental principles which influenced the fathers of the British nation, when they established the British Constitution.

After his election he set out for the Park. He found Emily sinking gradually; she would hardly live till the spring, the doctors said; and Anna was growing paler and thinner from constant attendance on her sister.

Emily was carried down to the drawing-room in the afternoon, and lay on the sofa till evening. Her cough was now constant and painful; it was worse at night, she said; she liked to come down to the drawing-room, and hoped the doctor would not prevent her.

One day, when Anna had to leave the room, she called Charles to her side and tried to say something to him, which a fit of coughing for a time prevented.

'Do not distress yourself, Emily,' he said, when she attempted again to speak.

'I want to say something to you, Charles.'

'Had you not better rest a little, though; the cough is so troublesome?'

'I must speak now, while I am able.'

'Well, Emily, I will listen attentively.'

'You are going to marry Anna,' she said, at length.

'I have no dearer wish on earth, Emily.'

'Very well, I know that, you need not tell me,' said Emily, hastily, her eyelids drooping towards her slightly flushing cheeks.

'I suppose Anna has told you,' replied Charles, looking at her with some wonderment.

'Yes, I know that my illness prevents you marrying Anna. Is it not so?'

'It is, dear Emily; I could not think of asking her to leave you.'

'But she need n't leave me, she might stay here; and that's what I want to say to you.'

'What do you mean, Emily?'

'I know that I shall not live long, not more than a few weeks, or months at most; I want to see Anna your wife, before I die.'

'But what would Anna say?'

'I have spoken to her; she did not like to say "yes," at first I think now she will do whatever I wish.'

'When Anna returns I shall speak to her about it,' replied Annandale.

'No, not now; wait till I go up-stairs.'

'As you wish, Emily; but I would not like to seem forgetful of your suffering state.'

'You are not forgetful, I am sure,' said Emily; 'you never were that. Anna has told me how you wearied yourself searching for me when I was in that dreadful convent in Paris.'

'Has Anna told you how she made me promise to continue the search after she herself was safe?'

'No.'

'Dear girl! she has done herself less than justice, while doing justice to her friends.'

'When will you marry Anna, Charles?' asked Emily, interrupting him.

'I think we must ask your sister and your aunt.'

'But you won't put it off if they wish you?'

'I am sure they, as I, will be anxious to gratify you, Emily.'

'Indeed it would gratify me, Charles; I have thought sometimes, when I was in my convent cell, that it would come to this in the end. I have thought so since that day when Anna was saved at Lodore.'

And Anna did not refuse to gratify Emily, when Charles asked her that night to grant Emily's request. Emily had spoken to her on the subject, it seemed, and made her promise that she would become Charles's wife, that Emily might be able to call Charles 'brother,' ere she passed away.

Annandale took up the *Times* next morning, and was startled to see the announcement that the Rev. Mr Prynne, the clergyman of the fashionable church in the West End, had left the Church of England and joined the Church of Rome. Annandale felt convinced that he was afraid of an exposure, and thought it was no use any longer to seem what he was not—a clergyman of the Church of England.

A little further down was the announcement of the perversion of Arthur Wilmington, who openly abandoned the Church of his fathers at the same time that the Jesuit impostor cast off his disguise, and ceased to play the not uncommon but disreputable part of an apparent union with a Protestant Church, while he was really a member of the Church of Rome.

Mr Anderson and Mr Connell breakfasted at the Park that day, and Annandale showed them the paragraph in the *Times*.

'The traitor,' said John Connell, 'he should have been driven

from the church ; but they would not have believed us : he acted his part well, and they would not have believed us.'

'The Church of England is rid of him at last,' said Mr Anderson.

'Yes ; but I fear there are too many Jesuits in her ranks ; Tractate still wears the Protestant guise.'

'Can nothing be done ?' asked Mrs M'Intosh.

'Try and get Parliament to do something, Mr Annandale ; you know all about the matter now. They ought to do something,' said Mr Connell.

'Depend upon it that I shall do what I can, but that, I fear, will be little,' replied Annandale.

'They must listen to you ; you can speak well. Yow know all about it ; and you are thoroughly in earnest,' John Connell said.

After breakfast Charles took Mr Anderson apart. He told the old and faithful friend of the Walpoles that Emily had earnestly requested that his marriage with Anna might be hastened.

Mr Anderson wondered why Emily was so anxious that the marriage should take place ; but he thought that it would be a pity not to gratify her, as she was evidently growing weaker and weaker, and would never see the bright summer-time.

And then Charles told John Connell, and declared that he must be his 'best man,' as no friend he had had been so faithful and true, and none had rendered more essential service to the cause of the twin sisters.

Anna put her head into the room as they were talking, and with a blush on her face called Charles.

'Might I ask Miss Wilmington to come to the wedding ?' she said ; 'Emily would like it, and so should I.'

'Yes ; but she is in trouble just now.'

'How ? not Lord Castleford ?'

'Oh ! no ; her brother has apostatized.'

'How sad ! but do you think that will prevent her coming ?'

'Perhaps not ; you can try.'

And Anna tried. May Wilmington and her mother came ; Lord Castleford came too, and Lord Frederick. And a quiet party stood in the village church one day. The young lady at the Park was to be married that day to Mr Annandale, people said.

Old Mr Anderson read the service, and a tear stood in his eye. Perhaps he was thinking that one of the dear young ladies was about to be made happy after all ; perhaps he was thinking of the other one, that had made them dress her in white that day and lay her on the sofa, to welcome Charles and his bride.

And Charles and his bride came back to the Park.

Emily had made a *confidante* of May Wilmington, and May had sent for the Sunday-scholars of the olden time. When Charles and Anna returned, they saw the eight young girls

dressed in white standing at the door; and Anna was almost overcome by the awakened memory of the past.

She went upstairs to Emily. May Wilmington sat beside her; and she and May seemed to have been friends their whole lives long. Lord Castleford thought it was a pity the friendship must be terminated so soon.

Whatever it was that Emily had told May, May seemed to have been weeping, when they all came into the room afterwards, where she and Emily were alone. Emily held her hand, and they seemed full of sympathy for each other. A faint blush was on Emily's pale cheek; perhaps it had come when she was talking to May.

Emily remained a long time in the drawing-room that evening. By-and-by Charles and Anna sat beside her. Lord Castleford and May were over at the fire; and Mrs M'Intosh and Mrs Wilmington were reading, or seeming to read. When Emily went up to her room, May Wilmington whispered something to her, and a smile lighted up her pale face. May had just whispered the tidings to Emily, that in the summer she was to become Lord Castleford's bride.

---

## CHAPTER XLIV.

THE shadows are falling, one evening in the early spring. A cold and wintry evening, eerie without and chill within. It is early, yet the curtains are drawn in the room that Mrs Walpole died in; for in that room, behind the white curtains, lies her dying daughter, Emily.

And round the bed stand sympathizing mourners. Anna and Charles, Mrs M'Intosh and May Wilmington. Emily's face is thin and pale, very; but as the lamplight falls gently upon it through the white curtains, it seems to shine in its whiteness.

Emily turns her head round to the side where Mrs M'Intosh is leaning on May Wilmington, and looks a love-look at them both—a look that they remembered for ever.

And then she moves her head slowly on the pillow, and leans her face towards Anna, and takes a long dreamy look into the sister-face that can hardly see her through the tears.

Then she closes her soft, sad blue eyes, and soon wanders away into dream-land. They all knew she would soon be leaving them, and they stood weeping on the shore of this life while she was going to the brighter life beyond. There was given her in that last hour, after all her weary wanderings, a bright dream of golden glory, that came down from the Eternal, and was sent, it may be, to cheer her in that dark hour, by its measureless brightness and beauty.

But first there was a thick darkness, she thought, and she was there; it was the darkest darkness she ever was in, so very dark and dreary.

And there were voices calling through the darkness, as of girls and little children, very weak, and wailing mournfully, the darkness was so dark and dreary. And the voices were answered by loud, mocking laughter; and away somewhere in the darkness, chains clanked, and hideous noises were made. And some called out, 'Kill, kill;' loud was the joy and fierce the mockery at the sound.

She was in the darkness, she thought, deep down in some dungeon; and among the voices seemed one that she knew, and she shuddered as she heard it. Then there came, stealing over her, a joy-breath, and she felt that she was not lost. Some one touched her hand gently, and she rose and passed through the darkness, out of the dungeon, up into the upper air.

A voice beside her said, 'Behold!' She did not know the voice, but she felt, in its gentleness and beauty, that it was the voice of that one who had come to her in the dreary darkness, and would not leave her in that dreadful hour.

And she looked, at the bidding of the voice, down through the darkness.

A city, with towers and columns, lay below: a grand and beautiful city, sleeping on the mountain bosoms of the earth. Over the city was a long historic roll; two wondrous beings held it. All things were written therein that had been done by the rulers and people of that city. By the roll stood a figure clad in light, reading silently, now; and soon to read the annals of the city in a voice that should sound through the world.

And by the roll stood another figure, darkness incarnate, that seemed as if he would have snatched the written story from the hand of the two that held it, but for the glittering sword that rested under the right hand of him that was reading the scroll.

The voice that had bidden her look, now said, 'Read;' and she drew near, and saw in the scroll a strange and fearful tale. As she read, the writing seemed to live; and the words that were written made her feel as if she was living and acting in the time of which they told. And so she saw where was written,

'The blood of the martyrs.'

And there appeared an old man, leaning on a child, fleeing from a mountain cottage. The old man bent down to whisper something to the child, and the child went back and came out with a book. Just then three soldiers appeared, marked each with a white cross. They took the book, killed the old man with the sword, fired the little mountain home, and bade the child curse the book, and the story it had learned from a dead mother. And then, because it said—'No! for I love Jesus!' they killed it too, poor child, and tossed it into the burning flames.

She turned away weeping at the sight, just dimly seeing figures

of pale mothers clasping their babes; of young girls passing away in a fire from earth; of sacred men looking upwards, and dying as they looked; a long procession, all marked by sword and fire, charred by flame or bathed in blood; and when she would have asked who they were who suffered sadly, she saw written over them—

‘The martyrs of Jesus.’

Just then there opened, far away, up in heaven, a gate of gold, and out of it passed a white and glittering throng. A flood of soft light made the bright figures shine; their faces were radiant with unmeasured and endless joy.

They came in glory out of the golden gate, and looked, all of them, at the unfolding roll in the angels’ hands. As they looked at it, it seemed that red eyes burned in the Incarnate Darkness, and that baffled hate and rage came in white smoke from his mouth as he looked on that once-martyred but now triumphant throng.

And, behind the shining figures trooping out of the gate, was One who had robed them all in white when they came, some from the fire, and some from the flood, up to that place of holy joy. He looked on them benignly, for He had suffered and would triumph in them. And now, gathering round the Dark One, came crowding a strange band. Some of the figures wore tiaras, some mitres, and some garments of blue and scarlet, that they were trying in vain to tear off and cast away, as they were impelled forwards, by a power they could not resist, to join the throng that was crowding round the red-eyed Darkness. But strangest of all was it, that certain figures among these who had borne great names, and been called ‘saints’ by their worshippers, were compelled to appear with the bloody deeds, and blasphemous words, and treasons against Heaven which they had incited, fastened round them as asbestos garments, that would burn in and in, into their souls for ever, outlasting the fiercest heat that would be the torment of undying demons.

Just then, pealing down from the golden gate, a voice reached the city that lay below in the darkness. It came down like a sound of music to some poor sleepers in that city, and wakened them up from their slumbers, as it cried—

‘Come out of her, my people; come away!’

From dungeons, and prisons, and homes of fear, came timidly forth poor trembling figures, hastening at the sound of that voice of music that had cried to them, though the city heard not—

‘Come out of her, my people; come away!’

A strange sight was then seen. Round the city was a ring of fire, in mid air it hung; lighting the spires and domes and columns, but awakening not the sleepers.

The angel that had read the roll silently looked up to the Faithful One, at the golden gate: and the One at the golden gate looked once at the glittering throng, and then said—

‘Pronounce the doom!’

Slowly round the city fell the fiery ring. Down it came, till it made the mountain-tops burn brightly; and just when it touched the ground, and none might pass out of the city for ever, the sleepers in the city wakened up to be wedded by that ring to death.

And then, with loud voice, the mighty angel that stood by the roll read out the dreadful deeds of that city of doom; the world wakened up from its long slumber to hear the reading; and a bright transcendent light, that shone over the earth like ten thousand suns, showed the glory of the righteous doom that had fallen on that city of the fire.

For, from the fiery ring had darted inwards tongues of flame. The palace of a tiara’d pontiff was in a red whirling blaze of fire; and the pontiff himself stood vainly invoking the aid of powers that could not help him now. And there were cardinals and abbots, and men that now easily and naturally laid aside the semblance of humanity, and stood out before the light of heaven, the demons that they always were.

The flames flew onwards through the city; and legions of dark spirits were flying through the flames; for the hour of their triumph, and yet of their downfall, had come; the sin-gate of the infernal place being about to be closed for ever. And yet the smoke that is rising from those flames, up, and up, and up, as it was about to be quenched by the angel, when nothing but ashes remained where that city had been, was ordered to rise on for ever, that the spirits of the redeemed might enjoy perpetual triumph over the baffled potentate who, for dreary centuries, had made his earth-palace on that spot, which was now to burn on earth, an everlasting beacon to warn the star-worlds against death and hell.

It was done.

And now the unnumbered bliss-spirits of heaven crowded forward to the golden gate, and they joined their loud applauses with the praises of the white-robed throng that went before; and the baffled powers of darkness shuddered as, down to the very infernals, floated the echo of that mighty voice, singing, with a full-toned melody that even heaven itself before had never heard, ‘Alleluia; Amen.’

Wave after wave of the song rolled on and on, and the face of the Bright One beamed with glory, as the voice of the mighty heavens proclaimed that Time’s grandest day was coming.

From the golden gate, when the ‘Alleluias’ were over, a light fell down upon the earth. Down it came nearer and nearer, and men saw, then, that in the centre of the light shone the Bright and Morning Star. The Bright Star was the Faithful and True; and the trembling ones of earth, who had ever looked for the rising of that Star, now shone with a light that was brighter than the brightness of the sun.

Suffering souls needed no longer to cry, in tears and sorrow  
Come, Lord Jesus !'  
For the Jesus they loved had come.

Just then, from the sufferer a gentle sigh escaped ; it was a gentle one, and soon over. None heard it but Anna, and she stooped down over her sister ; knowing not that Emily was then with Jesus.

As Anna and Charles entered Mr Anderson's church the Sunday after the funeral was over, a swallow flew over their heads, and twittered softly as it entered the porch. And on Anna's prayer-book fell tears of sorrow, and yet of joy, as, with tremulous voice the pastor read the words,

“ THE NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS PRAISE THEE ! ”

THE END.

LONDON, *Warwick House,*  
*Paternoster Row.*

## NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS

PUBLISHED BY

WARD, LOCK, & TYLER.

---

### S. O. BEETON'S PUBLICATIONS

*FOR FAMILY READING AND REFERENCE.*

---

Now Ready, New Edition, post 8vo, half-bound, price 7s. 6d.

BEETON'S (Mrs.) BOOK OF HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT,  
comprising every kind of Practical Information on Domestic Economy and  
Modern Cookery, with numerous Woodcuts and Coloured Illustrations.

"Mrs. Isabella Beeton's 'Book of Household Management' aims at being a compendium of household duties in every grade of household life, from the mistress to the maid-of-all-work. It is illustrated by numerous diagrams, exhibiting the various articles of food in their original state, and there are also coloured plates to show how they ought to look when dished and ready for the table. The verdict of a practical cook of great experience, on returning the book to her mistress, was, 'Ma'am, I consider it an excellent work; it is full of useful information about everything, which is quite delightful; and I should say any one might learn to cook from it who never tried before.'"—*The Athenæum*.

Demy 8vo, half-roan, price 15s. ; half calf, 18s. 6d. With Maps and  
Illustrations.

BEETON'S DICTIONARY OF UNIVERSAL INFORMATION,  
A to Z, comprising Geography, Biography, History, Mythology, Biblical  
Knowledge, Chronology, with the Pronunciation of every Proper Name.

"The 'Dictionary of Universal Information,' just published by Mr. S. O. Beeton, supplies a desideratum much and widely felt—that of a comprehensive yet portable dictionary of proper names. The 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' the 'English Encyclopædia,' and the other great digests of human knowledge, in consequence of their high price, are accessible only to a few. In such works no special provision is made for supplying short and comprehensive information regarding individual words, arranged in their alphabetical order, of the kind most likely to be required by the great mass of general readers. Mr. Beeton to some extent enters a new field in devoting a Dictionary exclusively to proper names in Geography, History, Biography, Mythology, Bible Knowledge and Chronology. In these pages condensation has been in every way sought after, and we know of no work which supplies more information at a smaller cost.'"—*The Times*.

---

*Published by Ward, Lock, and Tyler.*

---

## *New Books and New Editions*

---

Just Ready, New Edition (One Hundred and Tenth Thousand), price 1s.  
**THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S COOKERY BOOK.** By Mrs. ISABELLA BEETON. Being a Collection of Economical Recipes, taken from her "Book of Household Management." Amply Illustrated by a large number of appropriate and useful Engravings.

---

### **HOUSE AND HOME BOOKS,**

PREPARED BY MRS. BEETON.

*Neatly and strongly bound, for Daily Use. Price One Shilling each.*

**HOW TO MANAGE HOUSE AND SERVANTS,** and Make the Most of your Means; with Remarks on the Duties of Domestic Servants.

**THE MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN IN HEALTH AND SICKNESS;** with Plain Directions for the Treatment of the Diseases of Infancy and Childhood.

**DINNERS AND DINING;** with Bills of Fare for all the Year to Please all Palates: and Recipes for Sauces, Pickles, Gravies, and Force-meats.  
**MEATS;** How to Select, How to Cook, and How to Carve, and What to Do with them when Cold.

**POULTRY AND GAME;** How to Choose, Cook, and Carve, with General Observations, and Information as to when In and Out of Season.

**PUDDINGS AND PASTRY;** Reliable Recipes for Making and Directions for Serving.

**FISH AND SOUPS;** the Best Way to Cook, and How to Serve.

**VEGETABLES:** How they should be Cooked and Served Up; with General Observations on Bread and Biscuit Baking, the Dairy, &c.

**PRESERVES AND CONFECTIONERY:** How to Make Ices, Jellies, Creams, Jams, Omelettes, Custards, &c.

*\*\* There are no such books in existence for real use in the household. Their plain, straightforward directions cannot be misunderstood, and mistress and maid are alike advantaged by the information they contain.*

---

### **BEETON'S HOME PETS.**

With Coloured and other Plates, Cloth, Printed, price One Shilling each.

**BRITISH SONG BIRDS.**

**BRITISH SONG & TALKING BIRDS.**

**THE PARROT TRIBES, HAWKS,  
AND OWLS.**

**BIRDS' NESTS AND EGGS; TAX-  
IDERMV (Bird Stuffing).**

**POULTRY AND PIGEONS.**

**DOGS AND CATS.**

**RABBITS, HARES, HEDGEHOGS,  
SQUIRRELS, MICE, TORTOISES.**

**BEEES, SILKWORMS, INHABITANTS  
OF THE AQUARIUM, FERNS.**

---

*Published by Ward, Lock, and Tyler.*



## THE FAMILY GIFT-BOOK LIBRARY.

OF MORAL AND ENTERTAINING WORKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. Price 3s. 6d. each.

*\*\* Each Volume is Illustrated, well printed on toned paper, and handsomely bound in extra cloth, gilt side, back, and edges, thick fcap. 8vo. They are all especially adapted as Present Books for Young Ladies.*

I'VE BEEN THINKING.  
A DAUGHTER'S LOVE.  
HOLIDAY HOUSE.  
THE HEART TRIUMPHANT.  
THE YOUNG MAROONERS.  
THE ENGLISH GOVERNESS.  
FRESTON TOWER.  
THE FIVE-POUND-NOTE.  
THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD.  
TO LOVE AND TO BE LOVED.  
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.  
SELF-SACRIFICE.

THE LAMPLIGHTER.  
THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.  
THE SCHOOL-GIRL IN FRANCE.  
JULAMERK.  
THE YOUNG ISLANDERS.  
THE MERCHANT'S CLERK.  
LOOKING ROUND.  
POE'S POETICAL WORKS.  
POE'S TALES.  
BATTLE FOR TRUTH.  
MATERNAL COUNSELS.  
MOTHERS OF SCRIPTURE.

## THE "HOME READING" LIBRARY.

*Of Sound, Healthy, and Improving Works, well adapted for Prizes and Presents.*

Price 2s. 6d. each, handsomely bound, gilt edges, and Coloured Frontispieces.

LIGHT ON THE OCEAN.  
FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH. Cobbold.  
MARY BUNYAN. S. Rochester Ford.  
WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?  
MODERN ACCOMPLISHMENTS.  
MARGARET CATCHPOLE. Cobbold.  
AGNES SELBY. A Story for Children.  
HAPPY DAYS AT FERNBANK.  
THE STORY OF ALICE CULLIS.  
THE BUD AND THE FLOWER.  
PRINCIPLE DEVELOPED. Coppard.

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.  
THE GAYWORTHYS.  
A SUMMER IN LESLIE GOLD-  
THWAITE'S LIFE.  
THE PIETY OF DAILY LIFE.  
BLANCHE CLEVELAND; or, The  
Sunshine of Youth.  
HOME SKETCHES; or, Who are the  
Happy Ones?  
THE KNIGHTS OF THE RED CROSS.

## THE RUN AND READ LIBRARY. Price 2s. each.

*The Best Cheap Series of Popular Books, of which more than 400,000 have been sold.*

BEATRICE. Miss Sinclair.  
MODERN SOCIETY. Ditto.  
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.  
HOW COULD HE HELP IT? A. S.  
Roe.  
TO LOVE AND TO BE LOVED. Ditto.  
THE STAR AND THE CLOUD. Ditto.  
I'VE BEEN THINKING. Ditto.  
LAMPLIGHTER. Miss Cumming.  
MODERN FLIRTATIONS.  
THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD.  
THE MONK. Mrs. Sherwood.  
ALONE. Marion Harland.  
MARY ANN WELLINGTON.  
IDA MAY.  
MYSTERIOUS MARRIAGE.  
NELLIE OF TRURO.  
THE NUN. Mrs. Sherwood.  
HOLIDAY HOUSE. Miss Sinclair.

TRUE TO THE LAST. A. S. Roe.  
MARY BUNYAN. S. R. Ford.  
MODERN ACCOMPLISHMENTS.  
THE FIVE-POUND-NOTE.  
THE CONFESSOR. Miss Hardy.  
JANE RUTHERFORD. Miss Mayne.  
THE PILGRIMS OF NEW ENGLAND.  
JANE BOUVERIE. Miss Sinclair.  
FRESTON TOWER. Rev. R. Cobbold.  
THE CONVENT. Miss McCrindell.  
TIME AND TIDE. A. S. Roe.  
THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.  
THE WATCHMAN. J. A. Maitland.  
LOOKING ROUND. A. S. Roe.  
RACHEL COHEN. Mrs. Kemp.  
ENGLISH GOVERNESS.  
EMMA DE LISSAU.  
CROSS PURPOSES. Miss Sinclair.  
HELEN BURY.

London: WARD, LOCK, & TYLER, Warwick House, Paternoster Row.

## THE UNPARALLELED GIFT BOOKS.

Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, and gilt edges, handsomely bound, abundantly illustrated, admirably adapted for Presents, Birthday Gifts, School Prizes, &c., &c.

Price 3s. Each.

HALF HOURS WITH THE BIBLE.

BOY'S SEA STORIES.

OUR NURSERY STORY BOOK.

FAIRY ALBUM.

BOY'S HANDY BOOK OF NATURAL HISTORY.

BOY'S HANDY BOOK OF GAMES.

NURSERY RHYMES, OLD AND NEW.

CHILD'S OWN BOOK OF PICTURES.

LITTLE MARY'S NURSERY STORY BOOK.

HARRY'S LADDER TO LEARNING.

ROUND OF STORIES.

DICTIONARY OF EVERY DAY DIFFICULTIES.

NEW COMICAL NURSERY RHYMES.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

SANDFORD AND MERTON.

EVENINGS AT HOME.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

ERNEST AND ALBERT (the late Prince Consort's Ancestors); or, The Stealing of the Princes.

SONGS FOR LITTLE ONES.

OUR FAVOURITE FAIRY TALES.

BRAVE BALLADS.

---

## THE WELL-TIMED SERIES..

*Suitable for Presents and School Prizes, and especially adapted for Young People.*

Each Volume beautifully illustrated, well printed, efficiently edited, and handsomely bound in extra cloth, gilt sides, back, and edges.

Price 3s. 6d. Each.

THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

FIFTY CELEBRATED MEN.

FIFTY CELEBRATED WOMEN.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

SANDFORD AND MERTON.

A BOY'S LIFE ABOARD SHIP.

LIFE IN A WHALER.

GREAT INVENTORS.

HOUSEHOLD STORIES.

THE MARVELS OF NATURE.

BOY'S BOOK OF INDUSTRIAL INFORMATION.

OLD NURSERY TALES.

LESSONS AT HOME.

THE LONG HOLIDAYS.

THE ART OF DOING OUR BEST.

LINKS IN THE CHAIN.

WILD FLOWERS, BIRDS AND INSECTS.

WHERE DO WE GET IT, AND HOW IT IS MADE.

THE STORY OF HERBERT LOVELL.

THE CARTERETS.

POPULAR PREACHERS.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS AND RHYMES.

ROSES AND THORNS.

EVENINGS AT HOME.

FERN LEAVES FROM FANNY'S PORTFOLIO.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

FAMOUS BOYS, AND HOW THEY BECAME GREAT MEN.

TRIUMPHS OF PERSEVERANCE AND ENTERPRISE.

BOY'S BOOK OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.

EDGAR'S CRUSADES AND CRUSADERS.

FANNY FERN'S NEW STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

GOOD OLD STORIES.

SCRIPTURE STORIES FOR THE YOUNG  
HINTS ON THE CULTURE OF CHARACTER.

THE LEIGHS; or, Daily Life.

THE MOTHER'S CABINET.

CLIFFETHORPE; or, The Progress of Character.

THE FOUR HOMES.

FIT TO BE A DUCHESS.

AUNT FANNY'S PRETTY PICTURE BOOK.

---

London: WARD, LOCK & TYLER, Warwick House, Paternoster Row.

# RE-ISSUE OF THE RUN AND READ LIBRARY.

.. The Best Cheap Series of Popular Books published  
of which more than 400,000 have been sold.

NOW READY, PRICE 2s. EACH.

By Catherine Sinclair.

BEATRICE; or, the Unknown  
Relatives

MODERN SOCIETY; or, the  
March of Intellect

MODERN FLIRTATIONS

MODERN ACCOMPLISHMENTS

HOLIDAY HOUSE.

JANE BOUVERIE

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE

By Mrs. Stowe.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. Illus-  
trated.

By A. S. Roe.

I'VE BEEN THINKING: or,  
the Secrets of Success

HOW COULD HE HELP IT?

TO LOVE AND TO BE LOVED

THE STAR AND THE CLOUD;

or, a Daughter's Love

TRUE TO THE LAST

TIME AND TIDE

LOOKING ROUND

By Miss Cumming.

THE LAMPLIGHTER

By Miss Wetherell.

THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD

By Mrs. Sherwood.

THE MONK

THE NUN

By Marion Harland.

ALONE

By Rev. R. Cobbold, Author of  
"Margaret Catchpole."

MARY ANN WELLINGTON  
FREESTON TOWER

By E. Graham.

THE MYSTERIOUS MAR  
RIAGE

By Author of "Estelle."

NELLIE OF TRURO

By S. Rochester Ford.

MARY BUNYAN; or, the  
Dreamer's Blind Daughter

By Author of "Naomi."

THE £5 NOTE. An Auto-  
biography

THE PILGRIMS OF NEW  
ENGLAND

By Miss Hardy.

THE CONFESSOR

By Miss Mayne.

JANE RUTHERFORD

By Miss M'Crindell.

THE CONVENT

By J. A. Maitland.

THE WATCHMAN

By Mary Langdon.

IDA MAY.

"The fact is, 'THE RUN AND READ LIBRARY' stands at the head of its class. It has this most excellent feature, that every work is selected, on the principle that light literature should be used to carry to the minds of the young germs of precious truth."—*Hogg's Instructor.*

LONDON: WARD, LOCK, & TYLER, WARWICK HOUSE, PATERNOSTER ROW  
AND 107, DORSET STREET, SALISBURY SQUARE.

